McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXVII OCTOBER, 1911 No. 6

Stover at Yale

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CHAPTER I

DINK STOVER, freshman, chose his seat in the afternoon express that would soon be rushing him to New Haven and his first glimpse of Yale University. He leisurely divested himself of his trim overcoat, folding it in exact creases and laying it gingerly across the back of his seat; stowed his traveling-bag; smoothed his hair with a masked movement of his gloved hand; pulled down a buckskin vest, opening the lower button; removed his gloves and folded them in his breast pocket, while with the same gesture a careful forefinger, unperceived, assured itself that his lilac silk necktie was in snug contact with the high collar whose points, painfully but in perfect style, attacked his chin. Then, settling, not flopping down, he completed his preparations for the journey by raising the sharp crease of the trousers one inch over each knee — a legendary precaution which in youth is believed to prevent vulgar bagging. Each movement was executed without haste or embarrassment, but leisurely, with the deliberate *savoir-faire* of the complete man of the world that he had become at the terrific age of eighteen.

In front of him spasmodic freshmen arrived, struggling from their overcoats in embarrassed plunges that threatened to leave them publicly in their shirt sleeves. That they imputed to him the superior dignity of an upper classman was pleasurably evident to Stover from their covert respectful glances. He himself felt conscious of a dividing-line. He too was a freshman, and yet not of them.

He had just ended three years at Lawrenceville, where from a ridiculous beginning he had fought his way to the captaincy of the football eleven and the vice-presidency of the school. He had been the big man in a big school, and the sovereign responsibilities of that anointed position had been, of course, such that he no longer felt himself a free agent. He had been of the chosen, and not all at once could he divest himself of the idea that his slightest action had a certain public importance. His walk had been studiously imitated by twenty shuffling striplings. His hair, parted on the side, had caused a revolution among the brushes and stirred up innumerable indignant cowlicks. His tricks of speech, his favorite exclamations, had become at once lip-currency. At that time golf and golf-trousers were things of unthinkable daring. He had given his approval, appeared in the baggy breeches, and at once the ban on bloomers had been lifted and the Circle had swarmed with the grotesqueries of variegated legs then boldly revealed. He had stood between the school and its tyrants. He had arrayed himself in circumstantial attire — boiled shirt, high collar, and carefully dusted derby — and appeared before the faculty with solemn, responsible face no less than three separate times, to voice the protest of four hundred future American citizens: first, at the insidious and alarming repetition of an

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abhorrent article of winter food known as scrag-birds and sinkers; second, to urge the overwhelming necessity of a second sleighing holiday; and, third and most important, firmly to assure the powers that be that the school viewed with indignation and would resist with despair the sudden increase of the already staggering burden of the curriculum.

The middle-aged faculty had listened gravely to the grave expounder of such grave demands, had promised reform and regulation in the matter of sinkers, granted the holiday, and insufficiently modified the brutal attempt at injecting into the uneager youthful mind a little more of the inconsequential customs of the Greeks and Romans.

The Doctor had honored him with his confidence, consulted him on several intimate matters of school discipline — in fact, most undoubtedly had rather leaned upon him. As he looked back upon the last year at Lawrenceville, he could not but feel a certain wholesome, pleasant satisfaction. He had held up an honest standard, he had played hard but square, disdained petty offenses, seen to the rigorous bringing up of the younger boys, and, as men of property must lend their support to the church, he had even publicly advised a moderate attention to the long classic route which leads to college. He had been the big man in the big school; what new opportunity lay before him?

In the seat ahead two of his class were exchanging delighted conjectures, and their conversation, coming to his ears clearly through the entangled murmur of the car, began to interest him.

"I say, Schley, you were Hotchkiss, weren't you?"

"Eight mortal years."

"Got a good crowd?"

"No wonder-workers, but a couple of good men for the line. What's your Andover crowd like?"

"We had a daisy bunch, but some of the pearls have been sidetracked to Princeton and Harvard."

"Bought up, eh?"

"Sure," said the speaker, with the profoundest conviction.

"Big chance, McNab, for the eleven this year," said Schley, in a thin, anemic, authoritative sort of way. "Play football yourself?"

"Sure — if any one will kick me," said McNab, who in fact had a sort of roly-poly resemblance to the necessary pigskin. "Lord, I'm no strength-breaker. I'm a funny man, side-splitting joker, regular cut-up — didos and all that sort of thing. What are you out for?"

"A good time first, last, and always."

"Am I? Just ask me!" said McNab explosively; and in a justly aggrieved tone he added: "Lord, haven't I slaved like a mule ten years to get here! I don't know how long it'll last, but while it does it will be a lulu!"

"My old dad gave me a moral lecture."

"Sure. Opportunity — character — beauty of the classics — hope to be proud of my son — you're a man now ——"

"That's it."

"Sure thing. Lord, we'll be doing the same twenty-five years from now," said McNab, who thus logically and to his own satisfaction disposed of this fallacy. He added generously, however, with a wave of his hand: "A father ought to talk that way — the right thing — wouldn't care a flip of a mule's tail for my dad if he didn't. And say, by gravy, he sort of got me, too — damned impressive!"

"Really?"

"Honor bright." A flicker of reminiscent convictions passed over McNab's frolicking face. "Yes, and I made a lot of resolutions, too — good resolutions."

"Come off!"

"Well, that was day before yesterday."

The train started with a sudden crunching. A curious, excited thrill possessed Stover. He had embarked, and the quick plunge into the darkness of the long tunnel had, to his keenly sentimental imagination, something of the dark transition from one world into another. Behind was the known and the accomplished; ahead the coming of man's estate and man's freedom. He was his own master at last, free to go and to come, free to venture and to experience, free to know that strange, guarded mystery — life — and free, knowing it, to choose his many ways.

And yet, he felt no lack of preparation. Looking back, he could honestly say to himself, where a year ago he had seen darkly, now all was clear. He had found himself; he had gambled, he had consumed surreptitiously at midnight a sufficient quantity of sickening beer, he had consorted with men of uncontrollable passions and gone his steady path; he had loved, hopelessly, madly, with all the intensity and honesty of which he was capable, a woman — a slightly older woman — who had played with the fragile wings of his boy's illusion and left them wounded; he had fought down that weakness and learned to look on a soft cheek and challenging eye with the calm, amused control of a man, who invincibly henceforth would cast his life among men. There was not much knowledge of life, if any, that could come to him. He did not proclaim it, but quietly as

a great conviction, heritage of sorrow and smashing disillusionments, he knew it was so. He knew it all—he was a man; and this would give him an advantage among his younger fellows in the free struggle for leadership that was now opening to his joyful combative nature.

"It'll be a good fight, and I'll win," he said to himself, and his crossed arms tightened with a quick, savage contraction, as if the idea were something that could be pursued, tackled, and thrown headlong to the ground.

"There's a couple of fellows from Lawrenceville coming up," said a voice from a seat behind him. "McCarthy and Stover, they say, are quite wonders."

"I've heard of Stover; end, wasn't he?"

"Yes; and the team's going to need ends badly."

It was the first time he had heard his name published abroad. He sat erect, drawing up one knee and locking his hands over it in a strained clasp. Suddenly the swimming vista of the smoky cars disappeared, rolling up into the tense, crowded, banked arena, with white splotches of human faces, climbing like daisy fields that moved restlessly, nervously stirred by the same expectant tensity with which he stood on the open field waiting for his chance to come.

"I like a fight — a good fight," he said to himself, drawing in his breath; and the wish seemed but a simple one, the call for the joyful shock of bodies in fair combat — and life was nothing else, a battle in the open where courage and a thinking mind must win.

"I'll bet we get a lot of fruits," said Schley's rather calculating voice.

"Oh, some of them aren't half bad."

"Think so?"

"I say, what do you know about this society game?"

"Look out."

"What's matter?"

"You chump, you never know who's around you." As he spoke, Schley sent an uneasy glance back toward Stover, and, dropping his voice, continued: "You don't talk about such things."

"Well, I'm not shouting it out," said McNab, who looked at his more sophisticated companion with a little growing antagonism. "What are you scared about?"

"It's the class ahead of you that counts," said Schley hurriedly, "the sophomore and senior societies; the junior fraternities don't count; if you're in a sophomore you always go into them."

"Never heard of the sophomore societies," said McNab, in a maliciously higher tone. "Elucidate somewhat."

"There are three: Hé Boulé, Eta Phi, and Kappa Psi," said Schley, with another uneasy, squirming glance back at Stover. "They're secret as the deuce; seventeen men in each — make one and you're in line for a senior."

"How the deuce did you get on to all this?"

"Oh, I've been coached up."

Something in the nascent sophistication of Schley displeased Stover. He ceased to listen, occupying himself with an interested examination of the figures who passed from time to time in the aisle, in search of returning friends. The type was clearly defined; alert, clean-cut, self-confident, dressed on certain general divisions, affecting the same style of correct hat and collar, with, as distinguishing features, a certain boyish exuberance and a distinct, nervous energy.

At this moment an abrupt resonant voice said at his side:

"Got a bit of room left beside you?"

Stover shifted his coat, saying:

"Certainly; come on in."

He saw a man of twenty-two or -three, with the head and shoulders of a bison, sandy hair, with a clear blue steady glance, heavy hands, and a face already set in the mold of stern purpose. He stood a moment, holding a decrepit hand-bag stuffed to the danger point, hesitating whether to stow it in the rack above, and then said:

"Guess I won't risk it. That's my trunk. I'll tuck it in here." He settled in the vacant seat, saying: "What are you — an upper classman?"

Something like a spasm passed over the well-ironed shoulders of Schley in front.

"No, I'm not," said Stover, and, extending his hand, he said: "I guess we're classmates. My name's Stover."

"My name's Regan — Tom Regan. Glad to know you. I'm sorry you're not an upper classman, though."

"Why so?" said Stover.

"I wanted to get a few pointers," said Regan, in a matter-of-fact way. "I'm working my way through and I want to know the ropes."

"I wish I knew," said Stover, with instinctive liking for the blunt elemental force beside him. "What are you going to try?"

"Anything — waiting, to start in with." He gave him a quick glance. "That's not your trouble, is it?"

"No."

"It's a glorious feeling, to be going up, I tell you," said Regan, with a sudden lighting up of his rugged features. "Can hardly believe it. I've been up against those infernal examinations six times, and I'd have gone up against them six more but I'd down them."

"Where did you come from?"

"Pretty much everywhere. Des Moines, Iowa, at the last."

"It's a pretty fine college," said Stover, with a new thrill.

"It's a college where you stand on your own feet, all square to the wind," said Regan, with conviction. "That's what got me. It's worth everything to get here."

"You're right."

"I wonder if I could get hold of some upper classman," said Regan uneasily.

That this natural desire should be the most unnatural in the world was already clear to Stover; only, somehow, he did not like to look into Regan's eyes and make him understand.

"How are you, Stover? Glad to see you."

Dink, looking up, beheld the erect figure and well-mannered carriage of Le Baron, a sophomore, already a leader of his class, whom he had met during the summer. In the clean-cut features and naturally modulated voice there was a certain finely aristocratic quality that won rather than provoked.

"ALL SQUARE TO THE WIND"

Stover was on his feet at once, a little embarrassed despite himself, answering hurriedly the questions addressed to him.

"Get your room over in York Street? Good. You're in a good crowd. You look a little heavier. In good shape? Your class will have to help us out on the eleven this year."

Stover introduced Regan. Le Baron at once was sympathetic, gave many hints, recommended certain people to see, and smilingly offered his services.

"Come around any time; I'll put you in touch with several men that will be of use to you. Get out for the team right off — that'll make you friends." Then, turning to Stover, he added, with just a shade of difference in his tone: "I was looking for you particularly. I want you to dine with me to-night. I'll be around about seven. Awfully glad you're here."

He passed on, giving his hand to the right and left. Stover felt as if he had received the accolade. Schley ahead was squirmingly impressed; one or two heads across the aisle turned in his direction, wondering who could be the freshman that Le Baron so particularly took under his protection.

"Isn't he a king?" he said enthusiastically to Regan, with just a pardonable pleasure in his exuberance. "He made the crew last year — probably be captain; sub-tackle on the eleven. I played against him two years ago when he was at Andover. Isn't he a king, though!"

"I don't know," said Regan, with a drawing of his lips.

Stover was astounded.

"Why not?"

"Don't know."

"What's wrong?"

"Hard to tell. He sizes up for a man all right, but I don't think we'd agree on some things."

The incident momentarily halted the conversation. Stover was a little irritated at what seemed to him his companion's over-sensitiveness. Le Baron had been more than kind in his proffer of help. He was at a loss to understand why Regan should not see him through his eyes.

"You think I'm finicky," said Regan, breaking the silence.

"Yes, I do," said Stover frankly.

"I guess you and I'll understand each other," said Regan, approving of his directness. "Perhaps I am wrong. But, boy, this place means

DINK STOVER

a great deal to me, and the men that are in it and lead it."

"It's the one place where money makes no difference," said Stover, with a flash — "where you stand for what you are."

Regan turned to him.

"I've fought to get here, and I'll have a fight to stay. It means something to me."

The train began to slacken in the New Haven station. They swarmed out on to the platform amid the returning gleeful crowd, crossing and intercrossing, caught up in the hubbub of shouted recognition.

"I'm going to hoof it," said Regan, extending his hand. "Glad to have met you. I'll drop in on you soon."

Stover watched him go stalwartly through the crowd, his bag under one arm, his soft hat set a little at defiance, looking neither to the right nor left.

"Why the deuce did he say that about Le Baron?" he thought, with a feeling of irritation.

Then, obeying an impulse, he signaled an expressman, consigned his bag, and made his way on foot, dodging in and out of the rapidly filled hacks, where upper classmen sat four on the seat, hugging one another with bearlike hugs.

He swung down the crowded street to the heart of the city in the rapid dropping of the twilight. There was a dampness underfoot that sent to him long, waving reflections from early street-lamps. The jumble of the city was in his ears, the hazy, crowded panorama in his eyes, at his side the passing contact of strangers. Everything was multiplied, complex, submerging his individuality.

But this feeling of multitude did not depress him. He had come to conquer, and zest was in his step and alertness in his glance. Out of the churning of the crowd he passed into the clear sweep of the city Common, and, looking up through the mist, for the first time beheld the battlements of the college waiting him ahead, lost in the hazy elms.

Across the quiet reaches of the Common he went slowly, incredibly, toward these strange shapes in brick and stone. The evening mist had settled. They were things undefined and mysterious, things as real as the things of his dreams. He passed on through the portals of Phelps Hall, hearing above his head for the first time the echoes of his own footsteps against the resounding vault.

Behind him remained the city, suddenly hushed. He was on the campus, the Brick Row at his left; in the distance the crowded line of the fence, the fence where he later should sit in joyful conclave. Somewhere there in the great protecting embrace of these walls were the friends that should be his, that should

pass with him through these wonderful years of happiness and good fellowship that were coming.

"And this is it — this is Yale," he said reverently, with a little tightening of the breath.

It had begun at last — the happy, care-free years that every one proclaimed. Four glorious years, good times, good fellows, and a free and open fight to be among the leaders and leave a name on the roll of fame. Only four years, and then the world with its perplexities and grinding trials.

"Four years," he said softly. "The best, the happiest I'll ever know! Nothing will ever be like them — nothing!"

And, carried away with the confident joy of it, he went toward his house, shoulders squared, with the step of a d'Artagnan and a song sounding in his ears.

CHAPTER II

He found the house in York Street, a low, whitewashed frame building, luminous under the black canopy of the overtowering elms. At the door there was a little resistance and a guarded voice cried:

"What do you want?"

"I want to get in."

"What for?"

"Because I want to."

"Very sorry," said McNab's rather squeaky voice — "most particular sorry; but this house is infected with yellow fever and the rickets, and we wouldn't for the world share it with the sophomore class — oh, no!"

A light began to dawn over Stover.

"I'm rooming here," he said.

"What's your name and general style of beauty?"

"Stover, and I've got a twitching foot."

"Why didn't you say so?" said McNab, who then admitted him. "Pardon me. The sophomores are getting so fidgety, you know, hopping all up and down. My name's McNab — German extraction. Came up on the train, ahead of you — thought you were a sophomore, you put on such a beautiful side. Here, put on that chain."

"Hazing?"

"Oh, no, indeed. Just a few members of the weakling class above us might get too fond of us; just must see us — welcome to Yale and all that sort of thing. I hate sentimental exhibitions, don't you?"

"Is McCarthy here?" said Stover, laughing.

"Your wife is waiting for you most anxiously."

"Hello, is that Dink?" called down McCarthy's exuberant voice at this moment.

Stover went up the stairs like a terrier, answering the joyful whoop with a war-cry of his own. The next moment he and McCarthy were pummeling each other, wrestling about the room, to the dire danger of furniture and crockery. When this sentimental moment had exhausted itself physically, McCarthy bore him to the back of the house, saying:

"We don't want to show our light in front just yet. We've got a corking lot in the house — best of the Andover crowd. Come on; I'll introduce you. You remember Hunter, who played against me at tackle? He's here."

There were half a dozen loitering on the window-seat and beds in the pipe-ridden room.

Hunter, in shirt sleeves, sorting the contents of his trunk, came forward at once.

"Hello, Stover, how are you?"

"How are you?"

No sooner did their hands clasp than a change came to Dink. He was face to face with the big man of the Andover crowd, measuring him and being measured. The sudden burst of boyish affection that had sent him into McCarthy's arms was gone. This man could not help but be a leader in the class. He was older than the rest, but how much it would have been hard to say. He examined, analyzed, and deliberated. He knew what lay before him. He would make no mistakes. He was carried away by no sentimental enthusiasm. Everything about him was reserved — his cordiality, the quiet grip of his hand, the smile of welcome, and the undecipherable estimate in his eyes.

"Will you follow me or shall I follow you?" each seemed to say in the first contact that was a challenge.

"How are you?" said Stover, shaking hands with some one else; and the tone was the tone of Hunter.

There were three others in the room: Hunter's room-mate, Stone, a smiling, tall, good-looking fellow who shook his hand an extra period; Saunders, silent, retired behind his spectacles; and Logan, who roomed with McNab, who sunk his shoulders as he shook hands and looked into Stover's eyes intensely as he said, "Awful glad, awful glad to know you."

"Have a pipe — cigarette — anything?" said Hunter over his shoulder, from the trunk to which he had returned.

"No, thanks."

"Started training?"

"Sort of."

"Take a chair and make yourself at home," said Hunter warmly, but without turning.

The talk was immediately of what each was going to do. Stone was out for the glee club, already planning to take singing lessons in the contest for the leadership, three years off.

Saunders was to start for the *News*. Logan had made drawings during the summer and was out for the *Record*. Hunter was trying for his class team and the crew. Only McNab was defiant.

"None of that for me," he said, on his back, legs in the air, blowing rings against the ceiling. "I'm for a good time, the best in life. It may be a short one, but it'll be a lulu!"

"You'll be out heeling the *Record*, Dopey, inside of a month," said Hunter quietly.

"Never, by the Great Horned Spoon — never!"

The arrival of the sophomore, who installed himself in easy majesty in the arm-chair and addressed his questions with a quick, analytical staccato, produced somewhat the effect of a suddenly opened window. Even McNab was unwillingly impressed, and Hunter, closing the trunk, allowed the conversation to be guided by Reynolds' initiative.

He was a fiery, alert, rather undersized fellow, who had been the first in his class to make the *News*, and was supposed to be in line for that all-important chairmanship.

Inside of five minutes he had gone through

"THE CAPTAIN'S EYE MEASURED HIM CAREFULLY"

"And you'll get a tutor, Dopey, and stay with us."

"Never! I came to love and to be loved. I'm a lovely thing; that's sufficient," said McNab, with a grimace to his elfish face. "I will not be harnessed up. I will not heel."

"Yes, you will."

Hunter's tone had not varied. Stover, studying him, wondered if he had marked out the route of Stone, Saunders, and Logan, just as he felt that McNab would sooner or later conform to the will that had determined to succeed himself and make his own crowd succeed.

Reynolds, a sophomore, an old Andover man, dropped in. Again it was but question of the same challenge, addressed to each:

"What are you trying for?"

the possibilities of each man, advising briefly in a quick, businesslike manner. To Stover he seemed symbolic of the rarefied contending nervousness of the place, a personality that suddenly threw open to him all the nervous panorama of the struggle for position which had already begun.

On top of which there arrived Rogers, a junior, good-natured, popular, important. At once, to Stover's amused surprise, the rôle was reversed. Reynolds, from the enthroned autocrat, became the respectful audience, answered a few questions, and found a quick opportunity to leave.

"Let's go in front and have a little fun," said Rogers.

Somewhat perplexed, Stover led the way to their room.

"Light up," said Rogers, with a chuckle. "There's a sophomore bunch outside just ready to tumble."

Rogers' presence brought back a certain ease; they were no longer on inspection, and even in his manner was a more open cordiality than he had shown toward Reynolds. That under all this was some graduated system of authority Stover was slowly perceiving, when all at once from the street there rose a shout:

"Turn down that light!"

"Freshmen, turn down that light!"

"Turn it down slowly," said Rogers, with a gesture to McNab.

"Faster!"

"All the way down!"

"Turn it up suddenly," said Rogers.

An angry swelling protest arose:

"Turn that down!"

"You freshmen!"

"Turn it down!"

"The freshest of the fresh!"

"Here, let me work 'em up," said Rogers, going to the gas-jet.

Under his tantalizing manipulation the noise outside grew to the proportions of a riot.

"Come on and get the bloody freshmen!"

"Ride 'em on a rail!"

"Say, are we going to stand for this?"

Below came a sudden rush of feet. Rogers, abandoning the gas-jet, draped himself nonchalantly on the couch that faced the door.

"Well, here comes the shindy," thought Stover, with a joyful tensity in every muscle.

The hubbub stormed up the hall, shot open the door, and choked the passage with the suddenly revealed fury of angry faces.

"Hello," said Rogers' quiet voice. "Well, what do *you* want?"

No sooner had the barbaric front ranks beheld the languid, slightly annoyed junior than the fury of battle vanished like a flurry of wind across the water. From behind the more concealed began to murmur:

"Oh, beans!"

"A lemon!"

"Rubber!"

"Sold!"

"Well, what is it?" said Rogers sharply, sending a terrific frown at the sheepish leaders.

At this curt reminder there was a shifting movement in the rear, which rapidly communicated itself to the stammering, apologetic front ranks; the door was closed in ludicrous haste, and down the stairs resounded the stampede of the baffled host.

"My, they are a fierce lot, these man-eating sophomores, aren't they?" said Rogers, giving way to his laughter. And then, a little apologetically, but with a certain twinkle of humor, he added: "Don't worry, boys; there was no one in that crowd who'll do you any harm. However, I might just as well chaperon you to your eating-joint."

"Le Baron is going to take me out with him," said Stover, as they rose to go.

"Hugh Le Baron?" said Rogers, with a new interest.

"Yes, sir."

"I didn't get your name."

"Stover."

"Oh! Captain down at Lawrenceville, weren't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, wish you good luck," said Rogers, with a more appraising eye. "You've got an opening this year. Drop in and see me sometime, will you? I mean it."

"See you later, Stover," said Hunter, resting his hand on his shoulder with a little friendly touch.

"Bully you're with us," said Stone.

"Come in and chin a little later," said Logan.

Saunders gave him a duck of the head, with unconcealed admiration in his embarrassed manner.

McCarthy went with them. Stover, left alone, measured the length of the room, smiling to himself. It was all quite amusing, especially when his was the fixed point of view.

In a few moments Le Baron arrived. Together they went across the campus, now swarming like ant runs. At every step Le Baron was halted by a greeting. Recognition was in the air, turbulent, boyish, exaggerated, rising to the pitch of a scream or accomplished in a bear dance; and through it all was the same vibrant, minor note of the ceaseless activity.

It was the air Stover loved. He waited respectfully, while Le Baron shook a score of hands, impatient for the moment to begin and the opportunity to have his name told from lip to lip.

"I'm going to be captain at Yale," he said to himself, with a sudden fantastic, grandiloquent fury. "I will if it's in me."

"We'll run down to Hueb's," said Le Baron, free at last; "get a good last meal before going into training. You look in pretty fit shape."

"I've kept so all summer."

"Who's over in your house?"

Stover named them.

"They weren't my crowd at Andover, but they're good fellows," said Le Baron, listening critically. "Hunter especially. Here we are."

A minute later they had found a table in the restaurant crowded with upper classmen, and Le Baron was glancing down the menu.

"An oyster cocktail, a planked steak — rare; order the rest later." He turned to Stover. "Guess we'd better cut out the drinks. We'll stand the gaff better to-morrow."

There was in his voice a quiet possession, as if he had already assumed the reins of Stover's career.

"Are you out for the eleven again?" said Stover respectfully.

"Yes. I'll never do any better than a sub, but that's what counts. We're up against an awfully stiff proposition this year. The team's got to be built out of nothing. There's Dana, the captain, now, over at the table in the corner."

"Where?" said Stover, fired at the thought.

Le Baron pointed out the table, detailing to him the names of some of the coaches who were grouped there.

When Stover had dared to gaze for the first time on the face of the majestic leader, he experienced a certain shock. The group of past heroes about him were laughing, exchanging reminiscences of past combats; but the face of Dana was set in seriousness, too sensitive to the responsibility that lay heavier than the honor on his young shoulders. Stover had not thought of his leader so.

"I guess it's going to be a bad season," he said.

"Yes; we may have to take our medicine this year."

Several friends of Le Baron's stopped to shake hands, greeting Stover always with that appraising glance which had first amused him in Reynolds who had sat in inquisition.

He began to be conscious of an ever-widening gulf separating him and Le Baron, imposed by all the subtle, still uncomprehended incidents of the night, which gradually made him see that he had found, not a friend, but a protector. A certain natural impulsiveness left him; he answered in short sentences, resenting a little this sudden, not yet defined sense of subjection.

But the hum of diners was about him, the unknown intoxication of lights, the prevailing note of joy, the free concourse of men, the vibrant note of good fellowship, good cheer, and the eager seizing of the zest of the hour. The men he saw were the men who had succeeded — a success which unmistakably surrounded them. He, too, wished for success acutely, almost with a throbbing, gluttonous feeling, sitting there unknown.

All at once Dana, passing across the room, stopped for a handshake and a word of greeting to Le Baron. Stover was introduced, rising precipitately, to the imminent danger of his plate.

"Stover from Lawrenceville?" said Dana.

"Yes, sir."

The captain's eye measured him carefully, taking in the wiry, spare frame, the heavy shoulders, and the nervous hands, and then stayed on the clean-cut jaw, the direct blue glance, and the rebellious rise of sandy hair.

"End, of course," he said at last.

"Yes, sir."

"About a hundred and fifty-four?"

"One hundred and fifty, sir, stripped."

"Ever played in the back field?"

"No, sir."

"Report with the varsity squad to-morrow."

"Yes, sir."

"There's a type of man we're proud of," said Le Baron. "Came here from Exeter, waited at Commons first two years; every one likes him. He has a tough proposition here this year, though — supposing we dig out."

In the room the laughter was rising, and all the little nervous noises of the clash of plate and cutlery. Stover would like to have stayed, to yield to the contagion, to watch with eager eyes the opposite types, all under the careless spell of the beginning year.

The city was black about them as they stepped forth; the giant elms flattened overhead against the blurred mists of the night, like curious water weeds seen from below.

They went in silence directly toward the campus. Once or twice Le Baron started to speak and then stopped. At length he said:

"Come this way."

They passed by Osborn Hall, and the Brick Row with the choked display of the Coöp below, and, crossing to the dark mass of the old Library, sat down on the steps.

Before Stover stretched all the lighted panorama of the college and the multiplied strewn lights against the mysteries of stone and brick — lights that drew him to the quiet places of a hundred growing existencies — affected him like the lights of the crowded restaurant and the misty reflections of the glassy streets. It was the night, the mysterious night that suddenly had come into his boyish knowledge.

It was immense, unfathomable — this spectacle of a massed multitude. It was all confounded, stirring, ceaseless, feverish in its brilliant gaiety, fleeting, transitory, mocking. It was of the stage, theatric. It brought theatric emotions, too keenly sensitized, too sharply overwhelming. He wished to flee from it in despair of ever conquering as he wished to conquer, this world of stirring ambitions and shadowy and fleeting years.

"I'm going to do for you," said Le Baron's voice, breaking the charm — "I'm going to do what some one did for me when I came here last year."

"'HELLO,' SAID ROGERS' QUIET VOICE. 'WELL, WHAT DO YOU WANT?'"

He paused a moment, a little, too, under the spell of the night, perhaps, seeking how best to choose his words.

"It is a queer place you're coming into, and many men fail for not understanding it in time. I'm going to tell you a few things."

Again he stopped. Stover, waiting, heard across from the blazing sides of Farnam a piano's thin, rushing notes. Nearer, from some window unseen, a mandolin was quavering. Voices, calling, mingled in softened confusion.

"What do you know about the society system here?" said Le Baron abruptly.

"Why, I know — there are three senior societies: Skull and Bones, Keys, Wolf's Head — but I guess that's all I do know."

"You'll hear a good deal of talk inside the college, and out of it too, about the system. It has its faults. But it's the best system there is, and it makes Yale what it is to-day. It makes fellows get out and work; it gives them ambitions, stops loafing and going to seed, and keeps a pretty good, clean, temperate atmosphere about the place."

"I know nothing at all about it," said Stover, perplexed.

"The seniors have fifteen in each; they give out their elections end of junior year, end of May. That's what we're all working for."

"Already?" said Stover involuntarily.

"There are fellows in your class," said Le Baron, "who've been working all summer, so as to get ahead in the competition for the *Lit* or the *Record*, or to make the leader of the glee club — fellows, of course, who know."

"But that's three years off."

"Yes, it's three years off," said Le Baron quietly. "Then there are the junior fraternities; but they're large, and at present don't count much, except you have to make them. Then there are what are called sophomore societies." He hesitated a moment. "They are very important."

"Do you belong to one?" asked Stover innocently.

"Yes," said Le Baron, after another hesitation. "Of course we don't discuss our societies here. Others will tell you about them. But here's where your first test will come in."

Then came another lull. Stover, troubled, frowning, sat staring at the brilliant windows across which passed, from time to time, a sudden shadow. Groups at the fence were singing a football song, with a marching swing to it, that had so often caught up his loyal soul as he had sat shivering in the grand-stand for the game to begin. It was not all so simple — no, not at all simple. It wasn't as he had thought. It was complex, disturbing.

"This college is made up of all sorts of elements," said Le Baron, at last. "And it is not easy to run it. Now, in every class there are just a small number of fellows who are able to do it and who will do it. They form the real crowd. All the rest don't count. Now, Stover, you're going to have a chance at something big on the football side; but that is not all. You might make captain of the eleven and miss out on a senior election. You're going to be judged by your friends, and it is just as easy to know the right crowd as the wrong."

"What do you mean by the right crowd?" said Stover, conscious of just a little antagonism.

"The right crowd?" said Le Baron, a little perplexed to define so simple a thing. "Why, the crowd that is doing things, working for Yale; the crowd——"

"That the class ahead picks out to lead us," said Stover abruptly.

"Yes," said Le Baron frankly; "and it won't be a bad judgment. Money alone won't land a man in it, and there'll be some in it who work their way through college. On the whole, it's about the crowd you'll want to know all through life."

"I see," said Stover. His clasp tightened over his knees, conscious of a certain uncomfortable growing sensation. He liked Le Baron — he had looked up to him, in a way; of course, it was all said in kindness, and yet ——

"I'm frankly aristocratic in my point of view," — he heard the well-modulated voice continue,— "and what I say others think. I'm older than most of my class, and I've seen a good deal of the world at home and abroad. You may think the world begins outside of college. It doesn't; it begins here. You want to make the friends that will help you along, here and outside. Don't lose sight of your opportunities, and be careful how you choose.

"Now, by that I mean don't make your friends too quickly. Get to know the different crowds, but don't fasten to individuals until you see how things work out. This rather surprises you, doesn't it? Perhaps you don't like it."

"It does sort of surprise me," said Stover, who did not answer what he meant.

"Stover," said Le Baron, resting a hand on his knee, "I like you. I liked you from the first time we lined up in that Andover-Lawrenceville game. You've got the stuff in you to make the sort of leader we need at Yale. That's why I'm trying to make you see this thing as it is. You come from a school that doesn't send many fellows here. You haven't the fellows ahead pulling for you, the way the other crowds have. I don't want to see you make any mistakes. Remember, you're going to be watched from now on."

"Watched?" said Stover, frowning

"Yes; everything you do, everything you say — that's how you'll be judged. That's why I'm telling you these things."

"I appreciate it," said Stover, but without enthusiasm.

"Now, you've got a chance to make good on the eleven this year. If you do, you stand in line for the captaincy senior year. It lies with you to be one of the big men in the class. And this is the way to do it: get to know every one in the class right off."

"What!" said Stover, genuinely surprised.

"I mean, bow to every one; call them by name: but hold yourself apart," said Le Baron. "Make fellows come to you. Don't talk too much. Hold yourself in. Keep out of the crowd,— that is, out of booze-fighting,— or, when you're with them, keep your head. There are a lot of fellows here, with friends ahead of them, who can cut loose a certain amount; but it's dangerous. If you want to make what you ought to make of yourself, Stover, you've got to prove yourself; you've got to keep yourself well in hand."

Stover suddenly comprehended that Le Baron was exposing his own theory, that he, prospective captain of the crew, was imposing on himself.

"Don't ticket yourself for drinking."

"I won't."

"Or get known for gambling — oh, I'm not preaching a moral lesson; only, what you do, do quietly."

"I understand."

"And another thing: no fooling around women; that isn't done here — that'll queer you absolutely."

"Of course."

"Now, you've got to do a certain amount of studying here. Better do it the first year and get in with the faculty."

"I will."

"There it is," said Le Baron, suddenly extending his hand toward the lighted college. "Isn't it worth working for — to win out in the end? And, Stover, it's easy enough when you know how. Play the game as others are playing it. It's a big game, and it'll follow you all through life. There it is; it's up to you. Keep your head clear and see straight."

The gesture of Le Baron, half seen in the darkness, brought a strange trouble to Stover. It was as if, full of the eager confidence of youth, some one had whispered in his ear and a shadowy hand had held before his eyes a gigantic temptation.

"Are there any questions you want to ask me?" said Le Baron, with a new feeling of affection toward the unprotected freshman whom he had so generously advised.

"No."

They sat silently. And all at once, as Stover gazed, from the high, misty walls and the elm-tops confounded in the night, a monstrous hand seemed to stretch down, impending over him, and the care-free windows suddenly to be transformed into myriad eyes, set on him in inquisition — eyes that henceforth indefatigably, remorselessly would follow him.

And with it something snapped, something fragile — the unconscious, simple democracy of boyhood. And, as it went, it went forever. This was the world rushing in, dividing the hosts. This was the parting of the ways. The standards of judgment were the world's. It was not what he had thought. It was no longer the simple struggle. It was complex, disturbing, incomprehensible. To win he would have to change.

"It's been good of you to tell me all this," he said, giving his hand to Le Baron, and the words sounded hollow.

"Think over what I've said to you."

"I will."

"A man is known by his friends; remember that, Stover, if you don't anything else!"

"It's awfully good of you."

"I like you, Dink," said Le Baron, shaking hands warmly; "now you know the game, go in and win."

"It's awfully good of you," said Stover aimlessly. He stood watching Le Baron's strong, aristocratic figure go swinging across the dim campus in a straight, undeviating, confident path.

"It's awfully good of him," he said mechanically; "awfully good. What a wonder he is!"

And yet, and yet, he could not define the feeling — he was but barely conscious of it; was it rebellion or was it a lurking disappointment?

He stood alone, looking at the new world. It was no longer the world of the honest day. It was brilliant, fascinating, alluring, awakening strange, poignant emotions — but it was another world, and the way to it had just been shown him.

He turned abruptly and went toward his room, troubled, wondering why he was so troubled, vainly seeking the reason, knowing not that it lay in the destruction of a fragile thing — his first illusion.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE INSURANCE AGENT

ONE OF DETECTIVE WILLIAM J. BURNS' GREAT CASES

BY

HARVEY J. O'HIGGINS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM OBERHARDT

I

LATE in the month of September, 1897, Governor Mount of Indiana and Attorney-General Ketcham applied to the federal authorities at Washington for aid in enforcing the law in Ripley County, Indiana. During the night of September 14 five unconvicted prisoners had been taken from the jail at Versailles, the county-seat, and either shot or hanged by an organized and orderly mob. A grand jury had been instructed to investigate the outrage, but had returned no indictments. Prosecuting officers had failed to prosecute. Local counsel had declined to act for the State. There were reports that some of the officials of the county had been guilty of responsibility for the lynching; and the gossip of the neighborhood condoned their guilt and ridiculed the efforts of the State authorities to punish the lynchers.

Attorney-General Ketcham and his assistant, Merrill Moores, found their office defied by the conspiracy and revolt of an entire community. They were determined to put a stop to these outbursts of mob violence that had become a common disgrace in the southern counties of Indiana. They had no detectives able or willing to obtain evidence in Versailles at the risk of being lynched themselves. For these reasons, they decided to ask the help of the United States Secret Service.

They applied to the Attorney-General at Washington, who referred them to the Secretary of the Treasury. Secretary Gage, after hearing their account of the dangerous state of affairs in Versailles, declined to order the Secret Service to assist, but called in Chief Hazen to consider the case, and offered a leave of absence to any of the operatives who would volunteer for the work. Chief Hazen picked Detective William J. Burns as the man most likely to succeed in such an undertaking, and went to St. Louis to consult him. And Burns replied:

"I'm willing to go anywhere and do anything that the department orders; but it wouldn't be fair to my wife and my children for me to take risks that aren't required of me. I couldn't be in Versailles for a day without being suspected. A stranger doesn't arrive there once a year. Everybody in the place knows everybody else. They'd pass the word to the town toughs, and some dark night they'd gather in on me, and I'd have to fight—and you know how *that* would end. If it were a government investigation, I'd go and take my chances; but I don't see why we——"

"All right," Hazen said. "Come down to Indianapolis anyway and have a talk with Ketcham."

Attorney-General Ketcham was a sturdy old soldier—a veteran of the Civil War—with a fighter's determination to vindicate the law in Ripley County. He interested Burns by the force of his personality and the earnestness of his need. Burns listened to his story of the case, and frowned over it, finding the very difficulties of the investigation alluring, in the way that any expert will be tempted by the hazards of an undertaking requiring all his skill.

"I don't know," he said. "I'm not sure that anything can be done. There's so much excitement——"

"Take your own time," Ketcham encouraged him. "The excitement will subside."

"Well," Burns concluded, "I'll think it over and see whether I can't devise some way to handle it. I will let you know."

And it was in this reluctant spirit of professional interest that he volunteered to risk his life, obscurely and for no reward whatever,

NOTE.—Many recognizable details of place and incident in this story have been altered in order to protect innocent persons from the consequences of publicity.

against a lawlessness that was remote from his concern, in the expectation of no applause but such as might come from his own satisfaction in doing a work that no one else could do. These are motives so inadequate in any one but an artist that they concede to Burns the springs of genius. To those who know him they are characteristic.

II

Some few days later a man named W. J. Burton — a ruddy, solid-minded, somewhat slow-witted man of about thirty-five — applied at the offices of the New York Life Insurance Company in Indianapolis for employment as an insurance solicitor. He had a serious and convincing manner. He admitted that he had had no experience, but he was obviously earnest and eager to learn. He proposed to work the "back counties" of the State,— a field that had been neglected because the pickings were so poor,— and he made no difficulty about paying his own expenses out of the commissions that he expected to earn. It was evident that he was stolidly ambitious, and either blind to the difficulties of selling insurance to the Hoosiers of "the Hills" or willing to win promotion by succeeding where success would be most difficult.

He was given that opportunity, smilingly.

"What I would like to do first," he said, "is to learn the business thoroughly, so as to be well equipped for it."

They gave him all the "literature," data, and "instructions to agents" that the office could provide, and he retired with these to study them. Next morning he was back with questions that showed that he had laboriously read and assimilated every scrap of information in the printed sheets. He quizzed the local manager. He sought advice from experienced members of the staff. He got a county directory and copied from it the names of prominent business men in the southern part of the State, and had letters written to them from the Indianapolis office to announce that the New York Life Insurance Company had decided to give them and other business men and farmers in their locality "the advantage of the new propositions which the company was making"; to this end, it was sending its agent, Mr. W. J. Burton, to call on them; and any "courtesies extended to him" would be "appreciated." Then he went "on the road," and left behind him in the office an impression of conscientious determination that seemed almost "simple" when one considered the barrenness of the field that he had elected to begin on.

Meanwhile W. J. Burns had been in frequent consultation with Attorney-General Ketcham and Merrill Moores. They had heard of a boy named Kelly, who had been in the Versailles jail on the night of the lynching, in a cell with one of the murdered prisoners, an old counterfeiter named Lyle Levi. Kelly had since been sentenced to a reformatory. Burns employed a young detective named Steve Connell — now in the Secret Service — to accept arrest and sentence to the same prison, and the authorities arranged to have him share young Kelly's cell. Connell looked less than twenty, though he had two children in their teens. He carried a concealed razor with which to shave himself every night, in the dark, while Kelly slept!

Burns had also telegraphed to Washington for a Secret Service operative who had a reputation for bravery. The man came to Indianapolis. When he heard what was expected of him, he looked worried. "I'll tell you, Billy," he explained, "it's this way: I'd like to help you on this job; but I've got some cousins, farmers, down in that section, and they'd be sure to recognize me. I'd rather not try it. But look here. Here's the way I'd go about this, if I were you. I'd ——"

"You're damned willing to help with advice, aren't you?" Burns said. "You can get on the train and go back where you haven't so many cousins."

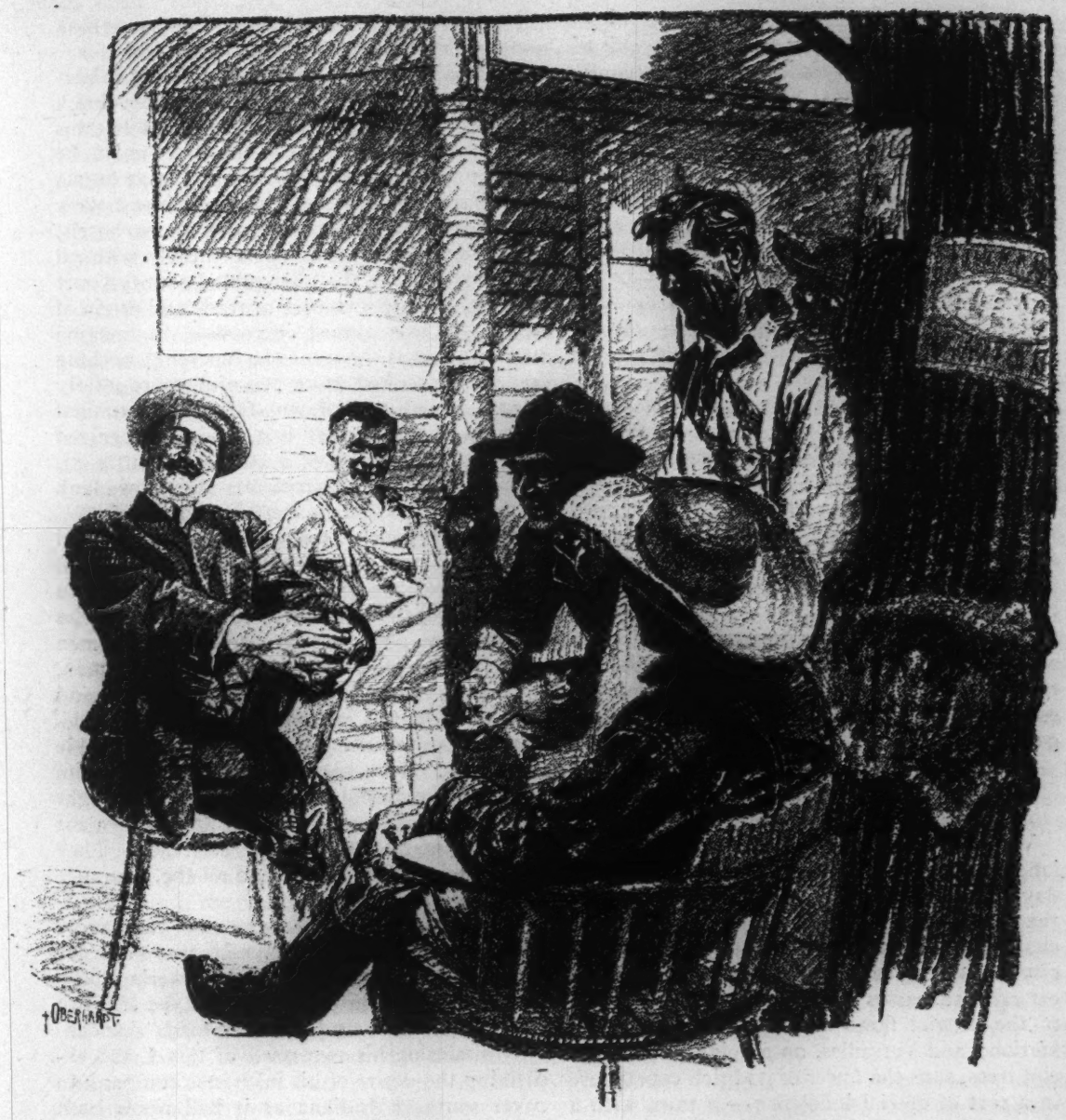
And he went.

"He wouldn't have done, in any case," Burns consoled the others. "He didn't *look* right."

In conducting such an investigation, the operatives are "cast" for their parts as actors are in a theater; and it is rarely indeed that any disguise is used, except in the matter of clothes. Burns needed a man who should look like a shrewd farmer, past middle age, and neither prosperous nor altogether unsuccessful. He remembered Ed Smith, a United States deputy marshal from Missouri, where Burns had worked with him. Smith looked the part; he was lean, keen, and daring. He came to Burns' summons, and accepted employment as a dealer in agricultural implements. They bought him a stock of farm machinery, and he went to open a shop in Osgood, Indiana, six miles from Versailles.

"Some of those lynchers came from Osgood," Burns instructed him, "and you'll be suspected the day you arrive there. Don't ask any questions. Just attend to your business and keep your ears open. Go up to North Vernon to mail your reports to me at the Cincinnati office. Be careful. Go slow, and keep under cover. I'll be around by Osgood in about a month."

Burton had already begun his apprenticeship



"'IF ANY OF YOU GENTLEMEN WANT TO MAKE A GOOD INVESTMENT,'— HE INCLUDED THE WHOLE GATHERING IN A GENIAL SMILE"

as an insurance solicitor — but not in Ripley County. He had been following up the letters sent from the company's office to men in various parts of southern Indiana; and wherever he went — on the trains, in the country hotels, even on the roads with the liverymen who drove him — he "talked insurance" and made friends. He had suddenly developed a genial, bustling, cheerful manner that was a trifle loud and conspicuous. Men "took" to him. He was a "good fellow." He did not sell much insurance, but he established himself in the favor of a great many people who liked him the better for not pressing them too hard with his "new propositions," and who showed their good will by giving him letters to friends elsewhere. He succeeded in getting written introductions to several men in the neighborhood of Versailles; and he closed in on Ripley County slowly, busily, absorbed in his work, with no serious interest in anything in the world but life insurance — though he would laugh and talk and "swap" stories unresentfully as soon as a final refusal to take out a policy freed him from his professional manner.

He struck into Osgood in October, preceded

by letters announcing his coming and supported by introductions obtained by the way; and he "worked" the little railroad town as assiduously as if it had been the richest insurance field in Indiana. He met with only one rebuff — from a dealer in agricultural implements named E. Smith, who had just moved to Osgood and was not prospering there. "Old mossback!" Burton complained of him cheerfully, that evening, to the arm-chair idlers in front of the hotel. "Is he popular around here?"

The hotel proprietor answered laconically: "This town's right shy o' strangers jest now."

"You're from Kentucky yourself, aren't you?" Burton asked him.

"And a long time from it, son. Where *you* headin'?"

"I'm on the road for the New York Life Insurance Company. If any of you gentlemen want to make a good investment,"— he included the whole gathering in a genial smile,—"I have several propositions I'd like to explain to you. Now, for example — how old are *you*, my Christian friend?"

And, since it was a warm evening and there was nothing on the empty street to distract them, they listened to him with as much interest as if he had been a corner peddler with a gasolene "torch."

III

Versailles stands on a few hundred acres of land that were deeded to the county, in the early days, by a public-spirited settler, as a site for the county-seat. Its location is an accident of charity, and it has grown as little as any "fiat" city in its half century of quiet life. The nearest railroad passes through Osgood; the trade of the district flows naturally to the railroad station; and Versailles, on a height, among its elm trees, suns the tower of its brick courthouse in a sort of official indolence — a town with a sinecure, a perpetual office-holder among towns, as comfortable as a bailiff sleeping in the drone of a county court.

Burton drove to it, one mild October morning, over the dusty pike from Osgood, between fields of grain-stubble and cut corn-stalks, with two letters of introduction in his pocket, and nothing in his bag but "insurance literature" and clothes marked "W. J. B." The boy who drove him had a lazy nasal drawl, and little to say in it. His old white horse shuffled along contentedly in a white cloud, having apparently solved the problem of making the minimum of progress with the maximum of dust. If Burton had not been so determined an insurance agent, he would have recognized that death, in this district, rode such a "white horse" and overtook none but the senilely decrepit.

He stopped at a hotel on Main Street in Versailles,— an old, whitewashed, two-story brick "tavern," — and had his dinner, and left his bag. When he came out to the street again, he had the whole town before him. It was drawn up to face the courthouse grounds in a hollow square of frame houses, one-story shops, hotels, and livery stables, that gazed mutely with all their windows at the high-gabled county court building as at their source of trade and origin of being. It was almost impossible to imagine such a square as the scene of a lynching; nothing could have looked more peaceful, more mildly vacant, more withdrawn from the criminal passions of the world. But, having recognized it as the background of a murderous outburst, how discreet and hypocritical! And how blank to the interrogating glances of a detective!

Burton began his rounds in an assured and leisurely manner, as if he thought he had only to explain his "new propositions" clearly and in detail in order to have every citizen of Versailles accept them. He went first to the leading men of the town,— the lawyers, the real-estate man, the man in charge of the little brick bank,— and with them he was rather blinkingly serious, deliberate, slow of utterance, and not at all nimble in his wits. They read his letters and gave him a casual eye, visibly unimpressed. He might have been applying to them for an employment that was manifestly beyond his reach. They shook their heads. They had all the insurance they wished.

With the tradesmen he was more easy, more affable, more of the commercial traveler. He chatted with them, asking and answering questions about the state of trade and the effect of the weather here and "on the road," incidentally disclosing his own route of travel, and explaining the desire of his insurance company to cover southern Indiana as it had never been covered before. He did not force his business upon them, any more than would a skilful "drummer" who realizes that orders come best after a friendly acquaintance has been established. He allowed it to be understood that he would be some days in town — doing the whole district from Versailles — and that he would drop in to talk insurance after business hours.

He had his supper at the common table of the hotel dining-room, with the proprietor, his sons, and their "guests." They were waited upon by the two daughters of the house. The mother was in the kitchen. And here Burton was quite cheerfully talkative and at home. He showed a hearty appreciation of the food. He had admired the county courthouse, and he listened

interestedly to reminiscences of the days when it was building. Between bites, he replied to questions upon the nature and extent of his business, and wrote down names of well-to-do farmers in the vicinity whom he might insure, and asked about livery stables and the cost of carriage hire, and the roads that he would have to take, and the distance and direction from here to there, and the probable duration of the fine weather, and so forth and so on.

But it was after supper, among the "boys," that he really distinguished himself. He was by this time comfortably tired, and relaxed in a lazy appreciation of good company, in a mood for telling stories and chuckling over jokes, a bit contemptuous of his activities as a life-insurance agent and envious of the solid comforts of the full-fed life of Versailles. He had traveled, of course; his headquarters were in New York. Magical name! It focussed on him some open stares and many sidelong glances. It drew the usual questions; and if he did not actually voice his present contempt for the overrated charms of the metropolis,— compared with real life among real people who had time to live,— he allowed his preference to be surmised from the tone and slighting brevity of his replies. When the bar was closed and the gathering broke up, he went to bed, yawning over a kerosene lamp, on good terms with everybody.

And, if you consider what Burton was to do in Versailles, the day had been well spent. He had given the "leading men" of the community the unconscious impression that he was far from shrewd. If the lynching had been as well organized as appearances indicated, some of these leading men had probably directed the affair. As soon as the suspicion that he was a detective should begin to circulate, they would feel that he was not very dangerous, that he could be watched and easily trapped, that no one need hurry to drive him out of town. And they would proceed to try to trap him.

The shopkeepers would only talk. They would not move against him in any case. They would argue and gossip among themselves about him, and encourage him to call and talk insurance to them, so that they might study him and make up their minds. They would give him a continual excuse for staying in town. They would keep him busy.

But it was the men around the hotel who were really important to him. Among them there were sure to be some of the actual lynchers; and all would have heard every detail of the night. Moreover, if it were decided to "run" him out of town, these were the men who would mob him. If he could get "right" with them, he would be safe. If he could gain their confidence, he would learn all that he wished to know. They would talk. They would boast. The shopkeepers would be timid; the professional men would be discreet: but these "good fellows" around the tavern would be at once his chief hope and his greatest menace. They would make the success or failure of his work.

IV

Next morning he delayed beginning his visits to the shopkeepers, in order to allow public opinion to form. As he walked down Main Cross Street he was stared at suspiciously by a man who was lounging in the wide doorway of the "livery and feed stable." When he entered an "emporium," he found the proprietor easily interested in insurance and endlessly curious to hear all the details of all sorts of policies. The man from the livery-stable door dropped in to buy a plug of tobacco, and stayed to hear the discussion. It rambled everywhere and ended nowhere; but Burton remained as candid and cheerful and encouraged as if he had found a millionaire who wished to insure all his family for fabulous sums. He agreed to return later when his client should have made up his mind to some definite purpose, and he went to another shop. This man was nervous. He listened with shifting glances, in a cautious silence, as if he were afraid that Burton was trying to sell him a "gold brick." The dinner hour came to him as an evident relief.

"Well," Burton boasted at the hotel dining-table, "I had a good nibble this morning. Old J—— is biting hard. Has any one been selling oil stock around here lately? S——, down yonder, acts as if he'd been bitten by a fake promoter. I think I'll drive out towards Milan this afternoon, and look over the ground out that way."

He went; and it was the man from the stable door who drove him. He was an unusually inquisitive driver. Burton, after the first half hour, did not try to conceal the fact that he was bored. He yawned; he answered in monosyllables; he became so absent-minded that there were questions to which he made no reply at all. Finally he asked: "Are you thinking of going into this line yourself?"

"No-o; I reckon not," the man said. "Why?"

"You ask questions like you were. If you want to try your hand at it, I'll give you a percentage on every policy you steer my way."

The man clucked to his horse and drove through a sun-ripened stretch of road in a thoughtful silence. "Well," he said at last, "mebbe I will. Mebbe I kin pick y' out some one that'll want a policy. I'll jest think that over."

Burton nodded indifferently. "Who lives over there? That farm looks prosperous. Turn in and let me have a try at them."

He returned to Versailles for supper, dusty but undiscouraged, and found a stranger beside him at the table — a shrewd-looking citizen with wrinkles and a gray beard, who went by the name of Snider. He listened curiously to the account that Burton gave the hotel-keeper of his afternoon's work. He asked: "Doing any business?"

"Not much," Burton said.

"Same here," he volunteered. "I'm trying to sell sewing-machines."

"Well," Burton complained, "I don't see why I can't do business here. I did a good business until I reached here. There are a lot of good men here; and I'm going to land some of them — or break my tackle."

"Do they pay you to stick around when you're not doing any business?"

"They don't pay me at all. The only way I make money is when I get business. They pay me so much percentage. When I don't get any business I don't get any money. Confidentially, between ourselves," — Snider pricked up his ears as if he expected to hear something of importance,— "they've worked all these counties and nobody was able to do any business for them. If I can get a lot of insurance down here and go back to Indianapolis with it, they'll send me anywhere I want to go. I'm out to convince them that I'm the man who can sell insurance where others can't."

"How long have you been in the insurance business?"

"This is my sixth year."

"In Indianapolis?"

"No," Burton said; "I come from New York. I was four years there and one year in Pennsylvania. And I've been almost a year in Indiana."

"Have you been over Switzerland County?"

"Not yet. I'm going, though. Do you know the ground there? Can you give me a line on any one to make a start with?"

There followed a game of conversational hide-and-seek between the two. Snider evidently wished to trace Burton back over the ground that he said he had covered — in an attempt to find some discrepancy in his story. But Burton was so eager to profit by Snider's experience in the neighboring counties that he asked as many questions as Snider asked. Snider developed some guilty uncertainty in his replies; and Burton looked at him narrowly. He grew embarrassed. He contradicted himself. Finally he fled.

When he reappeared, after supper, he was more friendly than ever, but he avoided talk of "business." Burton accepted him with the indifference of innocence, neither shrinking from the intimacy nor encouraging it. The man made some confidential references to the way in which these Indiana towns "broke loose" every now and then; but Burton did not understand him. Or perhaps it was that he had not heard; he was absorbed in the antics of a hungry mongrel to whom one of the habitués of the hotel was trying to feed a cud of chewing tobacco. The conversation passed from dogs to hunting, and became loud and general.

Snider loitered about the hotel for three days. Then he disappeared as mysteriously as he had come. Burton did not ask after him.

Considerable insurance mail was arriving for Burton — by pre-arrangement. One of the boys at the hotel was getting it from the post-office for him — by request. Burton examined the envelops in the privacy of his room, and saw that they had all been tampered with. He did not complain.

The man at the livery stable was coming every other day with new "steers" for him. He accepted them all eagerly and worked them out patiently, and only remarked, with a puzzled frown, to his friend the hotel-keeper that these Ripley County people were the hardest to "pull across" that he had ever met. The hotel-keeper opened his mouth to say something, and stopped himself with a forkful of cold slaw.

Saturday night — or the small hours of Sunday morning — Burton was wakened by a noise in the street and a muffled knocking on a door of the hotel. Footsteps went down the stairs and the door was opened. More footsteps followed the first. Burton lay on his back and listened. The midnight silence made a hollow mumble of the lowered voices at the door; he judged that there were half a dozen men in the party. For ten interminable minutes they talked and deliberated. Then there was another shuffling of feet on the sidewalk — and the voices slowly withdrew down the street. The hotel was locked up again. He heard the landlord and his sons return to their rooms. They tiptoed guiltily past his door.

About this same time — as Burton subsequently learned — two men inquired for him in the Indianapolis office of the insurance company. They were told that he was out of town, working the southern counties of the State. When would he be back? Not for a month or more. How long had he been with the company? The clerk did not know; he added, "Why do you ask?" They replied that they were thinking of taking out some insurance through Burton, and wished to be sure that he was "all right." The clerk

"'THE MAN FROM THE LIVERY STABLE DROPPED IN TO GET A PLUG OF TOBACCO, AND STAYED TO HEAR THE DISCUSSION'"

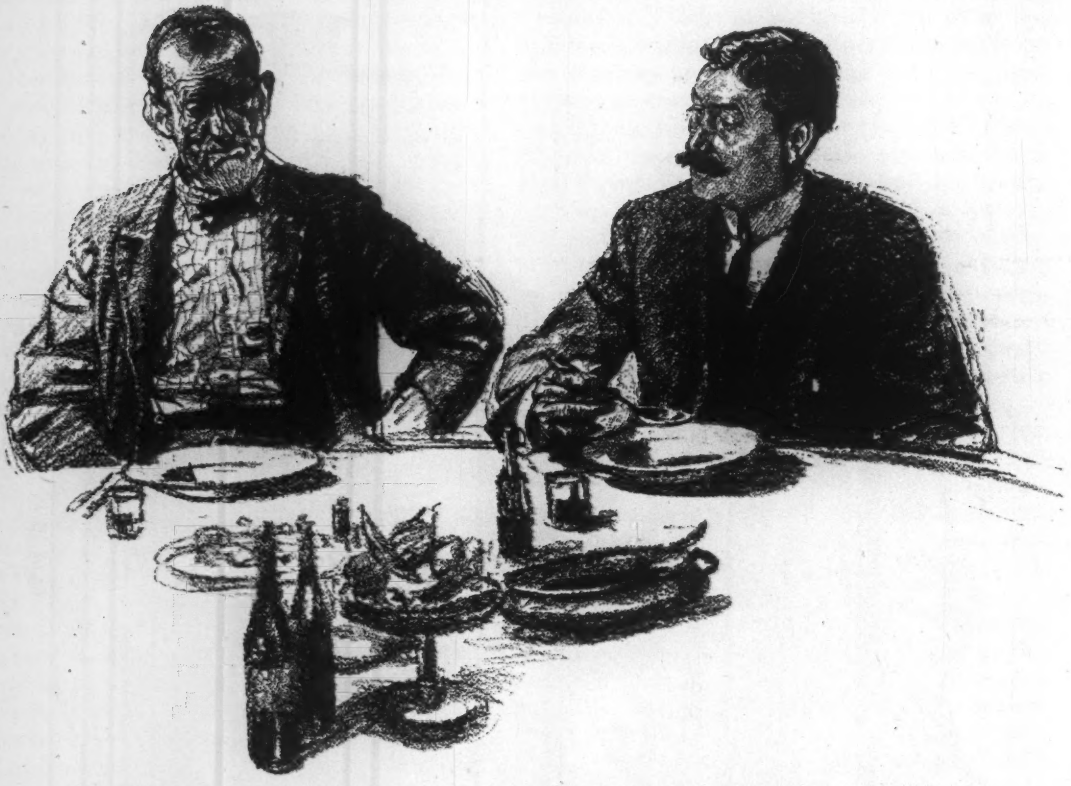
assured them that he was "an authorized agent." That was all they wished to know. They withdrew.

Some days later a well-dressed elderly stranger — evidently a city man — spent a day at the hotel. He talked to Burton assiduously about insurance, and asked questions and used technical expressions and listened closely to Burton's replies. Finally he inquired: "On what percentage does your company do business?"

Burton answered: "Four per cent."

A change in the man's eyes showed that he had considered the question determinative. He drove back to Osgood that evening. Burton stayed on at Versailles.

He liked the people. Their suspicions of him had gradually been worn away, and he found them friendly and hospitable and simple-hearted. Before the end of his second week he was as welcome as any of the "boys" at the



"'DO THEY PAY YOU TO STICK AROUND WHEN YOU'RE NOT DOING ANY BUSINESS?'"

evening gatherings in the parlor of an old German whose home was near the hotel — a musical old "Dutchman," a "character," a veteran of the Franco-Prussian War, nicknamed "the General" and reputed to be of noble birth. He had decorated the plaster of his rooms with mural paintings in oil, done by himself. He could cast horoscopes, on the bottom of a dish-pan, in colored chalks. He expected company every evening, and he knew how to entertain it. He took a great liking to Burton.

Burton had personality. He was "magnetic," as they say. He had the gift of popularity. Without exerting himself, without putting himself forward or apparently attempting to please, he won a hearty welcome from that circle of Versailles society that gathered in the evening at the hotel or at the General's. He began to have some success in selling insurance.

A curious thing happened. One afternoon he called on the old German to have his horoscope cast. When the proper diagram had been drawn on the bottom of the pan, the General studied it with unusual interest. "You are a leadter," he declared. "A leadter of men. You vill magke a name. You vill magke a great name."

"You're stringing me, General," Burton protested. "Where does it say that?"

The old man kept his eyes on the horoscope. "You are mit de gove'ment."

"What!"

"You are mit de gove'ment!"

"That's enough," Burton laughed. "Have a cigar. What's that picture up there supposed to be, General?"

V

And then, suddenly, the end came.

Burton had driven out to a little village named Correct, near Versailles, to see a man whom the livery driver had proposed for insurance. Burton wasted an hour on him, though it had been evident from the first that it would be wasted. When he got into the carriage again, the driver asked: "Did you git him?"

"No," Burton said; "but I will."

The driver jerked his head back at the post-office. "That's where they had the big scrap when they shot those burglars."

"What burglars?"

"*You* know. That's what started the lynching."

"Did they shoot some fellows — or lynch them — here?"

"No. The ones they lynched back in Versailles. This's where it started. *You* know."

Burton looked blankly at him. "No. When was all this?"

"Didn't you never hear about the five men that they lynched last month in Versailles?"

Burton started to shake his head — and stopped with a sudden thought that set him blinking rapidly. "Oh," he said, "yes — yes. Was *that* the Versailles? I remember seeing it in the papers. Wasn't there a lot of trouble? Didn't the militia come down and rescue them — or something?"

"Not on your life," the man laughed. "You've got it all mixed up with something else." He slapped the reins on his horse's back, wagging his head and grinning to himself. "Say, let me tell you somethin'. You'll never know how near you come to bein' killed."

"Who?" "Me?"

"Yes, *you*."

"What are you trying to give me? I wasn't here last September. I never saw the place till to-day."

"No; I mean lately. In Versailles."

Burton stared at him, astounded.

"They went around to the hotel, one night, to pull y' out."

"What for?"

"Well, there's a lot o' damn fools there said you was a detective."

"A detective! How in hell could they say I was a detective?"

"They thought th' insurance bus'ness was all a blind. They thought you'd come here to find out about the lynchin'. I looked y' over the first day you come, an' told 'em *then* 'at you, was all right. D' you remember a feller named Snider at the hotel?"

"No. Snider?"

"He went over an' talked to you. An' *he* come back an' said you was all right. An' d' you remember the fellow from Cincinnati that talked about insurance — with the gray mustache?"

"Lately?"

"Yes; about a week ago. *He* said you was all right. He said you'd answered one question that *showed* you was 'n insurance man."

"Well!" Burton broke out. "That's the damnedest thing I ever heard of! That's what's been the matter with everybody. No wonder I haven't been able to do any business. I ought to sue them!"

"No. You keep quiet about it."

"Do you think I'll stand for this outrage?"

"Now, look-a-here. I don't want 'em to know I told y' about it."

"Well ——"

"They'd know I told you if you said anythin'."

"Well, it's a damned outrage!"

"Aw, you can't blame 'em. They're scared. A lot of 'em was in that crowd."

"What crowd?"

"That lynched 'em. You see, it started back here in C'rect." And with all the eagerness of indiscretion, bursting with his secret, he poured out his account of the whole affair.

The district had been terrorized by a series of burglaries and attacks on lonely farmhouses by masked men, who, in one case, used torture to compel an old farmer and his wife to reveal where their money was hidden. There was no evidence against any one, but plenty of suspicion — particularly of a local "gang" of idlers

"'YOU ARE MIT DE GOVE'MENT'"

and "bad men." A detective employed by the county set a trap for them. He arranged a burglary in Correct, and persuaded two young roughs named Andrews and Gordon to join in it. The sheriff and a posse of citizens lay in wait for the burglars. Only Andrews and Gordon came. They shot the sheriff in the darkness, and escaped to their horses, and were pursued, and wounded, and captured and locked up in the Versailles jail.

There, another unfortunate, named Schuter, supposed to be of their band, was already held. Two days later two more —Lyle Levi, an old counterfeiter, and a man named Jenkins — were arrested. And that night men rode to Versailles from all parts of the district, and forced the jail, and shot or hanged these five prisoners.

Burns had already received, from the detective in the reformatory, a report of young Kelly's account of what had happened in the jail, and the name of the man who had shot Levi in his cell. He had also received from Ed Smith in Osgood corroborating reports from the gossip of that neighborhood. Now, before he reached Versailles, he learned from the driver the names of many Versailles citizens who had joined in the mob. And that evening, at the General's, he burst out with his indignant amazement that he had been mistaken for a detective; and in the explanations that followed — there and elsewhere — he heard everything that was to be heard in Versailles about its famous lynching.

He was shown the tree overlooking the bluff near "Gordon's Leap" where the men had been hanged. He was even given, as souvenirs, a piece of one of the ropes used in the lynching and a pocket handkerchief that had been worn as a mask. He got the names of the principals in the mob and the name of every witness who could testify to their guilt. And then he drove to Osgood "on business," and gave the word to Ed Smith to close his implement shop, and took the train to Indianapolis himself. Versailles has not seen him since. But on his report to Attorney-General Ketcham a prosecution was begun before a justice of the peace in the southern part of Ripley County; and when that prosecution failed, because of the intimidation of the magistrate, Burns' report was given to a lawyer who was acting for the widow of one of the murdered men. She began suit for damages in the federal courts, and she did not drop her case — she says — until the terrified lynchers settled with her, out of court, for four thousand dollars.

Altogether the lawless around Versailles received a lesson and learned a respect for the law that has not been forgotten in the fourteen years that have elapsed. There have been no more lynchings in Versailles. And, whatever you may think of the ways and means of your Sherlock Holmes when he is doing the dangerous work that Burns did in Versailles, you will not deny that as an officer of justice, assisting the government of a State to defend itself against mob rule and the barbarous injustices of lynch law, W. J. Burton is the sort of insurance agent that many counties in this country still stand in need of.

They remember him yet at his hotel in Versailles. "He was all right," they will tell you. "He was a good fellow. He was awful fond o' quail."

Ex-Attorney-General Ketcham, recalling the discomfiture of the defiant in Ripley County, with a smile says: "His work on that case was masterly. Masterly!"

Burns remembers it as an almost humorous adventure that might have ended tragically — and did not. As the Hoosier philosopher says: "It's a queer world. And it's full of all kinds o' diff'rent sorts o' people!"

Tragedies

by Estelle Sturgis

Illustrations by Frederic R. Gruger

GRIEF is a month of sobs and tears; sorrow is a dear memory buried away and taken out at times to caress and cry over; a tragedy is a hurt that leaves a scar on the soul. Scars, as you know, last until death, and pale and burn under strong emotion.

It was our last dollar, and I believe I realized its importance over every other dollar ever minted, as Aunt Mary placed it in my hand and told me what to buy with it. I was to get a peck of potatoes, a quarter's worth of salt pork, and a half-sack of flour. We had discovered a grocery where you did not need the price of a full sack of flour; small half-sacks were procurable for such as we, at ten cents more than half the price of a full sack.

We were two families stranded in a ramshackle house in an Eastern city, whither we had fled from the drought of '92. My father had paid the rent on the first day of our arrival, for until then the landlord would not allow him to unload into the yard the few indispensables he had crammed into our prairie-schooners. The amount of the rent was appalling — ten dollars; and after the man had gone away I heard my father say to my mother, in a low tone: "I did try to find one fur five, my dear, but there ain't a one in the town fur the money. I've got three dollars and forty cents left, and that ought to last till Luke comes. He'll have money. He always does. And this house ain't a bit too big, anyway, with all our younguns, and theirs too. Besides, 'I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.'" With this conclusive argument, my father had taken a bed-spring on his long-suffering back and triumphantly marched into the house.

Uncle Luke did come the very next day, and it turned out that he did have money — not much, but enough to last until he and my father should

scare up some kind of work. My father did not insist on any particular kind of work; he was prepared to take whatever odd job might happen along. He had been a drayman in our community for years, and consequently an important member of the town from which we had hurried when it was definitely learned that there would be no crop that year. Four years "in the service" and unremitting toil since had made my father a decrepit old man, who still must look forward to years of anxiety over the children of a wife eighteen years younger than he. It was too bad that the oldest of us were girls, and that only one was married. Girls are always irresponsible things, and my remaining sister carried the trait to an excess; three weeks after our arrival she married a man whom she had met and talked with the night we first came, when she had strayed into his yard for the loan of a pail of water until our hydrant should be fixed. This three weeks' courtship had blossomed into a honeymoon which in turn was swiftly becoming a tragedy. The tragedy was hers, not mine, and it has no place in this story. The bride and groom had gone to housekeeping in the two rear rooms of our house, he having vacated his former dwelling and transferred his few effects. My father had begun to reproach himself for ever compelling my sister's indolent feet to go in search of that first pail of water, for the man's sickening cruelty and unspeakable viciousness were soon manifest to everybody.

"MY FATHER WOULD SIT FOR HOURS, THINKING, THINKING"

My mother had warned us younger children to keep away from my sister's room; but this was a hard thing to do, for in there they always seem to have plenty to eat, and she would hand out food to us without stint when her lord was away. In our own quarters it had got to the point of pancakes three times a day, with salt-pork drippings and weak syrup for dressing, and our sharp young stomachs had begun to feel a lessening of even this hearty provender. There was talk every evening between my father and Uncle Luke concerning a "Union" which wouldn't let a man work when he wanted to. Uncle Luke had been a stone-mason all his life, and he was grieved and astounded to find that his word was questioned in this city, and that his services were not in demand.

"I'd join their old Union if I had the price," he declared one night, in desperation. "But what's a man to do when he ain't got but six dollars to his name, and the wolf a-howlin' not three foot from the door? Damn the Union!"

My father treated this oath with the patience he always had for other men's failings. "They're bound to recunnize sooner or later, Luke, that you're the best stone-mason that ever sifted sand. Like as not you'll get a job from lack o' labor or sunthin.' But, I declare, they don't seem to need me in the laborin' cohorts of this here town."

A shadow of discouragement settled on my father's face, and thus it came to the matter of our last dollar.

It devolved upon me to expend this coin, for the men were away hunting work, and neither my mother nor Aunt Mary had the courage to face the prosperity of the downtown streets. It was out of the question to risk the price of two days' living with any of my brothers or cousins. Aunt Mary lent me her shoes, because my own had dropped off my feet before our eyes; my mother washed and ironed my best dress with the deftest of Irish hands; and I started out with quite as much sense of responsibility as the dove must have felt when she tilted her body on Noah's window-sill.

The shoes were a little tight, but I soon forgot that as I glanced around, in the still October sunshine, at the reddening leaves, and watched the smart ladies sauntering by in their new fall clothes, or preening themselves in the glistening

"'I DECLARE, THEY DON'T SEEM TO NEED ME IN THE LABORIN' COHORTS OF THIS HERE TOWN'"

carriages as they rolled by. One of the ladies smiled very sweetly at me and murmured something to her companion about "such red cheeks."

I was not far from being happy. There was no need to hurry, for it was still early forenoon; so I loitered outside the gate and watched the colored man who was always coaxing young flowers or mowing the green velvet slopes of the lawns; then I watched two girls playing with some balls and small nets. Once I saw a man kiss a woman just inside a porch; she peered out, frightened and abashed, to find if any one had seen; but when they saw only me they both laughed, and then the man kissed her again right on the mouth. I fell to musing on how delightful it must be to be grown up and to have some one want to kiss you like that—perhaps to marry a man like that, who was rich and who would see that all your relations had all they wanted to ea——

I stood suddenly with both hands spread before me in horror. I turned each one over carefully to see if the dollar might be lurking somewhere between my fingers. I tried to recollect where I had felt it last in my hand; then I crouched low to the sidewalk, and with soft moans and prayers, ran back along the way I had come. I got down on my knees and searched the cracks in the sidewalk, until people coming by asked what the matter was. At every question I became so terrified and speechless that they all went on in disgust. Finally two nice-looking men, much like the one I had seen kiss the lady in the porch, came by; one of them was coaxing the other to go home with him to dinner. I heard snatches of argument like "broiled steak," "ice-cream," and the two passed off down the street like the intimates they were. I suddenly realized that I must go home, not to broiled steak, not even to pancakes with salt pork and syrup for dressing. There was no pang of hunger in me, only black despair, as my feet slowly set themselves toward the deeper dismay I should find awaiting me. The red must have gone from my cheeks, for I was cold and great shivers ran all over me every minute. When I reached our gate, I lay against it, gasping, until my mother and Aunt Mary and all the troop of hungry brothers and cousins came out in a rush and threw themselves upon me, much as I imagine a pack of wolves fall upon a stricken mate. Father and Uncle Luke had not yet come home — to dinner.

"THREE ORANGES, FAT AND YELLOW, REPOSED ON THE SIDEBOARD BEFORE MY EYES"

When the worst was known and my mother had led me into the house, the floods were loosened and I cried for hours, all the time listening to the mutterings of the hungry young whelps who had been deprived of their meal, my aunt's impatient complaining, and my mother's unfailing and unavailing excuses. The men came, heard the hateful story, and went away again without a word. My father did not even look at me; but now I know it was not on account of displeasure, but because he thought my poor lacerated heart could not have endured it. The children grew pitifully restless, and it was with difficulty that the women restrained my oldest cousin from slung-shotting a chicken that strayed into the yard. Ten people were suffering from hunger brought about by my carelessness. The thought overwhelmed me so that I needed none of my aunt's reproaches to deepen my remorse; and yet her taunts were less stinging than the words with which my mother tried to shield me. I lay and watched the fading of the saddest sunset of the world.

It is strange that I do not now recall how long we stouted it out against hunger, nor in what manner or form relief came. I intend to ask my mother sometime if Uncle Luke finally broke the Union, or if my father was used by the Lord for the preservation of his own faith, so that he might not yet see the "seed of the righteous begging bread." You see, it was not the hunger that made it a tragedy; I have suffered hunger since, and now live to triumph in the fact: it was the failure in a trust that wrought the scar upon my soul.

When our horses, their sleek hides shrunk to a baggy covering, dragged our rusty schooners back to the old town the following year, the neighbors, in sympathetic raillery, declared that civilization had been too much for us. Their rough words were only an unsuccessful attempt to hide the emotion that our piteous plight awoke in their kindly hearts, and they fell to relieving our immediate distress with a fervor and method that only Western neighbors use toward one another. My father's prolonged illness was the pretext for unwarranted favors, but the assistance had to be proffered most delicately, for my mother essayed to support the family with a tub and board.

And this she did for one awful, heartbreaking summer, washing early and ironing late, while her nights were long vigils to keep the spasms away from my youngest brother. When I watch him now, all muscle and ginger, tenderly protecting the fading years of a hard life, I wonder if the angels whisper to him of the debt he owes for that summer. At last the nourishment of her breast flagged, and there came a day when she staggered to her bed, there to wane during all the glorious sadness of a Nebraska Indian summer. I was taken home by the lady who lived across the alley; she owned a

banjo and a bird-dog, and she held concerts in which these two possessions united in unholy harmony. On the first night I asked for a rendition, but was promptly silenced.

"We can't have any dog and banjo music until your mother gets well," she said.

My brothers were parceled out among other neighbors, leaving only my father and mother and the baby in the house; and I remember how queer the house seemed when I slipped over to sit on the porch and listen for the occasional sounds that came from the sick-room. The women of the neighborhood took turns in looking after my mother and watching her nights. By this time my father was wandering around, a cadaverous object with little purpose and no strength, and he would sit for hours under the evergreen tree in the corner of the yard, thinking, thinking.

One day, as I kept vigil, the doctor came to the door and told me that my mother wanted me. The woman who had finished the washing my mother had left half finished when she was stricken, was watching that day, and my mother told me to go home with her and bring back some dinner.

"If there is anything you specially want, Mrs. White," the woman stopped in the doorway to say, "just speak right up and I will get it for you. You know, all you have to do is to mention it."

"There isn't anything special," was my mother's weak reply.

We had not left the yard, however, when the doctor called me back. "Your mother says she would like an orange," he said. "Tell Mrs. Newcome she may send one with the dinner."

Mrs. Newcome's city granddaughter had prepared the dinner, and they made me sit down and eat, too. It was a very good dinner — fried steak and mashed potatoes, baked beans, and hot apple-pie. A small square of the steak, a spoonful of the potatoes, a morsel of trembling jelly, and thin, cool slices of bread went on a plate for my mother.

Oranges lying in a dish always seemed the acme of luxury to my child's mind, and three of them, fat and yellow, reposed on the Newcome sideboard before my eyes. But neither Mrs. Newcome nor the granddaughter thought of them, and I found myself at last on the vine-covered porch, without having opened my mouth to repeat to Mrs. Newcome the doctor's request. Pride rose up and whipped my duty down. It was all right to accept things for sick folks when people offered them, but to specify was beyond my power.

"'IF THERE IS ANYTHING YOU SPECIALLY WANT, JUST SPEAK RIGHT UP'"

"'YOU'D BEST NOT COME BACK FOR A WHILE YET. I'LL COME OVER WHEN I WANT TO SEE YOU'"

When I reached home the doctor was not there and my father had gone to another neighbor's for his dinner, so my mother and the baby lay alone on the bed. When she heard me coming she raised her head the merest trifle, but as soon as she saw me the expectation died out in her eyes. She lifted the napkin from the plate and ate in silence, a nibble of this, the merest taste of that, while I, in utter misery, shooed away a fly that bothered her. Even in her sickness and helplessness she understood me and forgave. She never mentioned the orange. The next day the doctor brought her three and asked if she had enjoyed the one Mrs. Newcome had sent her.

"Oranges are always good," she smiled in reply. I have never dared to measure her disappointment over my failure, for I have learned by intimacy with sickness how the slightest thing can assume the magnitude of mountains to a mind grown wasted and weak through the illness of the body in which it dwells.

The eager questioning of childhood had merged into the dull wonder of girlhood before the third tragedy fell. Spring has ever had the power to waken nameless unrest in my heart, and on this June day my dallying walk from school was full of longings that had no limits and of wishes that were unutterable things, as I trudged along between the salutes of the corn and the sly whispers of the ankle-high oats. The rains had washed the road smooth, and I ran along it in very glee for being alive and young, with just a hint of the future creeping into my consciousness.

My father had moved to a farm, and our house stood in the middle of a grove of cottonwoods, which in windy weather made sad, ghostly noises, and even in calm weather were mournful and complaining. But to-day a great peace was over the hills; even the cottonwoods were still.

I had long before learned to take any surprise with indifference; so, when I heard the sound of sobs and talking inside the house, I sat down on the porch and waited. I had no desire to witness this new trouble which seemed to affect my mother so; some childish tact bade me stay outside. After a time a shut door stopped the sound of sobbing, but the talking went on. It was my father who was speaking.

"You hadn't no call to do it, Berthy," he argued. (Then it was my father's grown-up,

married daughter, my half-sister, who had done the mischief.) "She told me all about it," my father went on, "when I asked her to marry me, and I never laid it up against her. I don't see why anybody else should if I don't. It was so hard for her to stand it back there where everybody knowed about it, and she's felt so free-like since we come out here where folks didn't know. And now you've went and spoiled it all. Child, you don't know what you've done — you don't know what you've done!"

The daughter began some kind of defense, but my father broke in upon it: "'Tain't no use, Berthy. You've went and said them words to her neighbors, and you can't take 'em back. And you've made her and me miserable, and you ain't done any kind of good to yourself."

A long pause. Then: "You'd best go home now, Berthy, and ask God to forgive you for sunthin' you can't undo. And you'd best not come back for a while yet. I'll come over when I want to see you."

Stinging under the gentle rebuke, my half-sister passed out of the house. She encountered my accusing eyes as she stepped off the porch, and burst into tears. I, sitting there in the mild afternoon, suddenly realized that childhood held no further tragedies for me. I had become a woman.

THE SONG OF THE HILLS

BEING THE SONG OF A MAN AND A WOMAN WHO MIGHT HAVE LOVED

(From the Yokut Indian Dialect, Done into English by Mary Austin)

THIS is the song of the Hills
In the hour when they talk together,
When the alpen glow dies down in the west
And leaves the heavens tender;
In the pure and shadowless hour
When the Mountains talk together:

"Fir tree leaneth to fir,
The wind-blown willows mingle;
Clouds draw each to each,
Dissolve, depart, and renew one another;
But the strong Hills hold asunder.

"Had we been less we had loved,
We had stooped and been tender;
But our hands are under the earth
For the travail of her harvests,
Upholding the rain-sleeked fields
And the long, brown, fruitful furrow.
Terror taketh the earth
When the Mountains move together.

"But ever as winds of Spring
Set the meadow grasses caressing,
And the coo-dove calls
And the coo-dove's mate
Resounds in the oak-wood valleys,
We shall thrill with the brooding earth,
We shall turn, touch hands, and remember,
Had we been less, how much we had loved,
How nobly we might have been tender."

The Gay Deceiver

by Kathleen Norris

Author of "The Measure of Margaret Coppered," "The Walrus and the Carpenter," etc.

Illustrations by F. Graham Cootes

AFTER the meat course, Mrs. Tolley and Min rather languidly removed the main platters, and, by reaching backward, piled the dinner-plates on the shining new oak sideboard. Thus room was made for the salad, which was always mantled in tepid mayonnaise, whether it was sliced tomatoes, or potatoes, or asparagus. After the salad there was another partial clearance, and then every available inch of the table was needed for peach pies and apple sauce and hot gingerbread and raspberries, or various similar delicacies, and the coffee and yellow cheese and soda-crackers with which the meal concluded.

By the time these appeared, on a hot summer evening, the wheezing clock in the kitchen would have struck six,—dinner was early at Kirkwood,—and the level rays of the sun would be pouring boldly in at the uncurtained western windows. The dining-room was bare, and not entirely free from flies, despite an abundance of new green screening at the windows. Relays of new stiff oak chairs stood against its walls, ready for the sudden need of occasional visitors. On the walls hung framed enlarged photographs of machinery, and factories, and scaffoldings, and the like. There was one of laborers and bosses grouped about great generators and water-wheels in transit, and another of a monster switchboard, with a smiling young operator, in his apron and overalls, standing beside it.

Mrs. Tolley sat at the head of the table — a big, joyous, vigorous widow, who had managed the Company House at Kirkwood ever since its erection two years before, and who had been an employee of the Light and Power Company, in one capacity or another, for some five years before that — or ever since, as she put it, "the juice got pore George." Mrs. Tolley loved every inch of Kirkwood; for her it was the captured dream.

Min Tolley, sitting next to her mother, loved Kirkwood too, because she was going to marry Harry Garvey, who was one of the shift bosses at the plant. Harry sat next to Min. Then came her brother Roosy, ten years old; and then the Hopps — Mrs. Lou, and little Lou, spattering rice and potato all over himself and his chair, and big Lou, silently, deeply admiring them both. Then there were two empty chairs, for the Chisholms, the resident manager and superintendent and his sister, at the end of the table; and then Joe Vorse, the switchboard operator, and his little wife; and then Monk White, another shift boss; and lastly, at Mrs. Tolley's left, Paul Forster, newly come from New York to be Mr. Chisholm's stenographer and assistant.

Paul was the first to leave the table that night. He drank his coffee in three savage gulps, pushed back his crumpled napkin, and rose. "If you'll excuse me —" he began.

"You're cert'n'y excusable!" said Mrs. Tolley elegantly — adding, when the door had closed behind him: "And leave me tell you right now that somebody was real fond of children to raise *you!*"

"An' I'm not planning to spend the heyday of my girlhood ironing napkins for you, Pauly Pet!" said Min, reaching for his discarded napkin and folding it severely into a wooden ring.

Paul did not hear these remarks, but he heard the laughter that greeted them, and he scowled as he selected a rocker on the front porch. He put his feet up on the rail, felt in one pocket for tobacco, in another for papers, and in a third for his match-case, and set himself to the congenial task of composing a letter in which he should resign from the employ of the Light and Power Company. It was a question of a broken contract, so it must be diplomatically worded. Paul had spent the five evenings since his ar-

rival at Kirkwood in puzzling over the phrasing of that letter.

Below the porch, the hillside, covered with scrub-oak and chaparral and madroño trees, and the stumps where redwoods had been, dropped sharply to the little river, which came tumbling down from the wooded mountains to plunge roaring into one end of the big power-house, and which foamed out at the other side to continue its mad rush down the valley. The power-house, looming up an immense crude outline in the twilight, rested on the banks of the stream and stood in a rough clearing. A great gash in the woods above it showed whence lumber for buildings and fires came; another ugly gash marked the course of the "pole line" over the mountain. Near the big building stood lesser ones, two or three rough little unpainted cottages perched on the hill above it. There was a "cook-house," and a "bunk-house," and storage-sheds, and Mrs. Tolley's locked provision-shed, and the rough shack the builders lived in while construction was going on, and where the Hopps lived now, rent-free.

Nasturtiums languished here and there, where some of the women had made an effort to fight the unresponsive red clay. Otherwise, even after two years the power-house and its environs looked unfinished, crude, ugly. On all sides the mountains rose dark and steep, the pointed tops of the redwoods mounting evenly, tier on tier. Except for the lumber slide and the pole line, there was no break anywhere, not even a glimpse of the road that wound somehow out of the cañon — up, up, up, twelve long miles, to the top of the ridge.

And even at the top, Paul reflected bitterly, there was only an unpainted farmhouse, where the stage stopped three times a week with mail. From there it was a fifty-mile drive to town — a California country town, asleep in the curve of two sluggish little rivers. And from "town" to San Francisco it was almost a day's trip, and from San Francisco to the Grand Central Station at Forty-second Street it was nearly five days more.

Paul shoved his hands in his pockets and began again: "Light and Power Co.—*Gentlemen.*"

Night came swiftly to Kirkwood. For a few wonderful moments the last of the sunlight lingered, hot and gold, on the upper branches of the highest trees along the ridge; then suddenly the valley was plunged in soft twilight, and violet shadows began to tangle themselves about the great shafts of the redwoods. The heat of the day dropped from the air like a falling veil. A fine mist spun itself above the river; bats began to wheel on the edge of the clearing.

With the coming of darkness every window in the place was suddenly alight. The Company House blazed with it; the great power-house doorway sent a broad stream of yellow into the deepening shadows of the night; the "cook-house," where Willy Chow Tong cooked for a score of "hands" and oilers, showed a thousand golden cracks in its rough walls. The little cottages on the hill were hidden by the glare from their dangling porch lights. Light was so plentiful, at this factory of light, that even the Hopps' barnlike home blazed with a dozen "thirty-twos."

"Nothing like having a little light on the subject, Mr. Fo'ster," said Mrs. Tolley, coming out to the porch. The Vorses had small children that they could not leave very long alone; so, when Min and her mother had reduced the kitchen to orderly, warm, soap-scented darkness every night, and wound the clock, and hung up their aprons, they went up to the Vorses to play "five hundred."

"Seems 's if I never could get enough light, myself," the matron continued agreeably, descending the porch steps. "Before I come here I never had nothing in my kitchen but an oil-lamp and a reflector. Jest as sure as I'd be dishing up dinner, hot nights, that lamp would begin to flicker and suck — well, shucks! I'd look up at it and I'd say, 'Well, why don't you go out? Go ahead!'" Mrs. Tolley laughed joyously. "Well, one night George —" she was continuing with relish, when Min pulled at her sleeve and, with a sort of affectionate impatience, said, "Oh, f'e'ven's sakes, Ma!"

"Yes, I'm coming," said Mrs. Tolley, recalled. "Wish't you played 'five hundred,' Mr. Fo'ster," she added politely.

"I don't play either that or old maid," said Paul distinctly. This remark was taken in good part by the Tolleys.

"Old maid's a real comical game," Min conceded mildly.

"Well, you won't be s' lunsum next week when the Chisholms get back," said Mrs. Tolley, unaffectedly gathering up the skirt of her starched gown to avoid contact with the sudden heavy dews. "He's an awful nice feller, and she — she's twenty-six, but she's as jolly as a girl. I declare, I just love Patricia Chisholm."

"Twenty-six, is she?" said Paul disgustedly to himself, when the Tolleys had gone. "Only one woman — of any class, that is — in this forsaken hole, and she twenty-six!" And he had been thinking of this Patricia with a good deal of interest, he admitted resentfully. Paul was twenty-four, and liked slender little girls well under twenty.

"Lord, what a place!" he said, for the hundredth time.

He sat brooding in the darkness, discouraged and homesick. So he had sat for all his nights at Kirkwood.

The men at the cook-house were playing cards, silently, intently. The cook, serene and cool, was smoking in the doorway of his cabin. Above the dull roar of the river Paul could hear Min Tolley's cackle of laughter, from the cottages a hundred yards away, and Mrs. Hopps' crooning over her baby.

Presently the night shift went down to the power-house, the men taking great boyish leaps on the steep trail. Some of the lighted windows were blotted out — the Hopps', the cook-house light. The singing pole line above Paul's head ceased abruptly, and with a little rising whine the opposite pole line took up the buzzing current. That meant that the copper line had been cut in, and the aluminum one would be "cold" for the night.

Minutes went by, eventless. Half an hour, an hour — still Paul sat staring into the velvet dark and wrestling with bitter discouragement and homesickness.

"Lord, what a *place!*" he said once or twice under his breath.

Finally, feeling cramped and chilly, he went stiffly indoors, through the hot, bright halls, that smelled of varnish and matting, to his room.

The next day was exactly like the five preceding days — hot, restless, aimless; and the next night Paul sat on the porch again, and listened to the rush of the river, and Min Tolley's laugh at the "five hundred" table, and the Hopps' baby's lullaby. And again he composed his resignation, and calculated that it would take three days for it to reach San Francisco, and another three for him to receive their acceptance of it — another week at least of Kirkwood!

On the seventh day the Chisholms rode down the trail that followed the pole line, and arrived in a hospitable uproar. Alan Chisholm, some five years older than Paul, was a fine-looking, serious, dark youth, a fellow of not many words, being given rather to silent appreciation of his sister's chatter than to speech of his own. Miss Chisholm was very tall, very easy in manner, and powdered just now to her eyelashes with fine yellow dust. Paul sat on the porch while the Chisholms went upstairs to brush and change, and thought that the wholesome noise of their splashing and calling, opening drawers, and banging doors was a pleasant change from the usual quiet of the house.

Miss Chisholm was the first to reappear. She was followed by Min and Mrs. Tolley, and was asking questions at a rate that kept both answering at once. Had her kodak films come? Was Minnie going to have some little sense and be married in a dress she could get some *use* out of? How were the guinea-pigs, the ducks, the vegetables, the caged fox, the "boys" generally, Roosy's ear, Consuelo Vorse's lame foot? Did Mrs. Tolley know that she had made a deep impression on the old fellow who drove the stage? "Oh, look at her blush, Min! Well, really!"

She came, delightfully refreshed by toilet waters and crisp linen, to take a deep rocker opposite Paul, and leaned luxuriously back, showing very trim feet shod in white.

"Admit that you've fallen in love with Kirkwood, Mr. Forster," said she.

"I can't admit anything of the sort," said Paul firmly, but smiling because she was so very good to look at. He had to admit that he had never seen handsomer dark eyes, nor a more tender, more expressive and characterful mouth than the one that smiled so readily and showed so even a line of big teeth.

"Oh, you will!" she assured him easily. "There's no place like Kirkwood, is there, Alan?" she said to her brother, as he came out. He smiled.

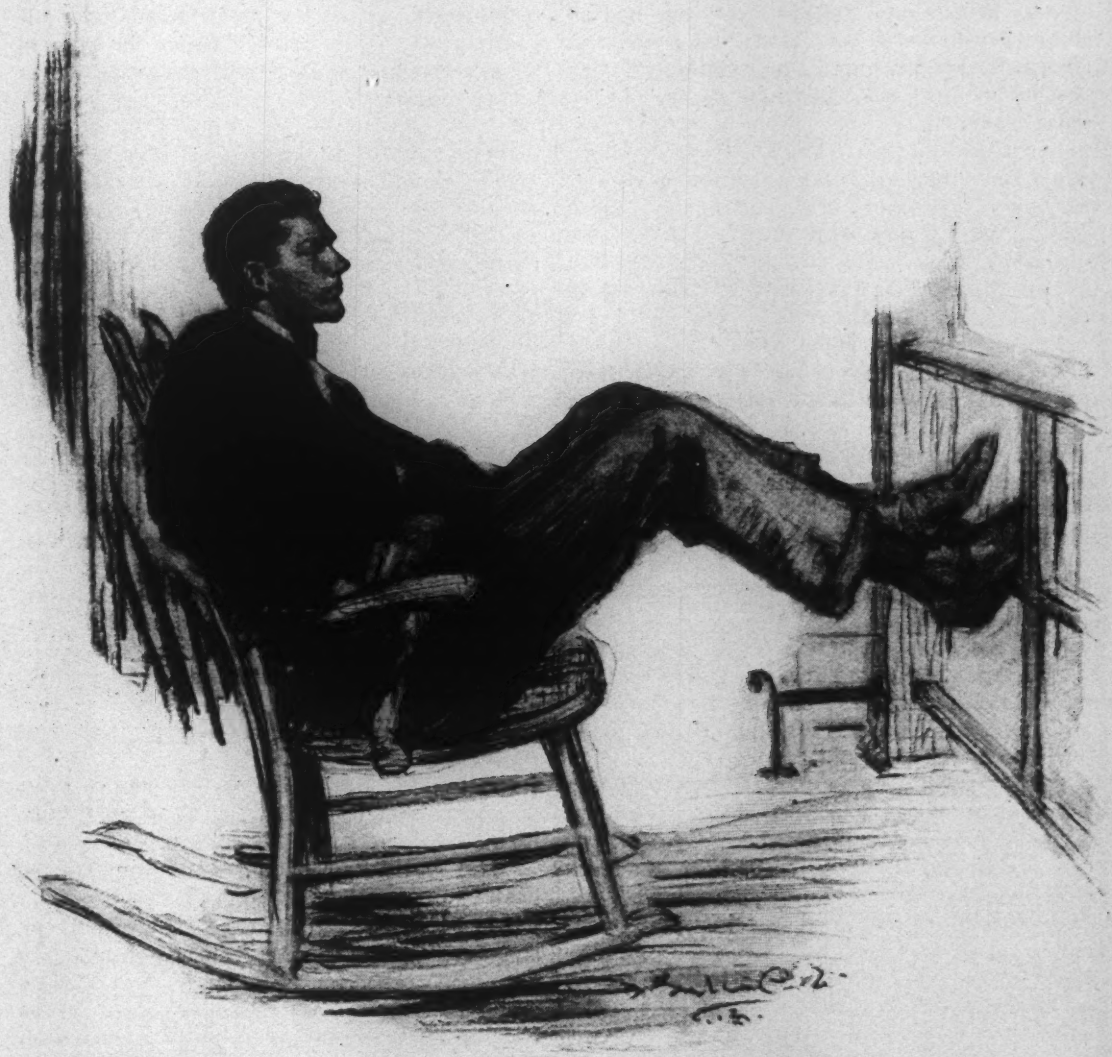
"We don't think there is, Forster. My sister's been crazy about the place since we got here — that's eighteen months ago; and I'm crazy about it myself now!"

"Wait until you've slept out on the porch for a while," said Miss Chisholm, "and wait until you've got used to a plunge in the pool before breakfast every morning. Alan, you must take him down to the pool to-morrow, and I'll listen for his shrieks. Where are you going now — the power-house? No, thank you, I won't go. I'm going out to find something special to cook you for your suppers."

The something special was extremely delicious; Paul had a vague impression that there was fried chicken in it, and mushrooms, and cream, and sherry. Miss Chisholm served it from a handsome little copper blazer, and also brewed them her own particular tea, in a Canton teapot. Paul found it much pleasanter at this end of the table. To his surprise, no one resented this marked favoritism — Mrs. Tolley observing contentedly that her days of messing for men were over, and Mrs. Vorse remarking that she'd "orghter reely git out her chafing-dish and do some cooking" herself.

Paul found that Miss Chisholm possessed a leisurely gift of fun; she was droll, whether she quite meant to be or not. Everybody laughed. Mrs. Tolley became tearful with mirth.

"Now, this is the nicest part of the day," said Patricia, when they three had carried their coffee out to the porch and were seated. "Did you ever watch the twilight come, sitting here, Mr. Forster?"



"PAUL HAD SPENT THE FIVE EVENINGS SINCE HIS ARRIVAL IN PUZZLING OVER THE PHRASING OF THAT LETTER"

"It seems to me I have never done anything else," said Paul. She gave him a keen glance over her lifted teaspoon; then she drank her coffee, set the cup down, and said:

"Well! How is that combination of vaudeville and railway station and zoëtrope that is known as New York?"

"Oh, the little old berg is all there," said Paul lightly. But his heart gave a sick throb. He hoped she would go on talking about it. But it was some time before any one spoke, and then it was Alan Chisholm, who took his pipe out of his mouth to say:

"Patricia hates New York."

"I can't imagine any one doing that," Paul said emphatically.

"Well, there was a time when I thought I couldn't live anywhere else," said Alan good-naturedly; "but there's a lot of the pioneer in any fellow, if he gives it a chance."

"Oh, I had a nice enough time in New York," said Patricia lazily, "but it just *wears you out* to live there; and what do you get out of it? Now, *here* — well, one's equal to the situation here!"

"And then some," Paul said; and the brother and sister laughed at his tone.

"But, honestly," said Miss Chisholm, "you take a little place like Kirkwood, and you don't need a Socialist party. We all eat the same; we all dress about the same; and certainly, if any one works hard here, it's Alan, and not the mere hands. Why, last Christmas there wasn't a person here who didn't have a present

— even Willy Chow Tong! Every one had all the turkey he could eat; every one a fire, and a warm bed, and a lighted house. Mrs. Tolley gets only fifty dollars a month, and Monk White gets fifty — doesn't he, Alan? But money doesn't make much difference here. You know how the boys adore Monk for his voice; and as for Mrs. Tolley, she's queen of the place! Now, how much of that's true of New York!"

"Oh, well, put it that way —" Paul said, in the tone of an offended child.

"Apropos of Mrs. Tolley's being queen of the place," said Alan to his sister, "it seems she's rubbing it into poor little Mollie Peavy. Len brought Mollie and the baby down from the ranch a week ago, and nobody's been near 'em."

"Who said so?" flashed Miss Chisholm, reddening.

"Why, I saw Len to-night, sort of lurking round the power-house, and he told me he had 'em in that little cottage, across the creek, where the lumbermen used to live. Said Mollie was in agony because nobody came near her."

"Oh, that makes me furious!" said Patricia passionately. "I'll see about it to-morrow. Nobody went near her? The poor little thing!"

"Who are they?" said Paul.

"Why, she's a little blonde, sickly-looking thing of sixteen," explained Miss Chisholm, "and Len's a lumberman. They have a little blue-nosed, sickly baby; it was born about six weeks ago, at her father's ranch, above here. She was — she had no mother, the poor child ——"

"And, in fact, my sister escorted the benefit of clergy to them about two months ago," said Alan. "And the ladies of the Company House are very haughty about it."

"They won't be long," predicted Miss Chisholm confidently. "The idea! I can forgive Mrs. Hopps, because she's only a kid herself; but Mrs. Tolley ought to have been big enough! However!"

"This place honestly can't spare you for ten minutes, Pat," her brother said.

"Well, honestly," she was beginning seriously, when she saw he was laughing at her, and broke off, with a shamefaced laughing look for Paul. Then she announced that she was going down to the power-house, and, packing her thin white skirts about her, she started off, and they followed.

Paul was not accustomed to seeing a lady in the power-house, and thought that her enthusiasm was rather nice to watch. She flitted about the great barnlike structure like a contented child, insisted upon displaying the trim stock-room to Paul, demanded a demonstration of the switchboard, spread her pretty hands over the whirling water that showed under the glass of the water-wheels, and hung, fascinated, over the governors.

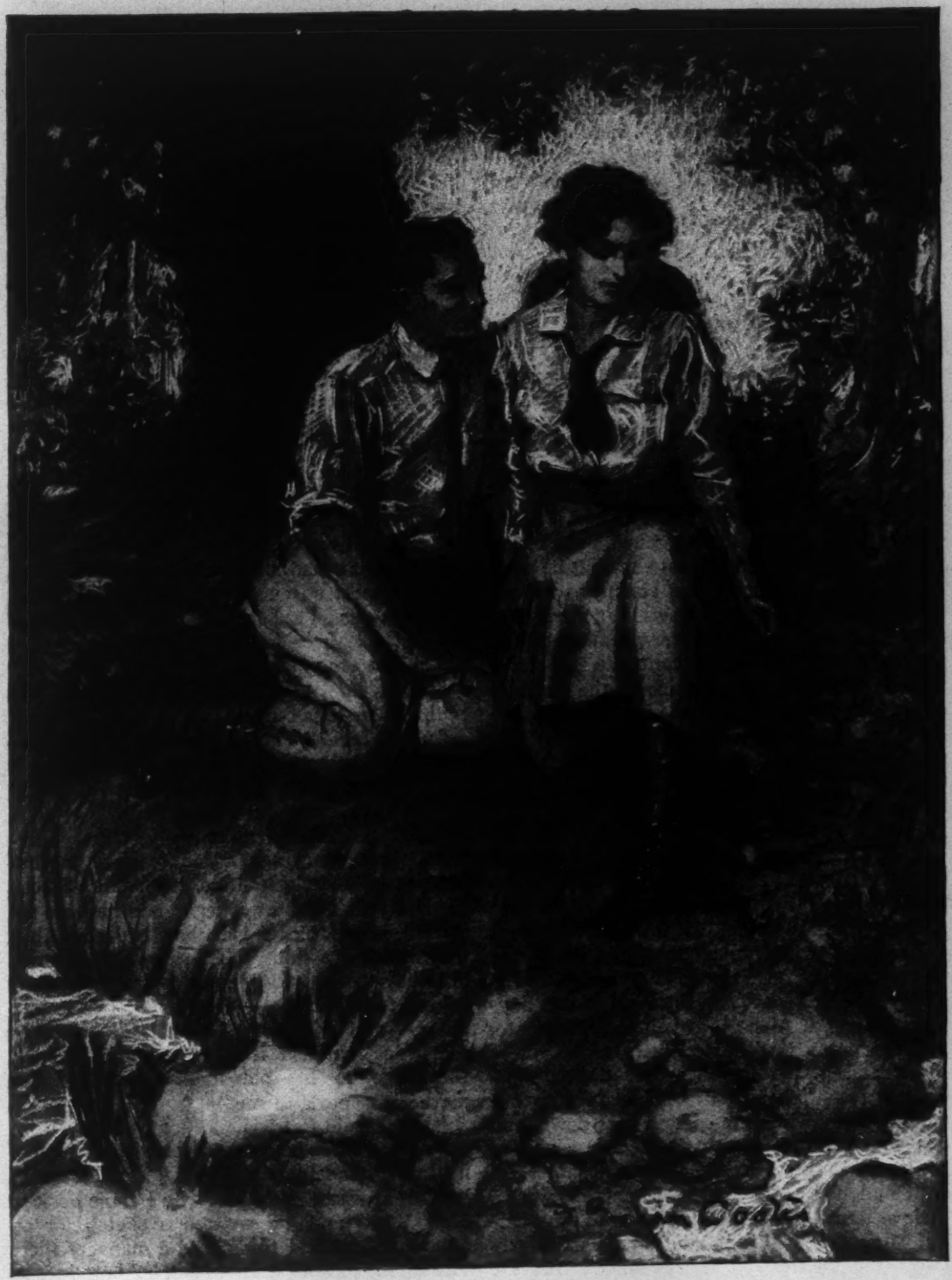
"I never get used to it," said Patricia, above the steady roaring of the river. "Do you realize that you are in one of the greatest force factories of the world? Look at it!" She swept with a gesture the monster machinery that shone and glittered all about them. "Do you realize that people miles and miles away are reading by lights and taking street-cars that are moved by this? Don't talk to me about the subway and the Pennsylvania Terminal!"

"Oh, come, now!" said Paul.

"Well!" she flared. "Do you suppose that anything bigger was ever done in this world than getting these things — these generators and water-wheels and the corrugated iron for the roof, and the door-knobs and tiles and standards and switchboard, and everything else, up to the top of the ridge from Emville and down this side of the ridge? I see that never occurred to you! Why, you don't *know* what it was. Struggle, struggle, struggle, day after day — ropes breaking, and tackle breaking, and roads giving way, and rain coming! Suppose one of these had slipped off the trail — well, it would have stayed where it fell. But wait — wait!" she said, interrupting herself with her delightful smile. "You'll love it as we do one of these days!"

"Not," said Paul to himself, as they started back to the house.

After that he saw Miss Chisholm every day, and many times a day; and she was always busy and always cheerful. She wanted her brother and Paul to ride with her up to the dam for a swim; she wanted to go to the woods for ferns for Min's wedding; she was going to make candy and they could come in. She packed delicious suppers, to be eaten in cool places by the creek, and to be followed by their smoking and her careless snatches of songs; she played poker quite as well as they; she played old opera scores and sang to them; she had jig-saw puzzles for slow evenings. She could not begin a game of what Mrs. Tolley called "halmy," with that good lady, without somehow attracting the boys to the table, where they hung, championing and criticizing. Paul was more amused than surprised to find Mrs. Peavy having tea with the other ladies on the porch less than a week later. The little mother looked scared and shamed; but Mrs. Tolley had the baby, and was bidding him "love his Auntie Gussie," while she kissed his rounding little cheek. One night, some four weeks after his arrival, Patricia decided that Paul's room must be made habitable; and she and Alan and Paul spent an entire busy



"MISS CHISHOLM LISTENED, WITH DOWNCAST EYES, FLINGING LITTLE STONES INTO THE POOL THE WHILE"

evening there, discussing photographs and books, and deciding where to cross the oars, and where to hang the Navajo blanket, and where to put the college colors. Miss Chisholm, who had the quality of grace and could double herself up comfortably on the floor like a child, became thoughtful over the class annual.

"The Dicky, and the Hasty Pudding!" she commented. "Weren't you the Smarty?"

Paul, who was standing with a well-worn pillow in his hand, turned and said hungrily: "Oh, you know Harvard?"

"Why, I'm Radcliffe!" she said simply.

Paul was stupefied.

"Why, but you never *said* so! I thought yours was some Western college like your brother's!"

"Oh, no; I went to Radcliffe for four years," said she casually. Then, tapping a picture thoughtfully, she went on: "There's a boy whose face looks familiar."

"Well, but — well, but — didn't you love it?" stammered Paul.

"I liked it awfully well," said Patricia. "Alan, you've got that one a little crooked," she added calmly. Paul decided disgustedly that he gave her up. His own heart was aching so for old times and old voices that it was far more pain than pleasure to handle all these reminders: the photographs, the yacht pennant, the golf-clubs, the rumpled and torn dominoes, the tumbler with "Café Henri" blown in the glass, the shabby camera, the old Hawaiian banjo. Oh, what fun it had all been, and what good fellows they were!

"It was lovely, of course," said Patricia, in a businesslike tone; "but this is real life! Cheer up, Paul," she went on (they had reached Christian names some weeks before). "I am going to have two darling girls here for two weeks at Thanksgiving, just from Japan. And think of the concert next month, with Harry Garvey and Laurette Hopps in a play, and Mrs. Tolley singing 'What Are the Wild Waves Saying?' Then, if Alan sends you to Sacramento, you can go to the theater every night you're there, and pretend" — her eyes danced mischievously — "that you're going to step out on Broadway when the curtain goes down, and can look up the street at electric signs of cocoa and ginger beer and silk petticoats——"

"Oh, don't!" said Paul; and, as if she were a little ashamed of herself, she began to busy herself with the bookcase, and was particularly sweet for the rest of the evening. But she wouldn't talk Radcliffe, and Paul wondered if her college days hadn't been happy; she seemed rather uneasy when he repeatedly brought up the subject.

But a day or two later, when he and she were taking a long ride and resting their horses by a little stream high up in the hills, she began to talk of the East; and they let an hour, and then another, go by, while they compared notes. Paul did most of the talking, and Miss Chisholm listened, with downcast eyes, flinging little stones from the crumbling bank into the pool the while.

A lazy leaf or two drifted upon the surface of the water; and where gold sunlight fell through the thick leafage overhead, and touched the water, brown water-bugs flitted and jerked. Once a great dragonfly came through on some mysterious journey, and paused for a palpitating bright second on a sunny rock. The woods all about were silent in the tense hush of the summer afternoon; even the horses were motionless, except for an occasional idle lipping of the underbrush. Now and then a breath of pine, incredibly sweet, crept from the forest.

Paul watched his companion as he talked. She was, as always, quite unselfconscious. She sat most becomingly framed by the lofty rise of oak and redwood and maple trees about her. Her sombrero had slipped back on her braids, and the honest, untouched beauty of her thoughtful face struck Paul forcibly. He wondered if she had ever been in love — what her manner would be to the man she loved.

"What *did* you come for, Paul?" She was ending some long sentence with the question.

"Come here?" Paul said. "Oh, Lord, there seemed to be reasons enough, though I can't remember now why I ever thought I'd stay."

"You came straight from college?"

"No," he said, a little uneasily; "no. I finished three years ago. You see, my mother married an awfully rich old guy named Steele, the last year I was at college; and he gave me a desk in his office. He has two sons, but they're not my kind. Nice fellows, you know, but they work twenty hours a day, and don't belong to any clubs,— they'll both die rich, I guess,— and whenever I was late, or forgot something, or beat it early to catch a boat, they'd go to the old man. And he'd ask mother to speak to me."

"I see," said Patricia.

"After a while he got me a job with a friend of his in a Philadelphia ironworks," said the boy, "but that was a *rotten* job. So I came back to New York; and I'd written a sketch for an amateur theatrical thing, and a manager there wanted me to work it up — said he'd produce it. I tinkered away at that for a while, but there was no money in it, and Steele sent me out to see how I'd like working in one of the Humboldt lumber camps. I thought that sounded good.

"SHE WAS SITTING ON A SMOOTH FALLEN TRUNK, WITH HER FACE BURIED IN HER HANDS"

But I got my leg broken the first week, and had to wire him from the hospital for money. So, when I got well again, he sent me a night wire about this job, and I went to see Kahn the next day, and came up here."

"I see," she said again. "And you don't think you'll stay?"

"Honestly, I can't, Patricia. Honest — you don't know what it is! I could stand Borneo, or Alaska, or any place where the climate and customs and natives stirred things up once in a while. But this is like being dead! Why, it just makes me sick to see the word 'New York' on the covers of magazines — I'm going crazy here."

She nodded seriously.

"Yes, I know. But you've got to do *something*. And since your course was electrical engineering —! And the next job mayn't be half so easy, you know ——!"

"Well, it'll be a little nearer Broadway, believe me. No, I'm sorry. I never knew two dandier people than you and your brother, and I like the work, but ——!"

He drew a long breath on the last word, and Miss Chisholm sighed, too.

"I'm sorry," she said, staring at the big seal ring on her finger. "I tell you frankly that I think you're making a mistake. I don't argue for Alan's sake or mine, though we both like you thoroughly, and your being here would make a big difference this winter. But I think you've made a good start with the company, and it's a good company, and I think, from what you've said to-day, and other hints you've given me, that you'd make your mother very happy by writing her that you think you've struck your groove. However!"

She got up, brushed the leaves from her skirt, and went to her horse. They rode home through the columned aisles of the forest almost silently. The rough, straight trunks of the redwoods rose all about them, catching gold and red on their thick, fibrous bark from the setting sun. The horses' feet made no sound on the corduroy roadway.

For several days nothing more was said of Paul's going or staying. Miss Chisholm went her usual busy round. Paul wrote his letter of resignation and carried it to the dinner-table one night, hoping to read it later to her, and win her approval of its finely rounded sentences.

But a heavy mail came down the trail that evening, brought by the obliging doctor from Emville, who had been summoned to dress the wounds of one of the linemen who had got too close to the murderous "sixty thousand" and had been badly burned by "the juice." And after the letters were read, and the good doctor had made his patient comfortable, he proved an excellent fourth hand at the game of bridge for which they were always hungering.

So at one o'clock Paul went upstairs with his letter still unapproved. He hesitated in the dim upper hallway, wondering if Patricia, who had left the men to beer and crackers half an hour earlier, had retired, or was, by happy chance, still gossiping with Mrs. Tolley or Min. While he loitered in the hall, the door of her room swung slowly open.

Paul had often been in this room, which was merely a kind of adjunct to the sleeping-porch beyond. He went to the doorway and said, "Patricia!"

The room, wide and charmingly furnished, was quite empty. On the deep couch letters were scattered in a wide circle, and in their midst was an indentation as if some one had been kneeling on the floor with her elbows there. Paul noticed this with a curious feeling of unease, and then called softly again, "Patricia!"

No answer. He walked hesitatingly to his own room and to the window. Why he should have looked down at the dark path with the expectation of seeing her, he did not know; but it was almost without surprise that he recognized the familiar white ruffles and dark head moving away in the gloom. Paul unhesitatingly followed.

He followed her down the trail as far as he had seen her go, and was standing, a little undecidedly, wondering just which way she had turned, when his heart was suddenly brought into his throat by the sound of her bitter sobbing.

A moment later he saw her. She was sitting on a smooth fallen trunk, and had buried her face in her hands. Paul had never heard such sobs; they seemed to shake her from head to foot. Hardly would they lessen, bringing him the hope that her grief, whatever it was, was wearing itself out, when a fresh paroxysm would shake her, and she would abandon herself to it. This lasted for what seemed a long, long time.

After a while Paul cleared his throat, but she did not hear him. And again he stood motionless, waiting and waiting. Finally, when she straightened up and began to mop her eyes, he said, trembling a little:

"Patricia!"

Instantly she stopped crying.

"Who is that?" she said, with an astonishing control of her voice. "Is that you, Alan? I'm all right, dear. Did I frighten you? Is that you, Alan?"

"It's Paul," the boy said, coming nearer.

"Oh — Paul!" she said, relieved. "Does Alan know I'm here?"

"No," he reassured her; then, affectionately: "What is it, Pat?"

"Just — just that I happen to be a fool!" she said huskily, but with an effort at lightness. Paul sat down, beginning to see in the darkness. "I'm all right now," went on Patricia hardily. "I just — I suppose I just had the blues." She put out a smooth hand in the darkness, and patted Paul's appreciatively. "I'm ashamed of myself!" said she, catching a little sob, as she spoke, like a child.

"Bad news — in your letters?" he hazarded.

"No, *good;* that's the trouble!" she said, with her whimsical smile, but with trembling lips. "You see, all my friends are in the East, and some of them happened to be at the same house-party at Newport, and they — they were saying how they missed me," her voice shook a little, "and — and it seems they toasted me, all standing, and — and —" And suddenly she gave up the fight for control, and began to cry bitterly again. "Oh, I'm so *homesick!*" she sobbed, "and I'm so *lonesome!* And I'm so sick, sick, sick of this place! Oh, I think I'll go crazy if I can't go home! I bear it and I *bear* it," said Patricia, in a sort of desperate self-defense, "and then the time comes when I simply *can't* bear it!" And again she wept luxuriously, and Paul, in an agony of sympathy, patted her hand.

"My heart is just breaking!" she burst out again, her tears and words tumbling over each other. "It — it isn't *right!* I want my friends, and I want my youth — I'll never be twenty-six again! I want to put my things into a suit-case and go off with the other girls for country visits — and I want to dance!" She put her head down again, and after a moment Paul ventured a timid "Patricia, dear, *don't.*"

He thought she had not heard him, but after a moment he was relieved to see her resolutely straighten up again, and dry her eyes, and push up her tumbled hair.

"Well, I really will *stop,*" she said determinedly. "This will not do! If Alan even suspected! But, you see, I'm naturally a sociable person, and I had — well, I don't suppose any girl ever had such a good time in New York! My aunt did for me just what she did for her own daughters — a dance at Sherry's, and dinners —! Paul, I'd give a year of my life just to drive down the Avenue again on a spring afternoon, and bow to every one, and have tea somewhere, and smell the park — oh, did you ever smell Central Park in the spring?"

Both were silent. After a long pause Paul said:

"Why *do* you stay? You've not got to ask a stepfather for a job."

"Alan," she answered simply. "No, don't say that," she interrupted him quickly; "I'm nothing of the sort! But my mother — my mother, in a way, left Alan and me to each other, and I have never done anything for Alan. I went to the Eastern aunt, and he stayed here; and after a while he drifted East — and he had too much money, of course! And I wasn't half affectionate enough; he had his friends and I had mine! Well, then he got ill, and first it was just a cold, and then it was, suddenly — don't you know? — a question of consultations, and a dry climate, and no dinners or wine or late hours. And Alan refused — refused flat to go anywhere, until I said I'd *love* to come! I'll never forget the night it came over me that I ought to. I am — I was — engaged, you know?" She paused.

Paul cleared his throat. "No, I didn't know," he said.

"It wasn't announced," said Miss Chisholm. "He's a good deal older than I. A doctor." There was a long silence. "He said he would wait, and he will," she said softly, ending it. "It's not *forever,* you know. Another year or two, and he'll come for me! Alan's quite a different person now. Another two years!" She jumped up, with a complete change of manner. "Well, I'm over my nonsense for another while!" said she. "And it's getting cold. I can't tell you how I've enjoyed letting off steam this way, Paul!"

"Whenever we feel this way," he said, giving her a steadying hand in the dark, "we'll come out for a jaw. But cheer up; we'll have lots of fun this winter!"

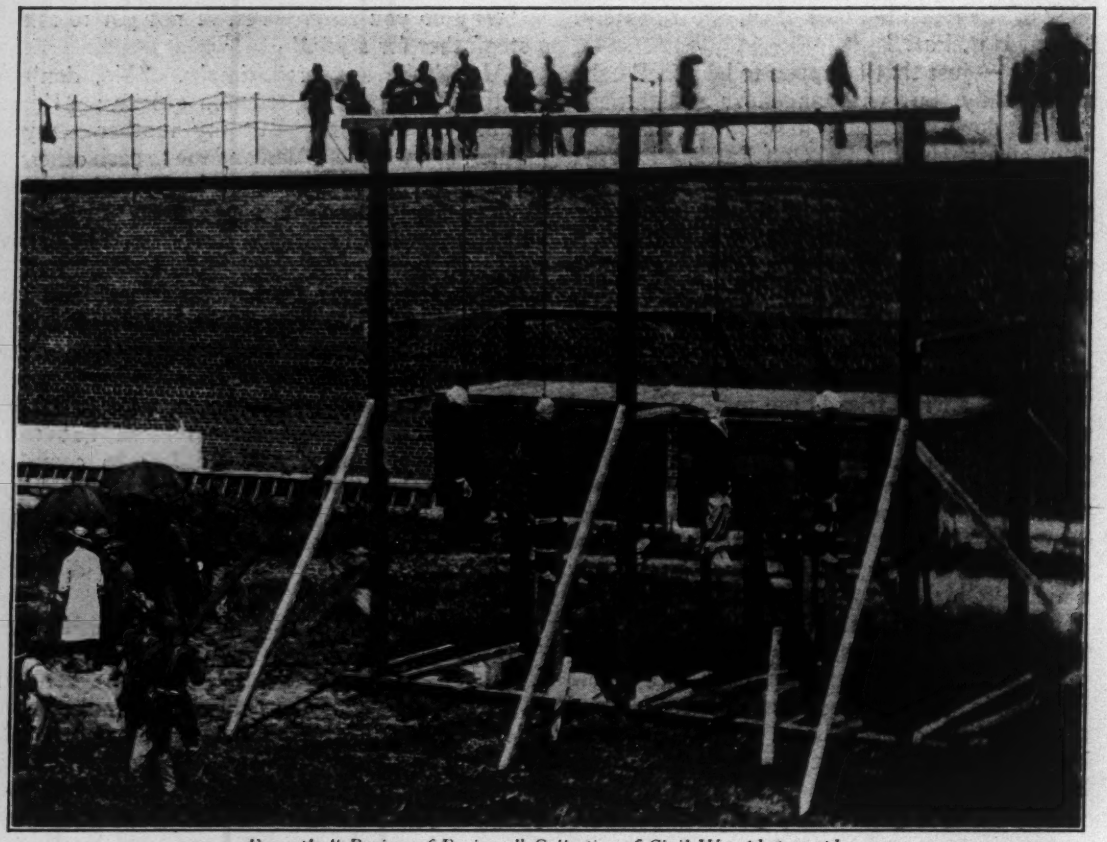
"Oh, lots!" she said contentedly. They entered the dark open doorway together.

Patricia went ahead of him up the stairs, and at the top she turned, and Paul felt her hand for a second on his shoulder, and felt something brush his forehead that was all fragrance and softness and warmth.

Then she was gone.

Paul went into his room, and stood at the window, staring out into the dark. Only the door of the power-house glowed smolderingly, and a broad band of light fell from Miss Chisholm's window.

He stood there until this last light suddenly vanished. Then he took a letter from his pocket, and began to tear it methodically to pieces. While he did so Paul began to compose another letter, this time to his mother.



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PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT THE HANGING OF THE LINCOLN CONSPIRATORS, AFTER THE TRAP HAD BEEN SPRUNG

THE FATE OF THE LINCOLN CONSPIRATORS

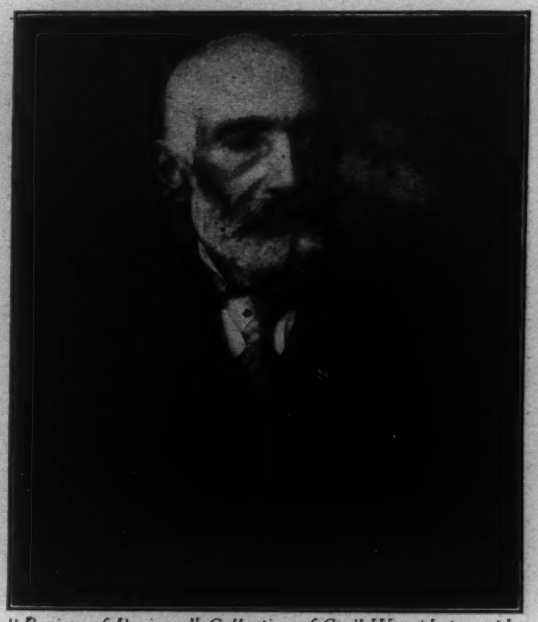
THE ACCOUNT OF THE HANGING, GIVEN BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL CHRISTIAN RATH, THE EXECUTIONER

BY JOHN A. GRAY

"LEE had surrendered, and the great war was over; the nation had begun to think of the work of reconstruction. The air was full of hopefulness, and there was a spirit of optimism everywhere. Then came the great tragedy which plunged the nation into the greatest grief, bringing disastrous consequences to the North, and to the South consequences even more disastrous. The shooting of Lincoln by John Wilkes Booth, Booth's escape to the home of Dr. Mudd, where he had his leg set, his sojourn there for a few days, his escape in a boat across the Potomac in company with Herold, and his last stand in a barn, are matters well known to history.

"Of course, a frenzy of indignation and resentment broke out in the North. The feeling toward the South was perhaps more bitter than it had been at any time during the war. Jefferson Davis himself was suspected of being behind the plot, and soldiers were sent out to arrest him and his staff. The country was full of Secret Service men, following up every clue they could find, and putting under arrest every one who came in any way under suspicion. The old penitentiary at Washington had been used as an arsenal during the war. As the suspects were brought in, they were placed in cells in the arsenal, and guarded carefully. Davis was captured while attempting to effect an escape, and his entire staff was placed under arrest with him. His secretary, Burton Harrison, together with others of the staff, was sent to Washington, while Davis himself was sent to Fort Delaware. It was believed, as I have said, that Davis was behind the assassination of Lincoln, and that Harrison knew all about it, too. So the object was to put these two men in different prisons, where there would be no possibility of any communication between them, and where the one would not even know the whereabouts of the other.

"I was serving with General Willcox in the Ninth Army Corps, and the arsenal was in charge of General Hancock, who sent for General Hartranft to take charge of the place when the suspects began to come in. Hartranft had been a sheriff in Norristown, Pennsylvania, before the war, and Hancock, who had known him then, knew that he could manage a prison. I was well acquainted with Hartranft; we had met in many battles, and I had broken many horses for him, both of us being lovers of fine animals. I was provost-marshal for Willcox, while Hartranft had no provost-marshal; and one day I was ordered to report for duty as provost at the prison. Had I known what I would have to do there, I would never have taken the office.



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LIEUTENANT-COLONEL CHRISTIAN RATH
WHO HAD CHARGE OF THE HANGING OF MRS. SURRATT, PAYNE, HEROLD, AND ATZERODT

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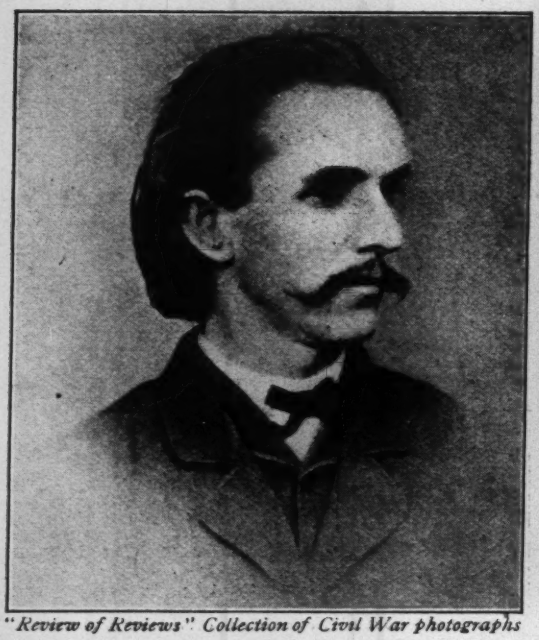
GEORGE A. ATZERODT
ONE OF THE FOUR CONSPIRATORS WHO WERE HANGED

"There were then in the prison over twenty suspects, among them Mrs. Mary Surratt, a comely widow of forty-five, who had kept a rebel house for the enemy during the war, and whose home was a rendezvous for the conspirators. There was also Herold,— a companion of Booth — Atzerodt, and Payne, all of whom were hanged; Dr. Mudd, O'Laughlin, and Arnold, each of whom was sentenced for life to Dry Tortugas; Spangler, lackey to Booth, who was sentenced to imprisonment for six years; and, of course, Burton Harrison, who was detained at Fort Delaware for a time, and was finally liberated.

"When I arrived at the prison, all the prisoners were there and the trial was about to begin. My duty was to see that no one entered the court-room without the necessary credentials; while Colonel Richard Watts, of Adrian, Michigan,— now a banker, and formerly justice of



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JOHN H. SURRATT

MRS. SURRATT'S SON, WHO WAS DEEPLY IMPLICATED IN THE CONSPIRACY, BUT ESCAPED FROM THE COUNTRY BEFORE THE TRIAL TOOK PLACE

From a photograph

MRS. MARY E. SURRATT

WHO WAS HANGED ON CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE FOR COMPLICITY IN THE ASSASSINATION OF LINCOLN

the circuit court,— was acting adjutant-general, attending to all the communications between the prison and the War Department.

"The day that I took up my new duties, Burton Harrison was brought in as a suspect. He was immediately brought before me, and I ordered him to be searched. His dress was strangely different from the ordinary dress seen in those days. Factories had been idle for years, and few new clothes had been made, and prices had gone so high that only the very rich could afford good clothes. Harrison was well dressed from his hat to his boots; but the one thing that most attracted me was the pair of long boots he wore. I had been a shoemaker before I became a soldier, and loved to see a nice pair of leather boots. There was something about this particular pair that held my attention. When he removed them, I noticed that instead of being limber in the legs they were stiff, and besides that they were strangely heavy. I examined them, and found that the lining of the legs was padded as with metal — for protection, I imagined. Fancy my surprise when, upon opening them, there rolled out hundreds of dollars in ten-dollar gold pieces. When I looked at Harrison, he was looking at me with a fearful look in his eyes. People said in those days that when Davis made his escape with his staff, he depleted the Confederate treasury, taking all the gold, and that when he saw that capture was inevitable, he divided the money

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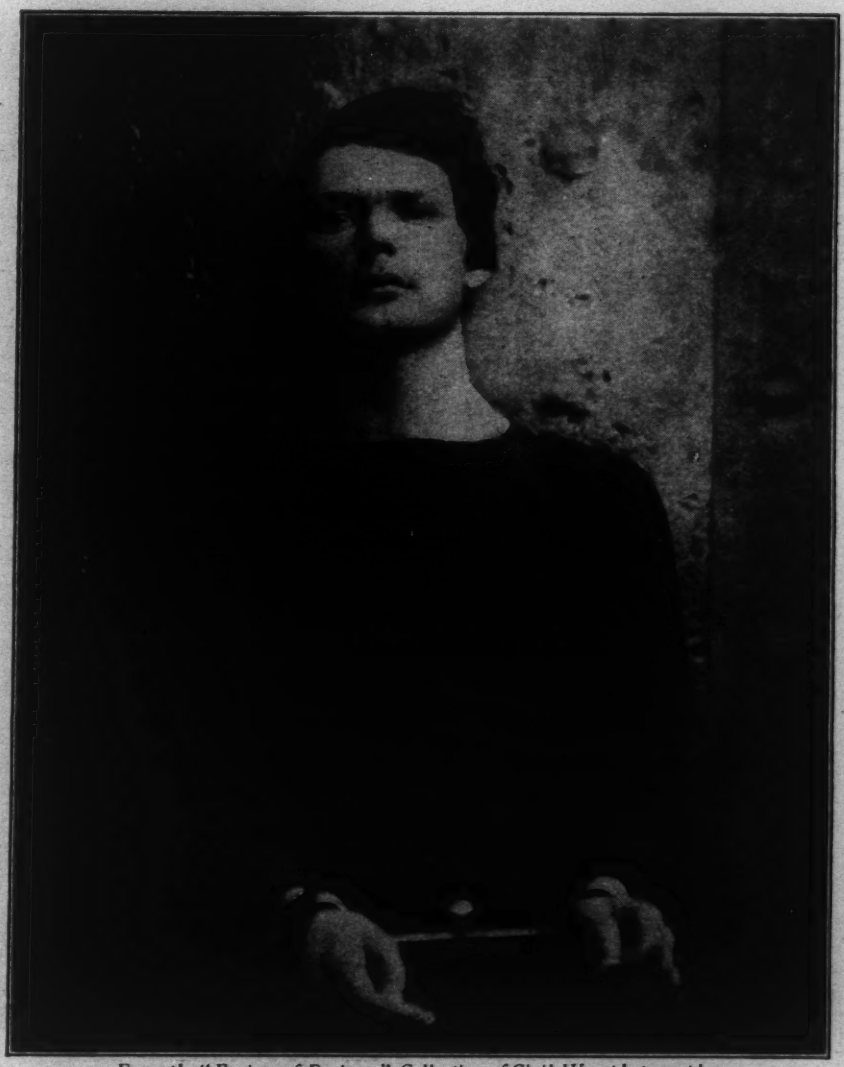
ANNIE SURRATT

MRS. MARY SURRATT'S DAUGHTER



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LEWIS PAYNE

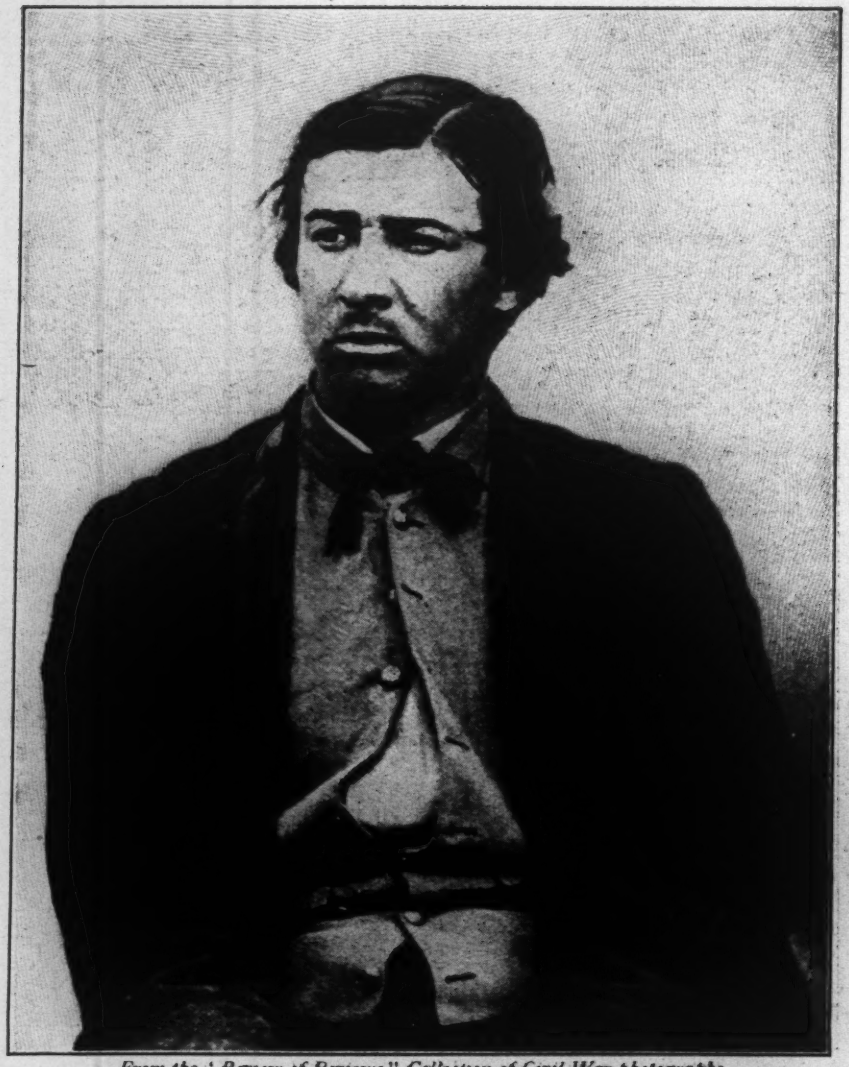
WHO ATTEMPTED TO STAB SECRETARY SEWARD TO DEATH. HE WAS HANGED IN COMPANY WITH MRS. SURRATT

among his companions. I kept the money and the boots, and forwarded them both to the War Department, where Harrison found them at the end of his prison sentence.

"I had Harrison in the arsenal for some months. One day, after the execution of the chief conspirators, I was ordered to take him to Fort Delaware. I went to him and said: 'We are going to hang you next.' He replied as coolly as could be: 'What for, Captain?' I replied: 'For the murder of Lincoln. We know that Davis was behind it, and that you were a party to it, too.' He laughed as with a light heart and said: 'If that is all you are holding me for, I'll never hang. Jeff Davis is too high-minded a man, and admired Lincoln too much, to stoop to such a trick as that; and, besides, Davis wouldn't harm any one.' All of which we afterward found to be true.

Harrison a Model Prisoner

"I was to take my prisoner to Philadelphia over the B. & O. from Washington; so I said to him: 'We are going to take you away.' He asked me where he was to go, and I told him. He said he didn't want to go, and seemed annoyed at the prospect. I explained that my orders were to take him there, and he promised he would make no attempt to get away from me. I told him to pack his traps and come for a ride on the cars. I was offered a strong guard of



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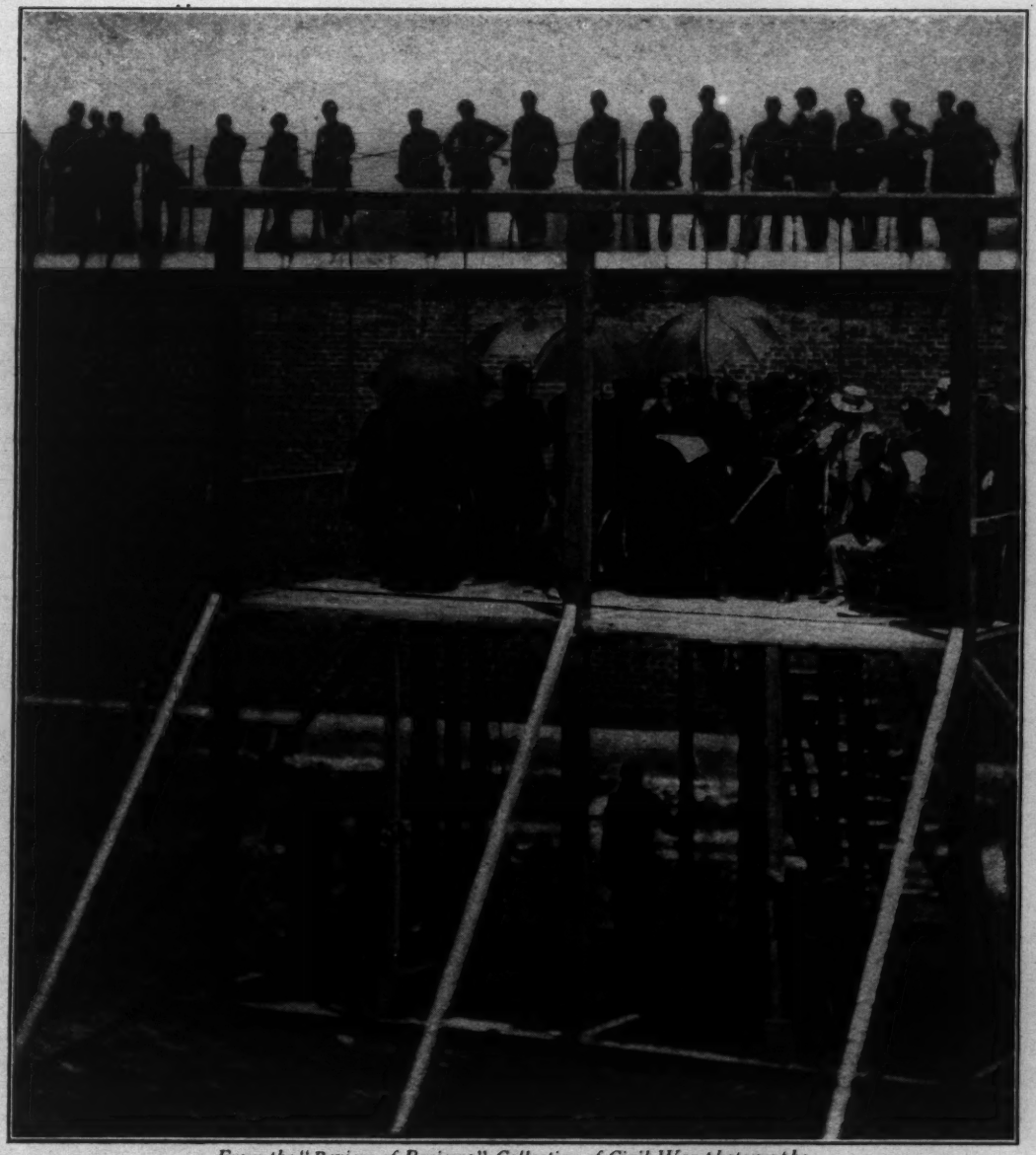
DAVID E. HEROLD

WHO ACCOMPANIED BOOTH ON HIS FLIGHT THROUGH MARYLAND. HE SURRENDERED WHEN THE FEDERAL SOLDIERS SURROUNDED THE BARN IN WHICH HE AND BOOTH HAD TAKEN REFUGE

soldiers by General Hancock, but I took only one man, to wait on Harrison. I did not want any one to notice us, as the times were so unsettled. Harrison knew that I had a revolver in my pocket, and he knew I would kill him without compunction if he made an effort to escape.

"I had orders to take my prisoner to the Vine Street wharf in Philadelphia, where Captain Charles Ford, post quartermaster at Philadelphia, would meet me with transportation. We arrived at Philadelphia, but Ford did not appear. I waited around for a couple of hours, and then concluded I had better hunt him up; but I didn't know what to do with Harrison. Seeing a hospital tent flying the United States flag, I took my prisoner over, and said to the major who was in charge: 'I have Burton Harrison here, and am taking him to Fort Delaware; but I can not find my man with our transportation. Can you keep my prisoner for a while until I can look him up?' He said he had a dungeon where he kept unruly fellows who got full, so I left Harrison there. I could leave him in charge of a soldier, but not a sheriff or any other civilian. I found Ford, who had forgotten all about me. He had made arrangements for me to take a despatch-boat from the foot of the Vine Street wharf, so I went after my prisoner, and we took a street car to the pier. On the way, Harrison was glum and silent. I



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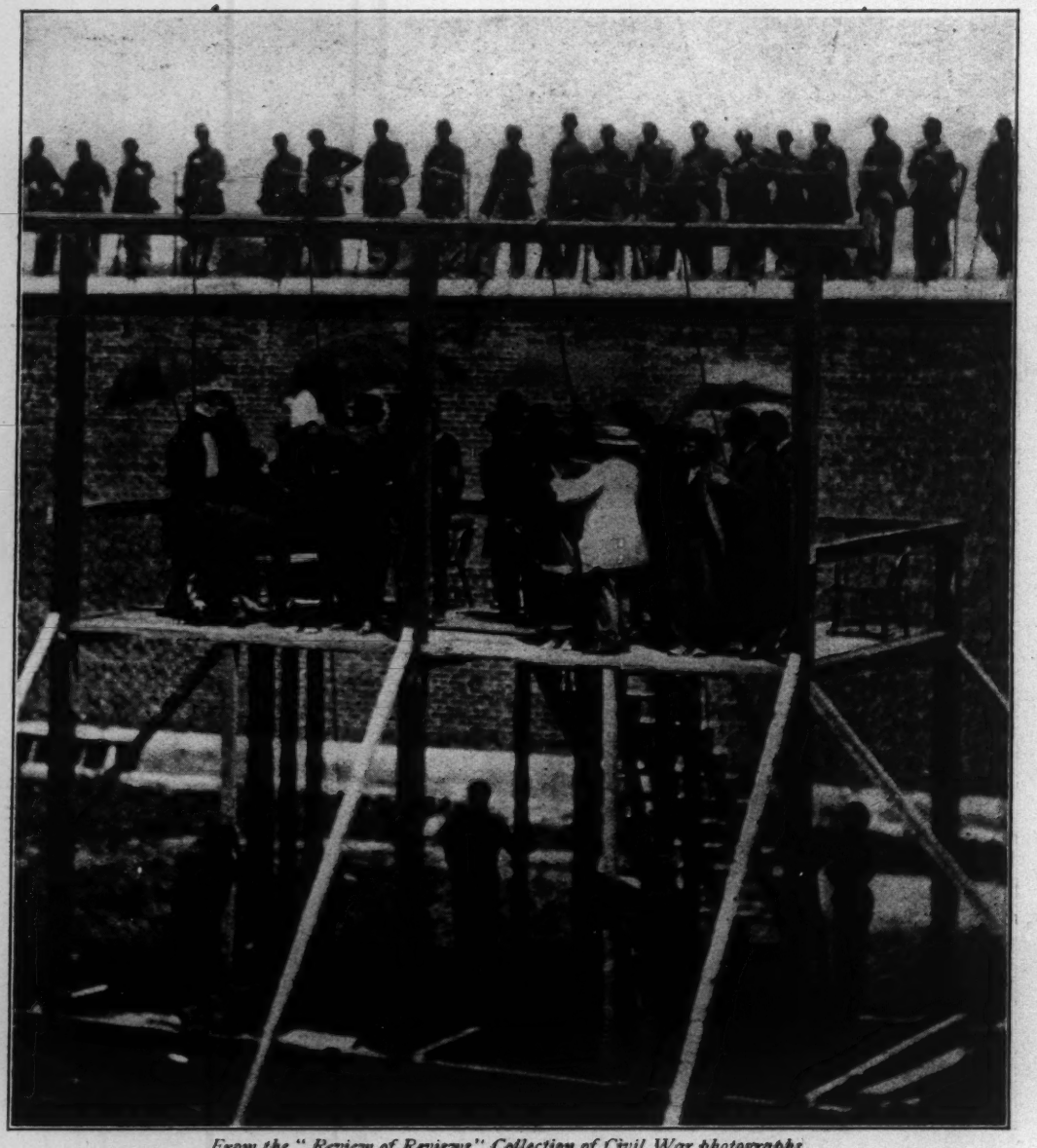
A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE SCAFFOLD, TAKEN DURING THE READING OF THE WARRANT

asked him what was the matter, and he replied: 'I don't think it was a bit nice of you to lock me up in a place like that, after I had given you my word of honor not to escape.' I replied: 'Harrison, I am a soldier and must obey orders.' He felt better after this, and we got on board the boat. I told the captain who my prisoner was, and told him to get us a good supper. I told him that Harrison had lived on hard-tack, pork, and coffee for two months, and could stand a good meal. The cook made raised biscuits, and real honey and good butter were placed on the table. I bade my man good-by at Fort Delaware, and returned on the despatch-boat to Philadelphia. The boat arrived at midnight, but I stayed on board till morning, when I took the train for Washington.

"Harrison was not treated as badly at the prison as he might have been. He was a model prisoner, and every one appreciated his position and respected him. He was always very anxious to get the newspaper, and after a time I let him have books and gave him all the news. We used to let him take exercise in the yard, and often sent him extra delicacies from the officers' mess.

"John Wilkes Booth alone was behind the conspiracy. His original plan was to abduct



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A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE SCAFFOLD, TAKEN WHILE THE NOOSES WERE BEING ADJUSTED

Lincoln and send him to Davis at Richmond as a hostage. A gang of mounted men were to surround Lincoln's carriage at a lonely spot on one of the President's drives, seize the coach, and carry Lincoln across the Potomac. The plot failed because on the night that the conspirators assembled Lincoln did not appear. Secretary Chase drove out in his stead.

"The actor made his plans to kill all the heads of the departments on the same night. Lewis Payne (Powell) was to kill Seward, John Surratt was to kill Grant, and Booth was to murder Lincoln. He called the conspirators together and revealed his plot. He wrote to O'Laughlin and Arnold, ordering them to come to Washington to participate in the triple murder. These two men had been implicated in the attempted abduction of the President, but wrote back refusing to be mixed up in the murder. This letter was afterward found among Booth's effects, and saved the lives of the pair, although they were sent to Dry Tortugas for life.

Payne Tries to Kill Himself in Prison

"Payne, on the night of Lincoln's death, knocked at the door of the Seward mansion, and found that the old man, having retired early,

was in bed. The attendant refused him admittance, but Payne pushed him aside, forced his way upstairs to the hall, and encountered Seward's son Frederick. A scuffle ensued, in which Payne, who was a giant, forced his way to Mr. Seward's room and stabbed him as he lay on the bed. He thought he had killed him, but he had only succeeded in inflicting a wound in the breast. There was great excitement, and in the confusion Payne escaped by the back door. He made his way out of the city, and hid in the trenches for some days; but, finding himself in danger of starving to death, he came in the night to Mrs. Surratt's house, and hid in the cellar, where he found plenty of food. He was found there by the officers when they came to look for him. Upon his being brought up out of the cellar, Mrs. Surratt cried to the officers: 'So help me God! I don't know the man, and didn't know he was in the house. I never set eyes on him before.' Payne also denied that she knew him, and maintained it to the last. He was taken to the prison under heavy guard, and placed in one of the cells on the main floor of the prison.

"One night the guard heard some commotion in Payne's cell, and, creeping up quietly and looking in, he found the man lying on the floor, bathed in blood. Upon investigation, he found that Payne was not dead, but had tried to beat his brains out against the bars of his cell. He was immediately placed in a padded cell; a cotton cap heavily padded with batting was put on his head, and a pair of handcuffs with a fourteen-inch iron bar were put on his wrists. The other prisoners, with the exception of the woman, were hooded in the same way. In a few days the effect of this began to tell on the men. The summer was warm and the heat told on the prisoners. Major Porter, the prison physician, was afraid they would lose their reason, so he ordered the caps removed, and then the men felt better.

"Payne never complained — no matter what you did to him, he never said a word; and I grew fond of the fellow, and was sorry for his predicament. He had been a Confederate soldier, and was wounded at the battle of Gettysburg, taken prisoner on the field, and sent to the hospital at Washington. When he became convalescent, he was paroled — upon taking an oath that he would never bear arms against the Union again. He loafed around the city, and finally fell in with Booth, being willing to do anything for the sake of the cause which he loved and believed in.

John Surratt's Long Flight

"John Surratt was a coward, and when the time came to kill Grant, he lost his nerve. Before the murder of Lincoln he escaped from the city; he fled to Canada, then to England, then to France, and from there to Italy, where he joined the Pope's army and remained a year. Then he began to talk — for he couldn't keep his mouth shut — and told his fellow soldiers who he was and that a price was on his head. He didn't know that every other nation was cooperating with the United States for the apprehension of the conspirators, and that Queen Victoria had ordered that all suspects might be arrested in Canada and taken out of country without extradition. While in the Papal Zouaves he was recognized by an acquaintance and betrayed; but the day after his arrest he broke away from the six men who were guarding him, jumped over a cliff, and made his escape. He went to Naples, and from there sailed to Egypt, but was recaptured and sent back to the United States. He was tried by a civil court; but the war was over, and the jury disagreed, so Surratt was liberated. Had he been tried by a court martial, he would surely have been hanged.

"Mrs. Mary A. Surratt was the widow of an army man, and she kept a blockade for the rebel government, as her sympathies were all that way. She had formerly owned a hotel at Surrattsville, just outside of Washington, but leased the place to a man, and took up her residence in the city, where she ran a house at which the conspirators frequently met, and where the plot was hatched. While she denied her guilt to the last, it was known that on the afternoon of Lincoln's murder she had gone to Surrattsville, and had left guns and provisions at the place, to be called for that night. It was afterward found that Booth and Herold called at the place after the murder of Lincoln and took the things away; so she was convicted on circumstantial evidence, as were all of those who were executed.

Spangler the Most Cowardly of the Prisoners

"One day they brought in a prisoner named Spangler. He had been on the stage with Booth when he shot Lincoln, and it was generally supposed that he had left open the door through which Booth escaped after the crime. We found he had been lackey to Booth for ten years, followed him like a dog, and wore his old clothes. He was a harmless fellow, a big coward, and very fond of eating. He was always hungry, and could eat anything that was placed before him. For a long time we weren't sure just what his name was; so, one day while the prisoners were exercising in the yard, I passed him, slapped him on the back, and said: 'Well,

Jenkins, how are you to-day?' He replied at once: 'My name is not Jenkins; my name is Spangler.' I have said he was a coward, and this is true. The day after the hanging, the gibbet was still standing in the yard, and when Spangler went out to the yard he turned to me and said: 'Captain, I have been in hell for twenty-four hours. I heard the condemned pass my cell; then my heart stopped beating, for I expected to be called next. I heard the drop fall, and my agony was terrible. I had no relief till supper-time, when I couldn't eat, and this hurt me worse than anything else.' Up to this time the rest of the conspirators hadn't been sentenced and didn't know their fate.

"Dr. Mudd was hard to get along with. He was never satisfied, no matter what you tried to do for him. He protested his innocence all the way through; but we knew perfectly well that he had set Booth's leg after the shooting of Lincoln, and we felt that this alone showed that he was in league with the conspirators, and that he could easily have told where Booth was, as the actor was at his home for three days. The men were allowed to go into the yard, and we listened to their conversation and learned many things that we never could have learned otherwise. They never denied their guilt among themselves, only disagreed on dates. Payne held himself aloof from the others, although they all knew one another.

Payne and the Old Slave Woman

"There was a mystery about Payne. He was a great big fellow, and as brave as a lion. One day General Hartranft said to me: 'There is a colored woman here who comes from Florida and claims she knows Payne; and she says his name is Powell, and that his father is a Baptist minister there. I will seat her in the court-room, and you bring Payne up and perhaps we can identify him.' When I took Payne upstairs, the old woman, who had been a slave, was sitting in the center of the room. As soon as she saw the prisoner, she ran to him, embracing him and calling him by endearing names. But he repulsed her, looked at her with a stolid look, and said: 'I don't know you, woman; go away.' She wept and crooned over him, and there was no doubt in my mind that he really was Powell.

"With Mrs. Surratt was arrested her daughter Annie, about seventeen years old, who was held as a material witness. Each day she was brought to the prison, so that she would be on hand in case the judge advocate wanted to see her. One day word came to send her up, and I ordered a soldier to precede her and stand in front of Mrs. Surratt, hiding her completely from her daughter. I knew there would be a scene, and that she would attempt to go to her mother, whom she had not seen for some time. When Annie returned to the waiting-room, she said to me: 'I didn't see my mother. Was she there?' I told her of my ruse, and she fell on the floor in a dead faint. I was nonplussed, for, though I had fought in twenty battles, had heard the shot and shell, and had faced death a score of times, I had never seen any one faint. I remembered, however, that I had heard that cold water would revive any one who had fainted; so I ran from the room, got a cup of water, and sprinkled it on her face. She suddenly came to, and then such a tirade of abuse I never heard in all my life. She gave me the worst tongue-lashing I had ever had; but all I can remember of what she said was, 'You mean old Yankees.'

The Meeting between Mrs. Surratt and Her Daughter

"After the trial, an orderly came to my room one day and told me there was a young woman there to see Mrs. Surratt, with an order from the judge advocate. I went to the door and found Annie Surratt. I took her to the court-room and brought in Mrs. Surratt. General Hartranft told me to 'stay in the room and listen to all they say.' When Annie saw her mother, she threw herself on her neck, and such a torrent of weeping I have never seen. I couldn't stand it, and left the room, saying: 'I will let you have your visit alone; do as you like.' In about two hours I went back and said to the girl, 'Don't you think it is time to go home now?' She didn't say a word, but bade her mother good-by, weeping all the time. Mrs. Surratt bade her daughter keep up, and apparently was as stolid as a rock.

Afterward Annie was a daily visitor to the prison, and often ate her meals with her mother, staying nearly all day. When I returned from taking her home after that first visit to her mother, I said to the general: 'That woman is like a rock. When she saw her daughter she acted as though she hadn't any heart.' The general said: 'You think so? Then you ought to have been here when I went to take her to her cell. She collapsed, cried terribly, and we had to carry her bodily from the room.'

"Payne thought he had killed Seward, and when he was confronted by Mr. Seward in the court-room, he was amazed. I had often wondered why Payne hadn't used his revolver instead of his knife, and one day I examined the Remington army pistol in the court-room; then I understood the reason. The pin on which the

barrel revolved had got bent when it struck the bannister in the scuffle in the upper hall, and it wouldn't explode. Then, there being no time to see what was the matter with it, Payne had to use his knife.

Payne's Grim Humor on the Scaffold

"Payne had a grim sense of humor. One day we were discussing our nerve, and afterward I threw myself on the bed for a little sleep. Suddenly I awakened, feeling as if an icy hand had gripped my heart. There was Payne looking down at me, with an ugly expression on his face. I wondered how he had got out of his cell, and just then saw Lieutenant-Colonel McCall in a corner, laughing. Payne laughed, and I knew they were only trying my nerve. I was not afraid, though I was startled for a time.

"Payne's grim humor could come pretty close to being gruesome. On the death march to the gallows, Payne, who was bare-headed, took McCall's straw hat off his head and put it on his own. His head was large and the hat was too small, and he wore it until it was time to adjust the noose on his neck. It was not because of his lack of reverence, but because of his great sense of humor. He was a good fellow. We used to pitch quoits in the yard together; he was always good-natured.

"I often wished that Annie Surratt would give her mother something that would put her into everlasting sleep, but she seemed to share my hopes that her mother would be reprieved. I never mentioned this hope to the girl, and I was glad afterward that I hadn't; but I hoped right along until the last. The day before the execution, General Hartranft informed me that I would be expected to hang four. So I went to the carpenter of the arsenal, who made the army boxes, and told him what I wanted him to do. I thought he was going to faint, and he said, 'Captain, I have made everything out of wood except a gallows, and now you ask me to do that.' I told him it was necessary, and that I would give him some soldiers to help him. I drew up a draft of the gallows, and he went to work upon it. I had more trouble getting men to dig the graves. All the workmen at the arsenal were superstitious, and refused; so I got soldiers to do this work, and for coffins had boxes sent from the navy-yards. I got some rope from the navy-yards; it was 31-strand ¾-inch Boston hemp. I had been a sailor and knew the kind to get. I put seven knots in each one except one, and I only put five in that, for I fully expected that Mrs. Surratt would never hang.

"I wanted to be sure that the rope would work, so, after tying the nooses on the cross-beam of the gallows, I took a length of it out behind the prison, filled a bag with shot, and climbed out on the limb of a tree. A crowd stood around watching me, interested in the experiment. I threw the bag from the limb, first securing it to the rope. It brought up with a jerk, the limb broke off short, and I was precipitated to the ground with great force. But the rope held. I was bruised a little, but I didn't care, as my experiment had proved a success.

Payne Makes a Last Effort to Save Mrs. Surratt

"That night Payne sent for me and said: 'Captain, if I had two lives to give, I'd give one gladly to save Mrs. Surratt. I know that she is innocent, and would never die in this way if I hadn't been found in her house. She knew nothing about the conspiracy at all, and is an innocent woman.' He knew that the sentence of death had been read to her an hour before, as it had been read to all those who were to die.

"I hastily conferred with Major Eckhart, telling him what Payne had told me. We hurriedly sent word to the War Department, and in an hour had orders to take Payne's statement. Then I was filled with a great hope, and thought that the woman would be saved, after all. But I didn't communicate any of my hopes to the woman herself, and I was glad afterward that I had not.

"Each morning a hundred soldiers reported at the prison for any duty that might be assigned them. On the morning of the execution, I looked them over in order to pick out the men I wanted to help me. I chose two husky fellows to knock the posts from the platform under the drop. I instructed them in the signals, and everything went off without a hitch. Four others were chosen to place the nooses around the necks of the condemned, and I had three to lead the condemned men from their cells and bind them securely before they were executed. I had Lieutenant-Colonel McCall lead Mrs. Surratt from her cell to the gallows, as I didn't want an ordinary soldier to lay his hands on her.

"I told these men that they must volunteer their services, as I could not command them to take part in the gruesome work. I was simply overrun with volunteers; seemingly they regarded it as an honor to serve in any capacity in avenging the death of Lincoln. I told my men I would relieve them from all other duties for the day, and would, in addition, give them each a drink when the thing was over.

"All in readiness, the march to the gallows began. I had received orders from General Hartranft to execute Mrs. Surratt, Payne, Herold, and Atzerodt. The order read to have the execution take place at two o'clock, or as near thereafter as circumstances would permit. This was July 7, 1865. The execution was delayed because of the absence of General Hancock, whose presence was necessary at the hanging, and who, for some reason or other, did not appear.

The March to the Gallows

"The march to the gallows, however, was begun, and those who were in the yard saw a little gate behind the scaffold opened, and the soldiers stand at attention and at order arms. The flags were run up before each company, and the civilians bared their heads in the fierce sun. First came the woman, walking between two shaven priests. She was dressed and veiled in black, and her face could not be seen. But her carriage showed her agitation, as she staggered first against one priest and then against the other. The priests carried crosses in their hands and were reading the service of the dead. A quartet of soldiers came after, with guns at shoulders, followed by Lieutenant-Colonel McCall.

"Behind them came Atzerodt, guarded by soldiers and accompanied by a Lutheran minister. The man shambled unsteadily, shrinking from the sight of the dangling nooses. He had chains upon his ankles, and these clanked as he walked. He had a long white cap on his head, which gave him an uncanny look. An armed quartet of soldiers followed him also.

"Next came Herold, who had been Booth's attendant on the night of his crossing the Potomac. He was a mere boy, full of fear and cringing like a coward. He was attended by a minister, and followed by a guard of four soldiers, like those who preceded him.

"Last of all came Payne. He walked like a king about to be crowned, his fearless blue eyes roving carelessly over the scaffold and his yellow hair shining like a golden halo in the sun. He, too, was attended by a minister and guarded as were the others. The condemned marched up the steps to the gallows, and were seated in arm-chairs behind the drop, the dangling nooses swaying before their eyes. I wanted to give Mrs. Surratt any honor I could, so I seated her on the right, Payne next, then Herold, and the German fourth. The warrants and findings were read to the four by General Hartranft in a low voice, an umbrella being held over his head by an attendant during the reading. Another was held over Mrs. Surratt.

The Hanging

"Payne was dressed in his trousers and a close-fitting jersey shirt, open at the throat and showing his powerful neck. When the nooses had been adjusted and the caps pulled over the heads of the condemned, before I gave the signal to the men below to knock the posts from under the drop, I stepped up to Payne, tightened the noose around his neck under the cap, and said: 'Payne, I want you to die quick'; to which he replied in a soft voice without a single tremor: 'You know best, Captain.' That was the last word he ever spoke.

"When Hancock failed to put in an appearance, I was sure Mrs. Surratt would be saved. But at last he came, and, turning to me, said: 'All is ready, Captain; proceed.' I said to him: 'Her, too?' 'Yes,' he said; 'she can not be saved.' I gave the signal, the two drops fell with a sickening thud, and, as one, the four bodies shot downward and hung in mid-air. After twenty minutes Major Porter pronounced them dead, but I let them hang ten minutes longer. Then I ordered them cut down, put in the boxes, and buried. I took charge of Mrs. Surratt myself, not being willing that any hand should desecrate her. I lifted her tenderly in my arms, her limp body bending as I held it. I removed the noose from her neck, and with my own hands and alone placed her in the box. Colonel Watts, of Adrian, Michigan, placed a bottle containing the names in each of the coffins, and in an hour the terrible work of the day was at an end."

[LIEUTENANT-COLONEL CHRISTIAN RATH, who had charge of the hanging of Mrs. Surratt and her three companions, is a German by birth; he served in the Ninth Army Corps under General Hartranft, and since the close of the war has lived near Jackson, Michigan, where he has a large fruit farm and is engaged in breeding chickens. Rath had taken an oath not to tell what he knew of the Lincoln conspirators until permitted to do so by the War Department, and for forty-six years has been consistently reticent, although his friends and his neighbors and his comrades in the Grand Army Corps knew of his connection with the trial. An account by Mrs. Burton Harrison, recently published, has incited Captain Rath to tell the story as he remembers it, and his interview, given to Mr. Gray, is published here for the first time. THE EDITORS.]

The Adventures of Miss Gregory

by Perceval Gibbon

The Honest Man

Illustrations by Irma Dérèmeaux

"BRUSSELS," wrote Miss Gregory in her diary, "is a fine, sleek city; but at present it seems to be inhabited chiefly by members of the Gould family."

It was to be her last halt before crossing to England, a lingering out of the flavor of travel before proceeding to the process of digestion; but, in the Goulds, it seemed as if England were thrusting forward to meet her. She had not finished inscribing her name in the hotel register before she heard that name pronounced behind her in accents of joy, and turned to encounter a demonstrative old gentleman with misty white whiskers, whom she recognized, after a moment of hesitation, as Gould senior.

"Of all people!" he was babbling. "But this is simply charming! The wanderer returned, eh? I was sure I recognized your back."

"Very good of you," said Miss Gregory, surprised. The Goulds for some years past had certainly seen more of her back than of her face; but they seemed to have made the best of it.

"And you are making a little stay here?" inquired the old gentleman. "Yes? How delightful! My wife will be so pleased to see you. Yes, she's here — we're all here, in fact. Ah, there's my daughter. Iris, come and welcome Miss Gregory. You remember Iris, Miss Gregory?"

"Oh, perfectly," said Miss Gregory. "How d'ye do?" She shook hands with the stout young woman whom Mr. Gould called Iris, mentally remarking how like her father she was. All the Goulds had that easy smile and the same shifty, humorless eyes — except one, who was no longer of their number.

"The others are somewhere about," said Mr. Gould zestfully. "Where did you leave them, Iris?"

"I shall see them later, no doubt," said Miss Gregory. "I'm going up to my room now."

She gave Iris a nod, and walked away to the elevator, where a porter was waiting with her dressing-bag. She preferred to take the Goulds, if she had to take them at all, in small doses.

They were not people whom she had ever known well or much liked. The only one of them who had interested her had disappeared some years before. That was Lawrence, the third son, a dark youth with awkward, shy manners, who seemed to find himself rather lonely and oppressed in the company of his showy family. There had been a season when Miss Gregory saw him frequently and found him bearable. He had been a lawyer, and it was said that he had embezzled money and been allowed to vanish in time to escape arrest. Miss Gregory recalled the demeanor of the remaining Goulds at that time; her active dislike of them dated from then. There had been no loyalty to the dishonest boy, no contriving to cover up his shame. They had seen advantage for themselves in publicly disowning him, in adopting the airs of victims to his wrong-doing. Mrs. Gould had claimed sympathy from every woman she could rely on, and managed to snatch a shabby social profit from the affair; old Gould had talked about it in his clubs till men began to cut

him. The others, Iris and the rest, had followed the lead of their elders. It had been a curious exhibition.

Their presence in Brussels was annoying and a little strange. If Miss Gregory had felt herself less capable than she was, it might have moved her to change her hotel. She had faith, however, in her power to keep them at a convenient distance.

"If necessary," she reflected, as she changed her shoes in the solemn solitude of her bedroom, "I don't mind walking to freedom over the body of a Gould or two."

The Goulds, however, seemed anxious that she should regard their bodies as entirely at her disposal. When at length she descended from her room, trim, compact, and comely, they were all assembled to greet her with a joyous outcry — the whole smiling family of them, from Mrs. Gould, who was a stout invalid in a chair, to the dim, discouraged aunt who waited on her and was ill used by all the others. Their smiles made an illumination in the hall; people turned to look in astonishment; and Miss Gregory was overwhelmed and captured before she could strike a single blow. Mr. Gould, maintaining an appearance of almost light-headed gaiety, introduced her all round, and she found herself sitting at Mrs. Gould's side and being served with tea and invited to dinner.

"We sha'n't let you go, now we've got you, Miss Gregory," declared Mrs. Gould, in the thin voice that went with her large proportions.

"No fear!" corroborated a male Gould hilariously. "You'll have to get used to being lionized, Miss Gregory; better practise on us."

"And you will tell us something about your wonderful, *wonderful* travels, won't you, Miss Gregory?" besought Iris.

"Hush!" commanded Mr. Gould. "Miss Gregory can't get in a word edgeways. You mustn't mind them, Miss Gregory; but it *is* rather exciting to run across you like this."

"Very good of you," said Miss Gregory uneasily.

They were accommodating in everything: if she would talk, they would listen delightedly; if not, they would fill up the gap themselves. Impossible to be more obliging than the Goulds. Miss Gregory looked round on the smiling circle, and beheld each countenance radiant and prodigal of sunshine, and in each the same constrained and hungry eyes bent upon her as if in calculation. It made her wonder what a real raw Gould was like.

"They want something," she concluded warily. "They're not crawling like this and stroking my back for love. Presently they'll come to it, and then we'll see!"

"No, thank you," she said aloud, in reply to their invitation. "I'm afraid I can't dine. I'm going out."

"To-morrow, then?" suggested Mr. Gould.

"It would be such a pleasure," said Mrs. Gould, and the group of them seemed breathless for her answer.

It was embarrassing; and, besides, Miss Gregory wanted to know what was at the back of it all. It was on her lips, the cool reply that would clear the air of Goulds; but curiosity withheld it.

"That will be very nice," she replied, smiling, and was resolute in getting away.

It was on the following night, after the dinner at which she had been the guest of the Goulds, that she made the entry in her diary, concerning the population of Brussels, with which this record begins. Throughout the day they had seemed to pervade the bright little city like a doubtful odor. She met them in shops and on the street; she entered a restaurant for lunch, and, behold! two of them were already there, and quarreling; and she barely contrived to escape unseen. One or more was always in the hall of the hotel, either buying picture postcards or making inquiries in tangled French of the German porter, who spoke English faultlessly. At dinner they were all together, as cordial as ever, as lavish of smiles, acquiescing in and applauding each word that she uttered, with the same undertone of falsity and insincerity stultifying all their genial pretense. But of their purpose in all this no word had yet been spoken.

They unmasked their batteries on the following morning. Miss Gregory, descending toward the world and its inhabitants, would easily have spared a meeting with Mr. Gould, but he was in waiting for her. He affected white spats in the day-time, and these, in some queer way, made him seem lame and clumsy with his feet. Miss Gregory, with a bath and breakfast to reinforce her, saw him with distaste, and would have managed to appear in a hurry, but for the fact that he was without his customary smile. It made enough of a change in his effect to arrest her.

"I wonder if you could spare us a few minutes — my wife and me?" he requested, after greeting her.

"Certainly," said Miss Gregory, with relief. She would know, now, what they wanted with their hospitality and their smiles.

"You are very kind," he said, and led the way to the retired spot where Mrs. Gould was qualifying the dim aunt for a crown of martyrdom. Upon their arrival, this relative was dismissed abruptly.

"I've asked Miss Gregory to spare us a little time," explained Mr. Gould.

The prosperous invalid rolled eloquent eyes. "Ah, Miss Gregory," she said, "a mother's heart knows no peace."

"Doesn't it?" said Miss Gregory, accepting the chair Mr. Gould placed for her.

"No — I assure you," replied Mrs. Gould. "I had hoped that at last we should have had our poor, wrongly accused son back again. What with the suicide of Mr. Bishop and all ——"

Miss Gregory's expression of utter mystification brought the invalid to a stop, and Mr. Gould opened the matter in a comprehensible form:

"Of course you haven't seen the English papers often of late, Miss Gregory? Naturally not. Well, a very strange and fortunate thing has happened. Lawrence has been cleared."

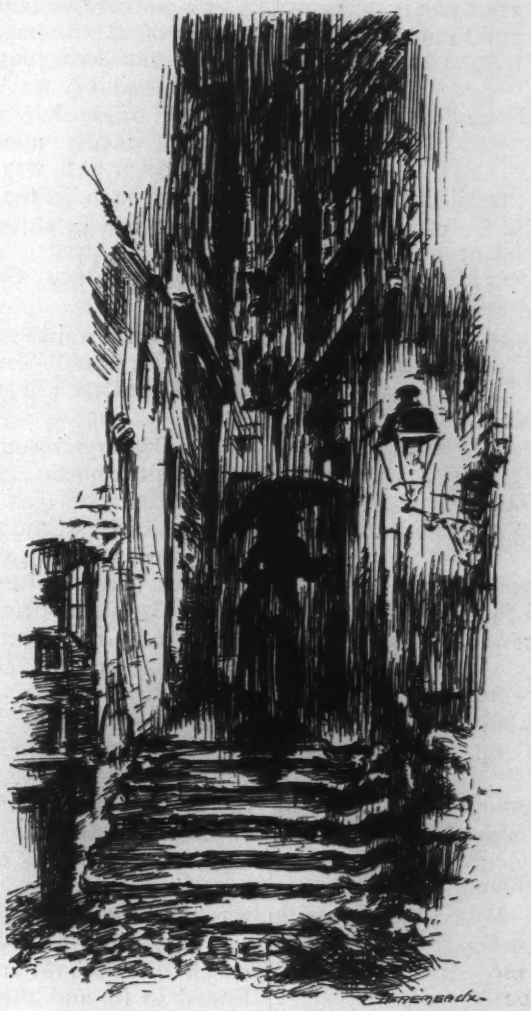
"Lawrence!" exclaimed Miss Gregory.

"Yes. You remember my son Lawrence? He left us, you know. Perhaps you didn't hear, but a very grave charge of — of malversion of funds had been brought against him, and the circumstances were such that no defense seemed possible."

Perhaps she hadn't heard! He was speaking seriously; possibly he had forgotten how he himself, and all his treacherous brood, had trumpeted the boy's dishonor. His white whiskers and pink face were earnest and simple; the man was a moral quick-change actor.

"I did hear it," said Miss Gregory. "I didn't believe it, though. Well?"

"No one who really knew my son believed it," he answered surprisingly. "But it *was* believed, and he fled. All these years he has remained in exile, bearing the burden of the crime he did not commit; and we have borne it, too."



"EVENING SAW HER SET FORTH UPON HER MISSION"

"It has been a heavy burden," remarked Miss Gregory. "What was that about a suicide?"

"I am about to tell you," replied Mr. Gould. "The senior partner of the firm in which my son was employed was a Mr. Bishop — Mr. Roger Burton Bishop. Some three weeks ago Mr. Bishop was discovered dead in a first-class carriage — he had shot himself. The affairs of the firm proved to be in a lamentable disorder; there had been the wildest juggling with trust funds; the accountants arrived at their conclusions only after much difficulty. But one thing was established beyond doubt — the *Times* had a paragraph about it, even: Lawrence was as innocent of the theft with which he was charged as — as I am."

"Thank God for that," said Miss Gregory emphatically. "Next to being honest, the best thing is to be proved honest. But what was it you wanted with me?"

"I will explain," replied Mr. Gould. "Lawrence, when he fled, came here to Brussels. He secured employment, and has not been unsuccessful. But his exile has made a change in him. He has become embittered, distrustful of his own family; he received us, when we went to him, in the strangest manner; and he refused in the most positive manner to return to England."

"Did he?" said Miss Gregory. "That's queer."

"It's awful," cried the invalid. "Think, dear Miss Gregory! If he doesn't go back now, what will people say?"

"Oh, that doesn't matter," said Miss Gregory. "He's sore and rather revengeful, no doubt; who wouldn't be? You see, all the years of his punishment he's known it was undeserved. Perhaps if you left him alone for a while he'd go

back of his own accord. Lawrence wasn't the kind of boy to take root in a place like this."

Mr. Gould shook his white head.

"It would hardly serve to leave him to himself," he said. "There is another question. Lawrence has entered into relations with some very curious people in this place, and there is an entanglement. He has engaged himself to marry a young woman whose name is sufficient to explain why his mother and I are so troubled. I have not seen her,—I refused to see her,—but ——"

"What *is* her name?" demanded Miss Greggory.

"Orline," said Mr. Gould.

"Oh!" The name recalled to Miss Gregory's mind a *cause célèbre* of some dozen years before, when a brilliant and notorious woman of society had fenced for two days with a cross-examiner and gone from the court to the outer darkness of lost and broken souls.

"Not *the* Mrs. Orline?" she cried incredulously.

"Her daughter!" said Mr. Gould. "You see now how it is, Miss Gregory. Nothing that we can do will move him; he treats us as strangers. But he always liked and admired you. When I saw you here, I thought Providence must have sent you specially."

"I see," said Miss Gregory drily. She really couldn't allow Mr. Gould to draw out his pious stop. "I suppose you want me to go and see him? Is that it?"

"Oh, if you would, Miss Gregory," cried Mrs. Gould, "you would earn a mother's blessing!"

"Thanks," said Miss Gregory. "But where is he to be found?"

"The house is the Pension Blum," replied Mr. Gould, and gave the address. "He is there in the evenings. I will escort you to the door myself; it is a queer neighborhood."

"My good sir," said Miss Gregory, with spirit, "I know neighborhoods in this city where *you* wouldn't be safe unless *I* escorted you. I will go by myself or not at all."

Mr. Gould made haste to recognize his mistake: "Of course, of course. I forgot I was speaking to a great traveler. Absurd of me!"

Their thanks, profuse and extravagant, pursued her as she left them. It had been worth while, after all; it was a queer twisted story, and it spoke well for Lawrence Gould. She was glad she had liked him; it is always profitable to like a man to whom life is capricious.

The evening of that day saw her set forth upon her mission. The Goulds almost managed to make it farcical by assembling in the doorway to see her go forth and offering to lend her umbrellas. They even had a cab waiting for her, which was really the reason why she elected to go on foot. If Lawrence had been anything like the others, she would have left him to his fate.

The *pension* of Madame Blum was in a street so steep that before the door was reached it turned into stone steps and abandoned all pretense of being a thoroughfare. But the tall house had the massive, ornate quality with which the builders of old Brabant enhanced their architecture; the door that admitted to Madame Blum's hospitality was ribbed and studded like the door of a church. In answer to Miss Gregory's tattoo upon the great wrought-iron knocker, it was thrown open by an undersized man in the dress of a waiter, who stared at her in shrewd appreciation of her quality.

"Mr. Lawrence Gould?" inquired Miss Gregory.

The stunted waiter smiled comprehendingly.

"Ah, Mr. Gould!" he said. "He is within — yes. If Madame will give herself the trouble to enter!"

Miss Gregory crossed the threshold, and the waiter scuttled before her to show the way along a black passage which was pervaded by vague smells of food. It ended in a door and an apartment whose window gave a view of clothes-lines and back yards, and here she was requested to wait. The waiter drew forward a chair for her and invited her to be seated. He paused at the door as he went out and gave her a confidential smile.

"It is not luxurious, this," he remarked; "but so one sees life — *bein?*"

There was a cheap tawdriness about the little room which spoke more eloquently than an inventory of the manner of house to which it belonged. Everything that such a room should contain was present in it, and yet everything was bad, pretentious, and rather dirty. The tall gilt-framed mirror over the mantel had a flaw which distorted Miss Gregory's face as she looked in it, and there was a stale cigar-end lying in the fender. What fashion of life was it that accomplished itself in such surroundings as these? wondered Miss Gregory. What became of them? How did they excuse themselves? And Madame Blum, who owned the showy, worthless stuff—what was her life?

She stopped in the middle of her reflections, as the door opened and Lawrence Gould entered the room. She looked at him with a quick curiosity to see what the years had done to him. For some moments he failed to recognize her, and stood in an awkward silence; he had preserved his unhandy manners, at any rate. He was a tallish young man, still dark and harsh of

feature; but what had been the reserve of shyness in the youth Miss Gregory had known had turned to a rather bitter taciturnity. The best feature of him was a certain directness in his gaze; he had the manner of a man who could forgo preliminaries.

He frowned in an effort to seize her name as she rose, smiling. "Is it—" he hesitated. "Yes, it is—Miss Gregory!"

"I'm glad you haven't quite forgotten me," she responded. "I've thought about you many times. I would have written to you if I'd known where you were."

"Yes," he said. "I suppose you've been seeing my people, haven't you?"

"I got your address from them," replied Miss Gregory. "They told me the news, and I'm awfully glad to congratulate you. It's a splendid thing."

She threw an extra cordiality into her tone to combat his want of responsiveness. He gave her a dark, inquiring look.

"You mean—?" he suggested deliberately.

"'A VERY STRANGE AND FORTUNATE THING HAS HAPPENED'"

"The news?" Miss Gregory did not quite understand. "Why, the news about Bishop, of course; the news that you are cleared at last. What else could I mean?"

He nodded slowly. "Oh, that!" he said. "Yes. I thought perhaps you had heard also that I am to be married. Still, thank you very much, Miss Gregory."

He spoke with a sour humor, as if he rather

relished the situation and the difficulties for her. Miss Gregory paused and considered him.

"I *had* heard that, too," she said quietly. "But — what do you expect me to say?"

He shrugged his shoulders indifferently, but did not answer. Miss Gregory leaned her elbow on the plaster mantel and went on:

"I'm here in the first place, of course, because I've seen your people and they begged me to come and talk to you. But I was glad to come on my own account, too, for the sake of the boy you used to be when I knew you in London. All I learned from your father was that you were still in some trouble and wouldn't return to England. I hoped I could help you in some way. Does that offend you?"

"No!" He dropped his hands in his pockets and stood, considering, with one foot on the edge of the fender and a frown on his face. "No; why should it? But — I *am* going to be married, you know."

"Well," said Miss Gregory, "why not?"

"And I'm not going back to England!"

He looked up at her sharply, as if an idea had come to him.

"Look here, Miss Gregory," he said. "I wish you'd meet Marcelle — that's the girl I'm going to marry. You might understand, then. They've told you who she is, of course, and who her mother was?"

Miss Gregory nodded.

"Of course," he continued. "Yes; they haven't even seen her, but they told you that! And then they're surprised that I won't go back with them."

"Is that why you won't go?" asked Miss Gregory.

He met her eyes. "No," he admitted; "it isn't."

From somewhere in the house a gong began to boom dully.

"That's for dinner," he said. "I say, I wish you'd stay and dine. You'd be able to see her then, and see all the rest of us, too. You used to be fond of experiences — do stay. And afterward I can tell you why I won't go back."

Miss Gregory hesitated. She had lived long enough in the world to take dinner seriously, and nothing she had seen in Madame Blum's *pension* promised a meal worthy of her palate. But a touch of boyishness in Lawrence Gould's manner, as he begged her to stay, had power to decide her.

"I'll stay, with pleasure," she said; "and I shall like to meet your Marcelle."

He smiled almost bashfully, and Miss Gregory touched him on the arm with her gloved fingers. She was as little given to sentimentality as any woman of fifty in all Europe; but there was one thing she wished to know.

"Is she pretty, Lawrence?" she asked gently.

He flushed splendidly, and his face leaped to life. "Yes," was all he said, but Miss Gregory had had her answer. Whatever queer tangle might complicate his affairs, here was a simple enough thing.

A sour-faced Flemish housemaid took her upstairs to remove her hat and gloves in the bedroom of Madame Blum, where Madame at that moment was making a toilet by putting on rings. Madame was revealed as a squat, middle-aged woman of unidentifiable nationality; she had moles on her face like a certain kind of Frenchwoman, but spoke only a rude French; she had abundant glossy black hair and a cast-iron self-possession. Her room was all curtains and tassels; it had the atmosphere of an upholsterer's store-room, and the wash-hand-basin was not much larger than a tea-cup.

"It is Mr. Gould whom you visit?" she inquired over her shoulder of Miss Gregory. "Ah, yes!" and she smiled slowly. "He has many friends who visit him just now. But you are the first who stays to dine."

It had the sound of a compliment to Miss Gregory, or at the least of a reflection on Mr. Gould's other friends, who possibly had not treated the establishment in a manner to make themselves beloved by its proprietress.

Lawrence Gould was in waiting at the foot of the stairs to receive Miss Gregory and conduct her to the dining-room.

"I won't introduce you to anybody," he said in a low voice, pausing before opening the door.

"Why not?" inquired Miss Gregory.

"There are several well-known people here besides Marcelle's mama," he replied. "Some of them might want to carry the acquaintance further, you know."

Miss Gregory laughed. "I don't mind," she said. "I've a large and mixed circle of acquaintances as it is. The more the merrier! Let's go in."

She had seen already, in a dozen countries, too much of the lee-side of life to look for a spectacular quality in the people who inhabit there; but she was unprepared for the quiet, domestic character of Madame Blum's dinner-table, when Gould opened the door and let her pass into the room. Madame, who had preceded her down the stairs, was in her place at the head and her guests were already seated; the hum of agreeable small talk, the tones of good humor and sociability, made an atmosphere about them. About a dozen men

"'I HOPED I COULD HELP YOU. DOES THAT OFFEND YOU?'"

and five women made up their number at the long, narrow table, and their effect was one of gentle vivacity and ease. The pert small waiter darted forward to draw out two vacant chairs, and Miss Gregory found herself seated with Gould on her left, and a thin, silvery, black-clad man, with pointed mustaches and an imperial, on her right.

The waiter laid soup before her, and Gould gave her a sidelong smile.

"You will find the food better than the company," he told her in a murmur.

"I expect to enjoy both," said Miss Gregory valiantly, and reached for her spoon.

The dinner certainly was an occasion for surprise. Somewhere in the recesses of Madame Blum's being there dwelt a culinary conscience and the soul of a cook, which had survived the stress of a career that closed in the *pension* at Brussels. The meal was simple and excellent, as distinctive in its way as the people who ate it. The small man who was on Miss Gregory's right needed but a glance to wake into smiles and an eager, polite volubility.

"Madame is not to remain here?" he inquired. "No, merely a visit? We are unfortunate, for one sees in Madame the intelligence and sympathy of a woman of the world. Possibly my name is not unknown to Madame: Miremont — Achille de Miremont."

Miss Gregory looked at him with interest. He was a ghostlike creature, pale and thin, with

a delicate face as pliant as a glove. Yet he seemed to have a core of tougher material, too.

"Yes," she said; "I know that name. It isn't the—er—the duelist?"

The steely wraith at her side lit up with smiles. Miss Gregory had heard his name as that of a dexterous assassin who had had a vogue in the time of Garibaldi.

"Ah!" he said. "It is a happiness to talk to a woman of the world. It is only from such as you, Madame, that greatness receives its due."

Lawrence Gould smiled his sardonic smile at their conversation.

"You surely haven't met an acquaintance?" he asked.

"I knew his name," replied Miss Gregory. "Have you any more like him?"

"Take your choice," he said. "They're all here."

It was easy to recognize Mrs. Orline, who sat near Madame Blum on the opposite side of the table. Tall, serious, composed, she preserved yet some of the quality that had been hers when she lived securely and notably, before her exposure and disgrace had snuffed her out like a candle. In that easy and familiar company of men and women she managed to be remote and aloof; something feminine and exquisite set her apart from them. Once she had been beautiful, and beauty and delicacy were still in the effect that she made. The men at each side of her treated her with a grave ceremoniousness; she had no share in the light freedom of intercourse that prevailed among her companions. "She's intrenched," thought Miss Gregory, watching her. "She's had enough of being a woman: she means to be a lady."

Mrs. Orline, turning her head, found Miss Gregory's eyes upon her. Her own hesitated for not more than a second; her long penance had fortified her against such meetings as this. She bent her head in a gesture of recognition and greeting, without smiling. Miss Gregory made haste to acknowledge it, with as much cordiality as she could muster. A memory pressed itself upon her of Mrs. Orline as she used to be, brilliant, daring, fearless of fate, a woman like a firefly; and now, throughout the time that Miss Gregory had watched her, she had not smiled once.

Each of the other women who were present was interesting in her particular way. One, bloated and red, carried herself like an empress, and proved to be an especially disreputable actress; another had escaped from Siberia. The house seemed to be a gathering-point for the corsairs of civilization; it offered a roof and a refuge to damaged reputations of all varieties. The faces about the table would have furnished Hogarth with a year of material; each of them masked a sore and vengeful spirit. But the talk, the cheerful conversation that ran, with occasional sparkles, among them, was as innocuous as the gossip of school-girls. A large man with a leonine head conversed lengthily about a cure for colds in which he had strong faith. Gould saw Miss Gregory watching him, and touched her elbow.

"He has cured many worse diseases than colds, in his time," he said.

"Indeed," said Miss Gregory. "He's not a doctor, though, is he?"

"No," said Gould. "He *says* he was a soldier, but"—he smiled—"I have heard he was an executioner."

"Really!" exclaimed Miss Gregory. "How exciting! Still, he might call himself a surgeon, mightn't he?"

Gould nodded. "You haven't asked me which is Marcelle," he said.

"I don't need to," replied Miss Gregory placidly, going on to take mental notes of the "surgeon." She would be able to find room for him in the book she was writing, the volume of travels which was to be the justification and memorial of her wanderings. A phrase came to her ready-made, and she stored it in her memory: "He looked like any other practitioner of the unnecessary trades."

The girl whom it was not needful to point out to Miss Gregory had her seat only two places away from this practitioner. She might have been twenty years of age, a child in all but her possibilities. A child's self-possession and a child's deep reserve joined in her, and with them a fleeting hint of that beauty that had been her mother's. She had smooth brown hair and dark eyebrows, and a gravity of expression which was somehow not unbecoming or cheerless. It suggested that she was not defenseless in the strange world to which she had been transplanted, since she looked on it without mirth and without fear. She had inspected Miss Gregory, as she entered the room, with candid, serious eyes, and then looked away calmly.

"But"—Gould was insistent—"aren't you going to say anything about her?"

"Here?" questioned Miss Gregory.

"Why not? Our neighbors won't understand if you speak English."

"Well," said Miss Gregory, after thinking of it, "your Marcelle is better than you led me to expect. You ought to take her back to England."

"Oh, England!"

"'BEFORE LAWRENCE ASKED ME TO MARRY HIM, HE TOLD ME EVERYTHING'"

"Yes — England," repeated Miss Gregory. "You owe it to her. She's seen you under a cloud, with only your word to prove that you are an honest man and a gentleman. You must show her — *show* her, not merely tell her — the truth."

Lawrence Gould looked at her with rather a startled eye.

"She knows the truth," he said shortly.

"Yes; but —" began Miss Gregory, when he interrupted.

"She knows it, I tell you," he said. "Knows it better than you do."

"I never believed in your guilt, if that's what you mean," retorted Miss Gregory.

"That isn't what I mean," he said. "But — I'll tell you all that afterward. You do like Marcelle, though, don't you?"

"Yes," said Miss Gregory; "I do. A girl who looks like that after so many years in this place — of course I like her. And you really are going to be married, Lawrence?"

He smiled; it was a thing so certain that it was not necessary to be emphatic about it.

Dinner closed with coffee, Madame Blum's own superlative coffee, which added to the meal the perfection of completeness. There was a little rush to open the door for her, as if her guests were eager to honor the artist of their appetite; the duelist won, and Madame strode out, with her enigmatical smile, and the others followed at her heels. Gould detained Miss Gregory with a whisper, and made a signal to the girl. He closed the door on the heels of the last to leave, and they were alone together in a privacy of soiled plates and disordered chairs.

"Well," said Gould, and stood doubtfully looking from one to the other. "I must introduce you, though, first."

The girl gave Miss Gregory a warm hand and murmured a greeting. Away from her chair, she turned out to be small of stature, a fragile, erect little creature.

"I hope you'll get used to thinking of me as Lawrence's friend," said Miss Gregory, holding her hand still. "I've come to tell him that he must bring you to England."

Gould made a movement, but said nothing. The girl did not try to draw her hand away.

"We are not going to England," she said.

Her voice had a faint foreign accent. "Lawrence has explained to me — and we are not going."

"He hasn't explained to me," said Miss Gregory; "he said he was going to."

She let the girl go; her passivity was so unresponsive to Miss Gregory's impulses of friendship that that able lady was beginning to feel a little impatient.

"Yes," said Gould. "If I'd told you at first you wouldn't have stayed to see Marcelle. And I wanted some one to know what she was like — some one like you, Miss Gregory."

He was propped up against the edge of the table, with both hands thrust deep into his pockets and his long legs stretched out. His dark, thin face had resumed its gloom, and he was frowning at the floor. The girl went nearer to him. The long, bare room, with the débris of dinner in the middle of it and the aroma of coffee still in the air, was suddenly still, as if in waiting for what Lawrence Gould had to tell. Miss Gregory felt that something was impending, something that should put a climax on the evening and the affair. She drew back a chair and sat down.

"I wouldn't have stayed, you say," she remarked. "Why not?"

"Because," answered Gould, "you would have seen that it was no use — that I *couldn't* go back to England."

He gave her a brooding look, and paused.

"But why?" demanded Miss Gregory.

The girl touched him. "Shall *I* say why, Lawrence?" she asked. He nodded. She turned to Miss Gregory.

"It is simple," she said. "It is because he is honest now. He has always been honest with me. When that man Bishop shot himself, the people who searched his papers found much they could not understand, and they — made mistakes."

Miss Gregory stared. "They understood enough to clear Lawrence, at any rate," she said.

Marcelle shook her head. "No," she said. "For Lawrence and I knew that he was guilty."

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Miss Gregory.

"It would be easy to take what they offer," the girl went on. "Very easy! But Lawrence is an honest man. Before he asked me to marry him, he told me everything. So now — we shall not go to England, and we shall never bother you again. We are going to America, to take another name and work for ourselves; there is perhaps a place for people who are honest and will work."

She stood back, and slid an arm through that of her lover, and looked up to him with a smile. They had seen strange things and strange people in their time; they had tasted dire experience and bitter knowledge; but it was with them as with others — they loved each other and were glorified. It was a couple of minutes before Gould spoke again.

"I'm sorry, Miss Gregory," he said. "I ought to have told you before asking you to dine. I'm very sorry."

Miss Gregory was thoughtful.

"Ye-es," she said. "And when do you propose to be married?"

"This day week," he replied. "Why?"

"Because," replied Miss Gregory, "I mean to be there. You'll have to get used to me, Marcelle. I always believed Lawrence was honest, and now I know."

WHEN MAMMY'S AWAY

BY ADAM BREEDE

YALLER-BOY am sittin' in de middle o' de flo',—
Mammy she gone lef' him like she neber done befo'.
Shadows am a-creepin' an' a-peepin' thro' de do',
Animals am growlin'— growlin' 'neath de flo'.
Honey-boy he sit dah, an' he neber make a noise,
Neber eben turn his head to look fo' any toys.
Alligator, crocodile, wolf, an' prowlin' bah,
All am creepin' in de house to see jes' who am dah.
Honey-boy done hol' his bre'f an' open wide his eyes;
Eberything am growin'— growin' twice its reg'lar size.
But Honey-boy he sit dah, an' he neber make a call —
Oh, no, Mr. Honey-boy — he not skeered at all!

THE "RECALL" IN SEATTLE

HOW THE PEOPLE DISLODGED A MAYOR UNDER WHOSE ADMINISTRATION THE "VICE SYNDICATE"—GAMBLERS, SALOONKEEPERS, AND EXPLOITERS OF WOMEN—RULED A CITY

BY

BURTON J. HENDRICK

AUTHOR OF "GOVERNOR HUGHES AND THE ALBANY GANG," ETC.

THE citizens of Seattle have recently dismissed from office an unfaithful public employee — their Mayor. They have turned the Honorable Hiram Gill out of the City Hall as unceremoniously as the average business man discharges a delinquent office-boy. The governmental agency that has made possible this expeditious action is technically known as the "Recall." It is one of those newfangled devices which, in the opinion of many serious people, are overturning our most sacred institutions and substituting anarchy for the orderly social and political system that now exists. Other essential features of the approaching revolution — the Initiative, the Referendum, the Direct Primary, and the popular election of United States senators — Oregon and other States have extensively experimented with. Los Angeles and Seattle, however, are the only places that have thoroughly tested the Recall. To what extent, therefore, have these enterprising cities suffered from the new expedient?

The experience of both Los Angeles and Seattle is especially valuable because the conditions that existed there are typical of most American cities. Arthur C. Harper and Hiram Gill, the repudiated mayors, have had many predecessors in New York, Chicago, San Francisco, and other large American communities. The particular issues that led up to the Recall in both cases are also, unfortunately, commonplaces in municipal administration. Perhaps there is no feature of American civilization quite so amazing as the question upon which our city elections so frequently turn. In the last ten years, at different times, New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Seattle, Los Angeles, Pittsburgh, and Philadelphia — to name only a few — have found themselves engaged in the fiercest contests with the organized outlaws and outcasts of human society. Their history represents a harassing attempt to keep the social sediment at the bottom — to prevent it from rising to the top and submerging the machinery of government. In these cities the people whose natural habitation is the penitentiary or the workhouse have repeatedly been found in control of the municipal organization. Political parties, so called, have existed, not for the purpose of maintaining certain civic ideals, but merely as clearing-houses for commercializing the vices that, to some degree at least, seem inherently a part of city life.

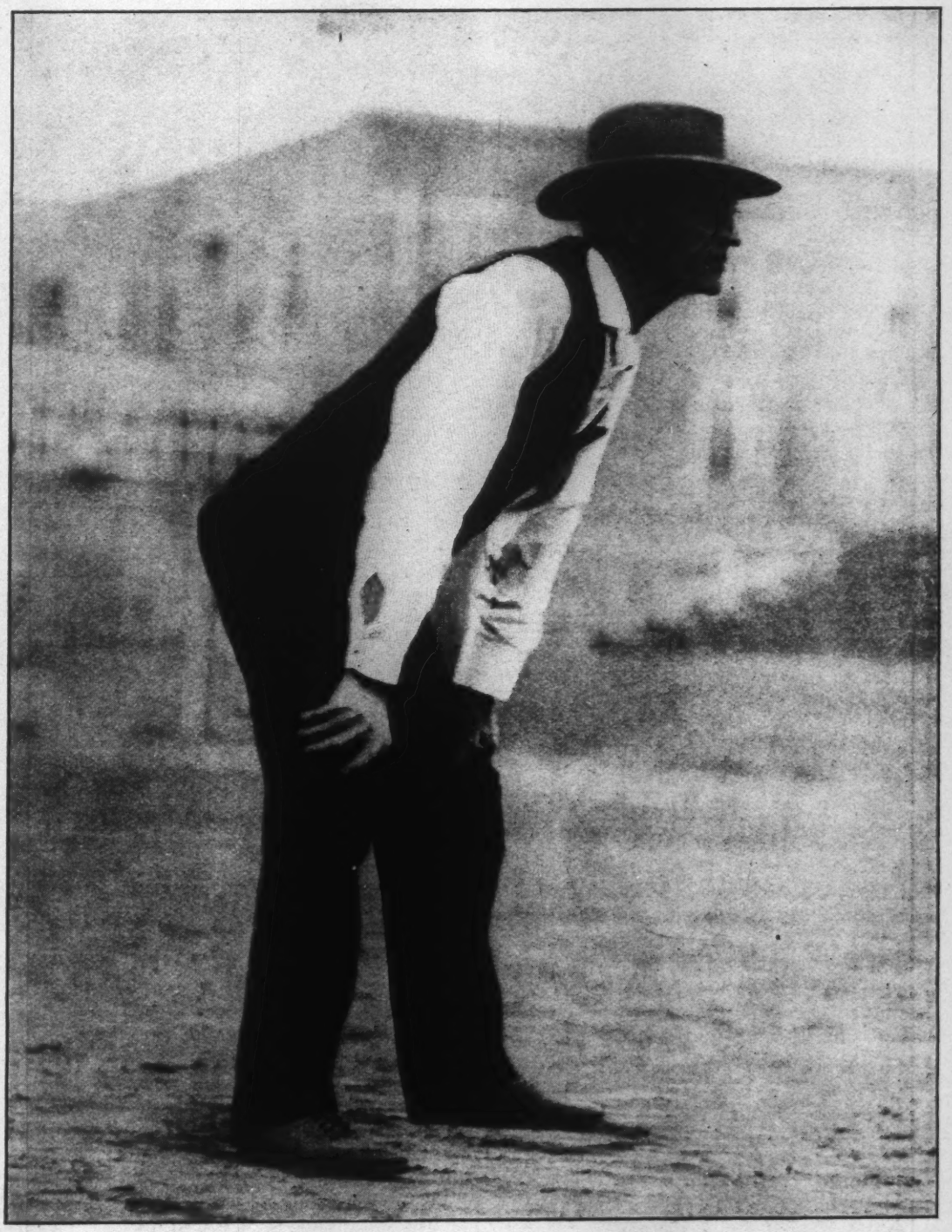
These were the elements that were largely influential in making Hiram C. Gill the Mayor of Seattle. They certainly chose unerringly when they selected Gill as their representative. For many years "Hi" Gill had been one of the familiar and picturesque characters of the town. As a local politician and as president of the Seattle Council, he had long had a claim upon the interest, if not the affection and respect, of Seattle. Gill was a lawyer of undoubted cleverness along certain lines. Coming as a young man to Seattle in its early days, he had many of the personal qualities — a freedom of speech, a talent for expressive epithet, a raciness in story-telling, a fondness for conviviality, and a love for poker — that frequently spell success in a frontier community. Personally, Gill is not an impressive figure. He is small and slender, with a pinched, triangular face, a nervous, twitching mouth, and keen but shifting blue eyes. Gill's particular insignia — the things in which he takes a special pride and with which Seattle always identifies him — are a broad-brimmed Stetson hat and a corn-cob pipe.

"I'll be just the same as now if I'm elected Mayor," he said in a campaign speech in 1910. "If Bill Taft comes to Seattle, I'll wash my face and put on a dress suit. But I'll smoke a cob pipe, if I want to, as long as I teach no one else the habit." It was quite natural, perhaps, that a lawyer of this easy informality should have attracted many clients from the *disjecta membra* of society. "Hi" Gill has made no secret of the fact that his clientèle included a fair proportion of gamblers, prostitutes, and professional exploiters of vice. According to the numerous anecdotes told in Seattle concerning him, he has always shown a particular solicitude for gamblers. Once, when presiding over the City Council, he created a scandal by dropping his gavel, leaving the chamber, and hunting up bail for gamblers who had fallen into the hands of the police.

Gill Advocates a "Restricted District"

When Hiram Gill announced his candidacy for Mayor in 1910, these vicious elements unanimously rushed to his support. Whatever personal failings Gill may have had, he was at least outspoken and direct. His political platform frankly advocated a policy which amounted virtually to the official licensing of vice. Among Seattle characters, the man whom Gill admired above all others was Tom Humes, who had been Mayor from 1898 to 1904. It was Humes who, for the first time, showed the Pacific Northwest, not inexperienced in matters of this kind, precisely what an open town was like. In all large cities the most vexatious problem is the handling of prostitution and its attendant evils; but in Seattle this problem is especially difficult. The city is brand-new; its population has grown, in fifteen years, from fifty thousand to two hundred and fifty thousand. In many vacant lots the burnt stumps of the original forest are still standing; people, within the last five years, have caught trout in the brooks that flowed across its residential streets. In other words, in spite of the fact that Seattle is a great modern metropolis, with spacious parks, splendid office buildings and hotels, and beautiful residential areas, it is still a city in a wilderness. A frontier town inevitably attracts a wild and undisciplined population, and, in addition, Seattle is the gateway of Alaska. At certain times of the year the city is overrun with sailors, miners, and loggers, all plentifully supplied with money and eagerly on the scent for the crudest forms of dissipation. The Humes administration accepted this situation as a fact, and set aside a particular part of the city as a "restricted district." One of the inevitable results was to stimulate the growth of these particular evils. Under a policy of municipal cultivation, Seattle added to its already numerous industries the production, on a large scale, of gamblers, thieves, prostitutes, and "maques." "Maque," it may be explained, is the word (from the French *maquereau*) applied on the Pacific Coast to the man who makes a business of seducing girls, initiating them into lives of prostitution, and then appropriating their earnings. Thus there arose in Seattle a small coterie of tenderloin capitalists — men who cultivated vice intensively and organized it in the way to wring from it the largest profits. The Federal Immigration Commission, in its recent report, said that Seattle was one of the headquarters of the white slave trade.

The voters had periodically protested against this "restricted district" idea; they elected Richard A. Ballinger, ex-Secretary of the Interior in President Taft's Cabinet, as a reform Mayor in 1904, and Mr. Ballinger materially improved conditions. But under Ballinger's successor, William Hickman Moore, things "opened up" once more, only to close again under John F. Miller, who was Mayor from 1908 to 1910. Gill now came forward, more boldly than any of his predecessors, as an advocate of segregation. He repeatedly declared that, if elected Mayor, he would at once establish an open market-place of prostitution. "Somewhere in this city," he said, "occupying about a hundredth of one per cent of its area, these unfortunates, whose lives are gone, most of them beyond recall, will go. They will go out of the resident districts and the apartment-houses and hotels of this city. They will stay out." His arguments had a certain plausibility. They were the old familiar ones. Unless there was a restricted area, said Gill, all parts of the city would swarm with vicious women. Would it not be wiser to quarantine them, like an infectious disease, so that they might contaminate only the people who voluntarily put themselves in the way of danger? The protection of the home, of young boys and girls — this was the real object of segregation. This theory, which has been experimented with many times, is, of course, utterly fallacious — as fallacious as Lecky's famous picture of the courtezan as the beneficent "guardian of virtue." But the forces back of Hiram Gill did not approach the problem from the standpoint of social philosophers. The people most interested in his election were grafting politicians and professional exploiters of vice. A segregated district enormously simplifies the operation of both these classes. It makes it far easier for the professional politician to levy blackmail; it is obviously easier to shear a flock of sheep in a corral than when they are scattered on the



"HI" GILL, THE "RECALLED" MAYOR OF SEATTLE, UMPIRING A BASEBALL GAME

Courtesy of Wills-Vreeland Studio, Seattle, Washington

GEORGE W. DILLING, ELECTED MAYOR IN PLACE OF GILL. A REMARKABLE CHANGE IN CONDITIONS FOLLOWED HIS ELECTION

open hillsides. It simplifies the routine of the professional dealer because it makes him the concessionaire of vice — gives him almost a legal standing and protects him against the continual harassment of the police.

Banks and Public-Utility Corporations for Gill

Other influences also supported Gill. In every great municipal contest almost identically the same elements can be found fighting for and against civic order and decency. There are usually ranged upon one side the panders, the gamblers, the race-track touts, and the other professionally vicious classes; and, in their company, the bankers, the large business interests, the public-utility corporations, and frequently individuals of wealth and fashion. Against them usually stand the *bourgeoisie* — the prosperous middle-class business man, the mechanic, the bookkeeper, and the clerk; the churches, the men's clubs, and certain civic organizations. Those who have a direct pecuniary interest in the result, that is, are usually arrayed against those whose only interest arises from a natural inclination toward respectability. Fortunately, the second class outnumbers the first, and, whenever thoroughly aroused, usually comes out victorious. In the case of "Hi" Gill, however, the people were not aroused. Seattle had just passed through an exhausting Exposition, and her civic spirit had evidently reached a condition where it needed a rest. Moral conditions under the Miller administration, in which the segregated district had been nominally closed, were far from satisfactory, and there was a general disposition to let "Hi" Gill try out his ideas. Even one of the best-known clergymen in Seattle, in a Sunday sermon, preached in favor of restriction. The breeziness of Gill's campaign also attracted many light-hearted voters. "I want the bands to play in Seattle," said Gill on the stump. "I want them to play on Sunday. I want the people to sit on the grass in the parks and eat it." "What Seattle needs," he said on another occasion, "is a Mayor who will get a Chief of Police to handle the restricted district, who will back the Chief up when the delegations of citizens call and protest —one who will stand by the Chief of Police; and I'm the bird." The people of Seattle evidently decided that he was. By a small majority, on March 7, 1910, they voted for cakes and ale.

The Great Migration to Seattle

And they certainly got them. All the disintegrating elements in Seattle society acclaimed Gill's victory as their own. All through the night of the election and far into the early hours of the morning, the streets and cafés and hotels were filled with drunken men and women, wildly celebrating the arrival of the wide-open town. They sent telegrams to the brotherhood and sisterhood in nearly all the largest American cities, notifying them that the Seattle harvest-time had arrived. Gill gave the only additional assurance needed when he selected Charles W. Wappenstein as his Chief of Police. "Wappy," as the under-world affectionately called him, had already figured in several municipal scandals, and, as Chief of Police, he had already caused the downfall of one Seattle administration. His appointment was the signal for a sinister migration of undesirables from all over the country. Each arriving train brought its quota of gamblers from El Paso and Kansas City; prostitutes came from New Orleans and Chicago; pink-cuffed procurers, or "maques," crap-shooters, hand-book men, race-track followers — there was a large immigration of the whole miscellaneous assortment of men and women who make their living by commercializing the lowest instincts of human nature. All nations were represented: there were Jewesses, Frenchwomen, and importations even from China and Japan. According to conservative estimates, not far from two thousand characters of this kind were added to the population of Seattle in a few weeks. "Every gambler from Nome to Texas who could get a ticket," said Mayor Gill himself, in an official communication to the Seattle Council, "came to Seattle and proceeded to open up."

Manifestly, even those who voted for Gill mistakenly but sincerely, believing in the policy of restriction, had anticipated nothing of this kind. This was hardly a literal fulfilment of the Mayor's preëlection promises. He had agreed to herd all the vicious elements in a few city blocks and keep them there. This was precisely what he was not doing. The limits of the restricted district, under the Wappenstein régime, were the limits of Seattle itself. The new Chief drove only a small proportion of this population into the licensed area. For the most part, the established population still plied their vocations in the business and residential sections. The streets, the cafés, even the better class of hotels, were still crowded with prostitutes. The old conditions were as prevalent as before, and the segregated area was populated chiefly by new arrivals. This area consisted of perhaps ten or a dozen blocks, located between the business section and a large and growing residential district in the southern part of the city. Thousands of inno-

PRESENTING THE CITIZENS' PETITION

cent women and children had to pass daily through "the district" on their way from the business section to their homes. They could not avoid coming into contact with vice in its most repellent forms. The place was open twenty-four hours a day and seven days a week. From scores of rookeries came the strains of the hurdy-gurdy and the strumming of the cracked piano; the streets were filled with "barkers" distributing cards and enticing the curious crowds within; dance-halls, bagnios, "crib houses," opium dens, "noodle joints" were running, not in some sequestered, darkened corner, but openly advertised in the full glare of the electric light. The district was full of thieves and pickpockets, and was the constant scene of robberies and brawls.

From Thirty to Forty Wide-Open Gambling-Places

Nor were these the only forms of dissipation that Seattle officially provided. In twenty-four hours the city seemed to have been transformed almost magically into one great gambling hell. All kinds of "games" simultaneously started up, in full view of the public. Cigar stores and barber shops did a live business in "crap-shooting" and race-track gambling, drawing their patronage largely from school-boys and department-store girls. In the back of billiard-rooms "poker games" were operating as openly as in a mining town. All over the city "flat joints," "pay-off stations," and "dart-shooting galleries" were reaping a rapid harvest. At one time it looked as if the whole of Seattle were going mad over faro, roulette, blackjack, and the numerous other forms of entertainment provided in the thirty or forty gambling-places opened up under the administration of "Hi" Gill. The Chinamen and Japanese, of whom there is a large population in Seattle, found their national gambling games exceedingly popular with their Caucasian neighbors. The town was overrun with "Johnnies," "kids," "Crooked Finger Ryans," and other ingeniously named deities of the world of chance. There were regularly incorporated clubs — the "Glim Club," the "Union," the "Northern Club" — which were merely euphemisms for gigantic gambling-houses.

ASKING FOR THE "RECALL" OF MAYOR GILL

The Northern Club, in particular, became one of the greatest spectacles of the Pacific Northwest. According to the testimony of gambling experts, no American city had ever seen anything comparable with it. The most hardened "sports," after a glimpse at its openly exhibited wonders, would telegraph to their "pals" to come to Seattle and inspect it merely as a curiosity. In order not to lose any possible patronage, the Northern Club ran twenty-four hours a day (including Sunday), utilizing the services of three "shifts" of employees. At the door "barkers" were regularly stationed; "Gambling upstairs, gentlemen," they would call out to the passing crowds. There were "cappers" located at convenient points, who made a specialty of teaching high-school boys how to "beat the game" inside — instruction which, as these young gentlemen subsequently learned, was entirely misleading. Respected and prosperous business men frequently found their sons in possession of "membership" cards giving them the entrée to this institution. In the main, however, introductions were not required. A few days after the club opened, a self-appointed committee of Seattle lawyers, curious to learn how Gill was redeeming his pledge, "made the rounds." They found the Northern Club filled to suffocation with two or three hundred of their fellow citizens, and from sixty to eighty attendants were solicitously providing for their needs. Everywhere the wheels were clicking and the bones were rolling; and a particularly impressive sight was a heavily gold-braided police captain who benignantly elbowed his way in and out of the throng. There were other circumstances that connected this institution, sentimentally at least, with the administration. One of its two managers was Clarence Gerald, keeper of the restaurant where the Mayor's lunch club had met for several years.

Wappenstein Personally Supervised the Opening of the District

The shame of the situation was not so much that these conditions existed, as that they existed with the connivance, and even the protection, of the police. On this point there is not the slightest doubt. The people of Seattle at

NEWLY ENFRANCHISED WOMEN REGISTERING. ABOUT TWENTY-TWO THOUSAND WOMEN BECAME VOTERS FOR THE FIRST TIME AT THE "RECALL" ELECTION

once nicknamed the restricted section "Wappyville," in honor of their Chief of Police, Wappenstein, or "Wappy." This ready humor placed the responsibility exactly where it belonged. Wappenstein supervised the opening of the district, and kept a close personal watch over it. The chief concessionaires of law-breaking, under the Wappenstein régime, were Clarence Gerald and Gideon Tupper. These two men, on the witness-stand, have recently described Wappenstein's method of procedure. Gerald said that, on the very day of Gill's election, he and Wappenstein had entered into confidential relations. "There will be a chance for us all to make some money," he quoted Wappenstein as saying. Gideon Tupper, the manager of the most atrocious dives in the restricted district, testified that he had opened them under the personal direction of the Chief of Police. On the day that Wappenstein assumed office the two conspirators had met at Gerald's bar-room. Wappenstein commanded Tupper to "get" the "Midway" — the largest "crib house" in Seattle — and "open up." A few days later Wappenstein sent for Tupper and practically ordered him to open the "Paris House," another place of similar character. Tupper had some difficulty in negotiating the lease, the owner not regarding him as entirely "responsible." Wappenstein himself quieted apprehension on this score, calling up the landlord and informing him that Tupper was "all right." It is certainly a singular picture that this testimony furnishes: that of a Chief of Police, a man solemnly sworn to enforce the laws, going around the red-light district and reëstablishing brothels, "crib houses," and the other abodes of the outlaws whom he was especially appointed to suppress. Under Wappenstein there were plenty of honest officers eager to enforce the law. Several have testified, under oath, that they had had specific orders from the Chief to leave certain places alone. Some who showed insubordinate zeal were promptly "sent up on the hill" — degraded and transferred to sections where they could do no harm. Captain Claude Bannick testified that when he protested against conditions to Wappenstein, he was told that "if he didn't like his job he could quit."

Profits in the Restricted District

Conditions of this kind, of course, have only one possible meaning. The real explanation of

the restricted district was the enormous financial interest involved. Not everybody realizes how profitable is the business of catering to the average man's love of excitement and dissipation. The Northern Club, Seattle's great gambling emporium, ran for fifty-four days, and the earnings are estimated at $200,000. The financial rewards of the professional exploiter of prostitution are also enormous. The Midway, one of the largest brothels in the restricted district, netted its proprietors from $10,000 to $12,000 a month. In Seattle the popular method is to place prostitutes in so-called "crib houses" — hideous rookeries, divided into a multitude of small rooms, which they rent by the day or week. By an ingenious financial arrangement, the proprietor of these places obtains a revenue of $6 a night from every tenant. On a conservative basis, there were about five hundred women in the restricted section alone. A little figuring shows that these wretched creatures provided somebody with an income of $3,000 a night, or $21,000 a week — for the places ran Sundays as well as week-days. And this represents the possible profits from only one source, a particularly low type of dive, and does not include the resorts of a "higher" and more expensive kind, or the profits from the several forms of gambling.

Wappenstein's Tariff of $10 a Month

Just what individuals were dividing up this swag is not yet entirely clear. The best public opinion in Seattle acquits "Hi" Gill of participating in it. In selecting Wappenstein, it appears that Gill was not entirely a free agent; and in the management of the Police Department the Mayor seems to have been really an "outsider." Unquestionably, the whole Seattle situation did get entirely beyond the nominal Mayor's control. One of the most dominant political figures in Seattle is Alden Joseph Blethen, the proprietor and editor of the Seattle *Times*. Blethen supported Gill's administration in his paper, and in particular approved Wappenstein's policy in the segregated area. At present Blethen and his son, Clarence B. Blethen, managing editor of the Seattle *Times*, are under indictments on a charge of conspiring with Wappenstein and certain notorious members of the Seattle under-world to protect gambling, houses of prostitution, and other illegal resorts. Blethen, according to general reputation, is a man of considerable wealth, and that he should have personally profited from Seattle conditions seems incredible. While the pending criminal proceedings against Blethen will determine whether there

WOMEN VOTING AT THE "RECALL" ELECTION; THEY LARGELY INFLUENCED THE RETIREMENT OF GILL

CHARLES BERRYMAN, ONE OF THE REAL RULERS OF SEATTLE UNDER MAYOR GILL

is any justification in these suspicions, and to what extent, if at all, he became involved, the fact is already evident that he was the confidential adviser as well as journalistic advocate of Wappenstein. And a Seattle jury has just branded Wappenstein as a grafter and a blackmailer. It was William J. Burns who secured the confessions from Gerald and Tupper that led to Wappenstein's conviction. Part of the evidence collected by Detective Burns was recently presented in the criminal proceedings against Wappenstein. Both Tupper and Gerald (partners) testified that they had paid Wappenstein ten dollars a month for every prostitute in their employ. As they had nearly a hundred, this meant a monthly tribute of a thousand dollars.

Q. What further, if anything, did Wappenstein say as to arrangements with him?

A. (By Gideon Tupper.) Well, he agreed on my paying him ten dollars a woman. . . . It was monthly.

Q. Monthly? In pursuance of that arrangement, Mr. Tupper, did you make any settlements with Mr. Wappenstein, then Chief of Police?

A. Why, the first payment I made was along, I think, about the first of May [of one thousand dollars]. . . . I made the same payments every month.

Q. And where did you pay Mr. Wappenstein this money?

A. In his office.

These payments, of course, represented Wappenstein's collections from only one firm of dive-keepers. The Chief, according to the testimony against him, had the business systematized, and made use of the Police Department to check up the people on whom he was levying blackmail. His men periodically visited the restricted district, counted the number of women in each resort, and submitted typewritten reports to the Chief of Police. When his concessionaires came to police headquarters, therefore, to make their monthly settlements, Wappenstein could tell to a dollar whether he was being "double-crossed." The court has just sentenced Wappenstein to an indeterminate sentence of from three to ten years. There are many other similar indictments pending against him.

A New Form of Municipal Franchise

Naturally, these conditions aroused the anger of Seattle against Gill. But the Mayor seemed entirely proof against public sentiment. He treated with the scantest courtesy delegations of protesting citizens. He paid no attention to the repeated requests that he remove Wappenstein and clear the city of promiscuous vice. He did not even acknowledge letters addressed to him by responsible citizen organizations. Instead of taking steps to crush these evils, Gill attempted to establish them permanently. The present district, he said, was temporary — a makeshift; and the Mayor and his associates in the Council deliberately set themselves to relocate it. And now the city of Seattle became officially the sponsor for what is probably the most remarkable enterprise in the history of any modern municipality. There was formed a corporation known as the "Hillside Improvement Company," the leading spirits in which were Gerald, Tupper, and other great captains of the under-world. There was no secret as to the nature of its proposed business. The company purchased several acres of land in an outlying section, in the neighborhood of a large brewery. Here, under the protection of the Gill administration, was to be established the new restricted district. The corporation actually built, at considerable expense, a huge "crib house" containing two hundred and fifty rooms. It so happened that, in order to facilitate building operations, the architects encroached eighty feet upon the public street — in fact, occupied nearly the whole highway. The Seattle Council did not hesitate; it passed an ordinance giving the Hillside Improvement Company a fifteen-year lease of this street. "Hi" Gill signed this lease. Many

American cities have voted away their streets to gas companies, electric-light lines, and street railways; but Seattle is the first, so far as the present writer knows, that ever granted a franchise to a public thoroughfare for the erection of a huge brothel. Stock in this enterprise was openly peddled around Seattle, and it was generally regarded as an excellent investment. And, indeed, from a strictly commercial standpoint, it would have been; a conservative estimate placed the reasonable profits of this one building alone at five hundred thousand dollars a year. This enormous structure stands there to-day at the foot of the hill, cheerless, dark, untenanted, in full view of arriving visitors — a monument to the leading ideas of the Gill administration.

ALDEN JOSEPH BLETHEN, EDITOR OF THE SEATTLE "TIMES," UNDER INDICTMENT ON A CHARGE OF CONSPIRING TO PROTECT GAMBLING AND ILLEGAL RESORTS

The "Recall" Petition Starts

For, before it could be opened, certain things had happened. A Public Welfare League had been organized, and had obtained injunctions closing up the old restricted district and forbidding the opening of the new one. And now a small army of volunteers began calling at the homes and offices and business establishments of Seattle, requesting signatures to a certain interesting paper. This document was called "A Petition for the Recall of Mayor Hiram C. Gill," specifying in detail the reasons for this drastic step. Seattle was taking a leaf from the experience of Los Angeles. It was in this California city that the American use of the Recall had its first trial. It was inserted in the charter of 1902, through the effort of Dr. John R.

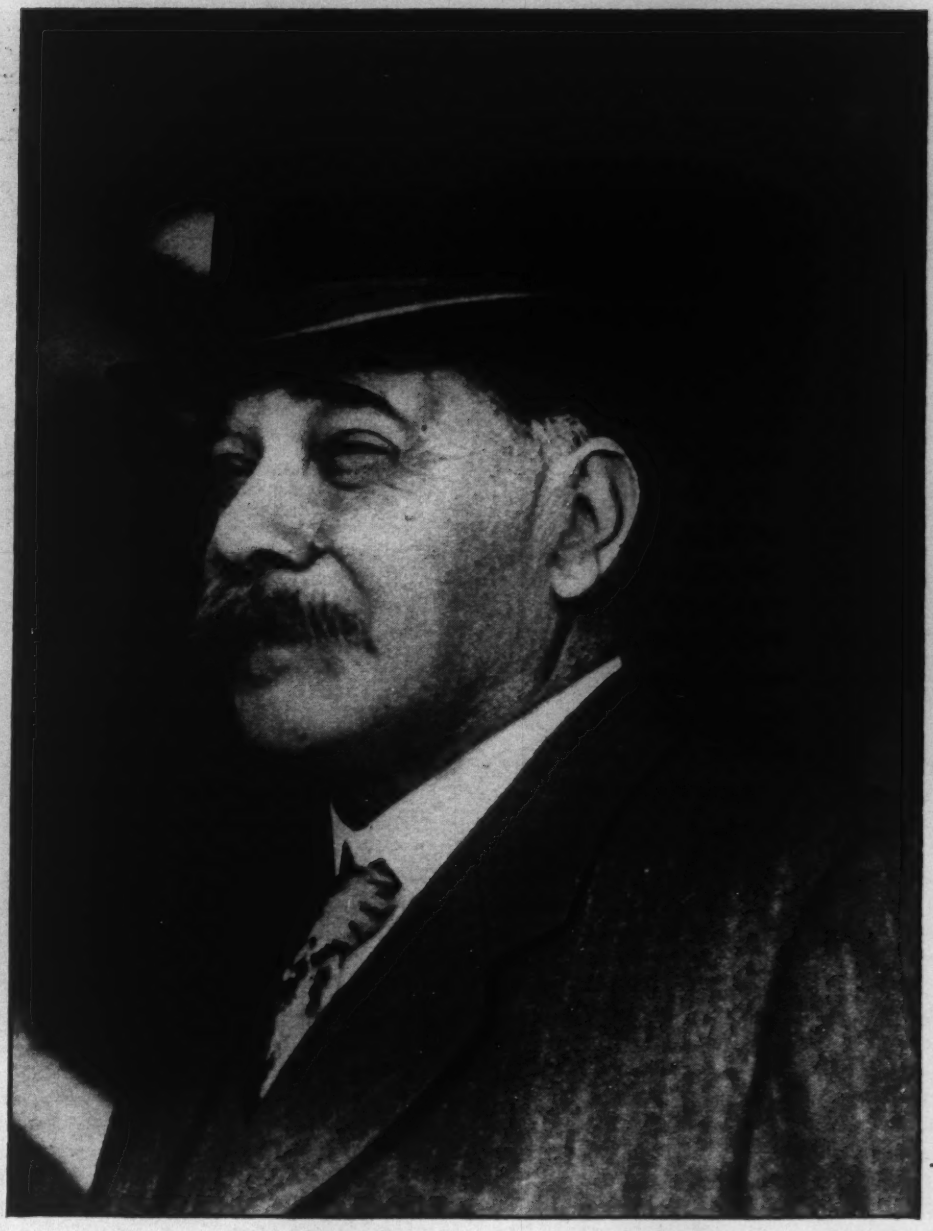
Haynes — a tireless and effective worker for civic reform, whose labors in behalf of this pet measure have caused him to be affectionately known in Los Angeles as "Recall John." In 1909 Los Angeles had suffered from maladministration not unlike that which afterward overwhelmed Seattle. The chief difficulty was the same — the official encouragement and protection of vice. Conditions finally became so unbearable that the electorate resorted to the Recall to get rid of the Mayor, A. C. Harper, who was chiefly responsible for them. In this, the first use of the Recall ever made on a large scale in this country, the issue did not come to a vote, for Mayor Harper resigned rather than face the ordeal. The device served its purpose, however, since it relieved Los Angeles of a bad Mayor and gave it, in his place, a good one.

In 1906 Seattle followed the example of Los Angeles and inserted in its charter a provision for the Recall. According to its terms, any elective officer could be removed, at any time, by a plurality vote. The machinery provided was simple: whenever twenty-five per cent of the voters petitioned for the Recall of an elective officer, the law directed that a special election should be held. At this election the name of the officer in question was to go upon the ticket unless he himself refused to stand. Other candidates could be named, as in an ordinary campaign. The Recall election, according to this program, was to take place not earlier than forty and not later than fifty days after the filing of this petition. If the existing incumbent received a plurality of the votes cast, he was to be regarded as having been "vindicated" and was to retain his office: in other words, he was not "recalled." If, on the other hand, one of his opponents received a plurality, this successful candidate was to succeed him at once in the Mayor's office.

This method of cleaning up an administration, which now prevails upon the Pacific Coast, has many critics. In the opinion of many people, it leads to political instability. Few ambitious men will care to accept public office, it is urged, with the threat of Recall perpetually hanging over them. This criticism assumes, of course, that the voters are fickle — that they will be eager to throw out of office one day the man whom they elected the day before. Up to date, however, actual experience has not sustained this contention. Los Angeles has had the Recall for nearly ten years, and has used it only twice — once against Mayor Harper and once against a councilman. Since 1907 many elective officers in the State of Oregon, including those of counties and municipalities, have been subject to recall — but none has been recalled. Much of the opposition to the Recall idea is undoubtedly caused by the fact that, in nearly all places where it has been introduced, it has been made applicable to the judiciary. Clearly, the recall of judges is quite a different question from the recall of executive officers. There is no justification for making judges subject to the will of the majority; for, by the very nature of constitutional government, they are set apart specifically to protect the minority against the majority. One would imagine, however, from current discussions, that a considerable number of our Western States were giving up the larger part of their time to recalling judges. As a matter of fact, no judge, not even a petty judge, has ever been dismissed from office by a Recall election — though the provocation for its exercise, especially on the Pacific Coast, has undoubtedly been marked in particular cases. In these instances, as in the few applications of the Recall to executive offices, the people have shown remarkable conservatism and self-restraint.

Difficult to Get "Recall" Signatures

Even when the faithlessness of a Mayor had been so clearly demonstrated as in the case of Hiram Gill, the people showed remarkable reluctance in making use of the Recall. Here was a man who had delivered the city of Seattle over to exploitation by the city's most vicious elements; yet the people hesitated about disgracing him in this open fashion. The Public Welfare League began circulating its petitions October 8, and, although its volunteers worked diligently, they did not obtain the ten thousand names required until December 20 — nearly three months afterward. Signing a petition for a Recall election is quite a different matter from casting a ballot. One goes upon record publicly against an influential group of politicians and business interests. In any event, one is likely to make powerful enemies, and, if the Recall fails, as may not infrequently happen, the result upon one's personal fortunes may be disastrous. The men and women who were soliciting signatures against Hiram Gill met these influences constantly. The gang, of course, aggressively supported Gill's side; the great inert mass of partizan voters had no sympathy with the movement; the liquor interests, "big business," the banks, the public-utility corporations, were all actively opposing it. Many leading merchants did not favor the proceeding, because it was advertising Seattle unfavorably and thereby "hurting business." Citizens even remotely dependent upon these interests — and they formed a considerable part of the population — were afraid to



CHARLES W. WAPPENSTEIN, SEATTLE'S CHIEF OF POLICE UNDER GILL. HE MADE SEATTLE A NATIONAL RENDEZVOUS FOR THE OUTLAWS AND OUTCASTS OF SOCIETY. HE HAS JUST BEEN CONVICTED OF GRAFTING, AND SENTENCED TO FROM THREE TO TEN YEARS IN THE PENITENTIARY

sign the petitions. "I'd like a chance to vote against 'Hi' Gill, because I can do that secretly; but I mustn't sign anything" — statements like this represented the attitude of thousands of citizens. Few city employees dared to put down their names, although a considerable number of unusually courageous policemen did not hesitate to do so. One of the assistant postmasters advised his subordinates — not threateningly, but out of real solicitude for their future — not to sign the petition. There were also many voters who refused to indorse the movement on principle; they did not believe in the Recall, and thought that Gill should serve out his term. Others, more cynical, declared that the Mayor, in giving the city the wide-open town which he had promised, was only redeeming his pledges, and that the Recall advocates were merely "squealers." This latter argument was obviously absurd — for certainly even

those who voted for Gill and the restricted district had hardly bargained for the conditions that followed his election.

As the agitation proceeded, however, Seattle became more and more aroused. Gill's behavior continued to fan the public excitement. In the early part of September, when the wide-openness of the town had reached its completest glory, Gill took a two weeks' vacation in Alaska. He became a guest on a yacht owned by certain individuals who would have considerably profited from the opening of the new restricted area. Afterward, in his campaign speeches, Gill referred sorrowfully to his "fateful cruise on the boozy boat"; and it certainly was a tactical mistake. The chairman of the Council, Max Wardall, who became acting Mayor, proceeded to investigate and to clean up the town. Wardall even removed Wappenstein from office; but Gill, hurriedly returning from his vacation, at once reinstated his Chief of Police. The Council then began an official investigation — an investigation which, while it produced no actual evidence of graft, as Detective Burns did afterward, succeeded in showing highly suspicious relations between the Police Department and the vicious classes. These proceedings tremendously stimulated the Recall movement; and all the respectable forces joined hands in the contest. The Seattle *Times* was daily ridiculing and abusing the entire proceeding, but the vigorous and intelligent support of the *Post-Intelligencer* and the Seattle *Star* more than counterbalanced its influence.

The anti-Gill agitation was now thoroughly organized. All over the city, volunteers, under the direction of the Public Welfare League, were circulating petitions. The city was divided into wards, each ward with its captain, under whose orders the canvassers worked. At one time nearly four hundred men and women, the larger number unpaid volunteers, were engaged in the canvass. All over town, in office buildings, stores, and private residences, were posted placards: "Recall Mayor Gill — Sign Recall Petition Here." Labor unions, men's clubs, and the Y. M. C. A. transformed their headquarters into stations where petitions could be signed; even several of the large department-stores displayed the petitions on their counters. The churches took a foremost part in the work. Ministers preached sermons advocating the Recall, and mentioned it constantly in their prayers. On certain Sundays, among the regular announcements, they would inform the congregation that, at the end of the service, an opportunity would be furnished to go on record against Gill. When the members of the congregation filed out they were met by canvassers who had taken up their stations at the church door, and who urged them to sign. In this way hundreds of signatures were obtained. Visitors to Seattle during November and December of 1910, indeed, would have had many opportunities of learning that there were other elements in its citizenship than those which were represented by the restricted district and the City Hall — that the community had awakened, had determined to clean house and administer suitable discipline to those who had betrayed its real interests. This feeling found its appropriate expression, one day in the latter part of December, when half a dozen men, led by William T. McKenney, secretary of the Public Welfare League, went up to the Controller's office and deposited an armful of legal papers. This was the petition, signed by 10,701 male voters, demanding, under the terms of the Seattle charter, an election to decide whether Hiram C. Gill should retain his office as Mayor.

The several forces opposed to Gill selected, as their candidate, Mr. George W. Dilling, a prominent real-estate man. Dilling had served one term creditably in the Washington legislature, and enjoyed an excellent reputation for business honor and clean living. He had figured little in politics, had aroused no political antagonisms, and thus was an excellent candidate, about whom all the enemies of the Gill ideas could rally. The campaign that followed lasted only about thirty days.

Women Take Part in the Campaign

Since Hiram Gill's election in March, 1910, one far-reaching change had taken place in the political situation in Seattle. In the November election of 1910 the voters had adopted a constitutional amendment giving the franchise to women. The Recall election, therefore, furnished the State of Washington its first opportunity of testing the workings of this experiment. Naturally, this election presented an issue that made a powerful appeal to women voters. Protecting the home, eliminating the vices from which women are the greatest sufferers — here certainly were questions that should arouse their sympathies and interest. The politicians who supported Gill, realizing this, made all possible efforts to have the Recall election take place before the women could legally qualify to vote. In this, of course, they did not succeed. Many of the strongest and most intelligent men in Seattle had worked hard in the woman's suffrage movement, and now they called upon the women

HIRAM C. GILL, THE MAYOR WHOM SEATTLE "RECALLED"

to join hands in the campaign and justify their support.

At first the women were a little slow. Political activity, after all, was something new and strange. The leaders among the women, however, showed an admirable spirit, and, under the tutelage of experienced campaigners, they rapidly acquired the essential technique. Largely attended public meetings for women were held in which formal lectures were given on the details of registration and balloting, illustrated by blackboard demonstrations. Hardly had the Dilling Campaign Committee begun work when appeals began to come in from women's clubs, always with the same question: "What can we do to help?" As a result, a Woman's Dilling Campaign headquarters was opened next door to a similar headquarters for the men. These two organizations, working side by side for the same result, and working in the utmost harmony, certainly seemed to indicate that a new political era had arrived. To the women constantly applying for advice the men had a single word: "Get out and hustle! Get your women in to register! Cover the whole town systematically, and wherever you find a woman old enough to vote, get her name down on the books."

Interest of Workingwomen and Department-Store Girls

And now, all over Seattle there was a perceptible swishing of skirts. The women workers penetrated everywhere. Their campaign committee divided the city into districts and assigned districts to stipulated "workers." They made house-to-house canvasses, dragged forth the frequently reluctant mothers and daughters of Seattle, and personally conducted them to the registration booths. A large number, perhaps a majority of Seattle women, were either hostile to the franchise or had no particular interest in it, and little less than a kidnapping expedition could compel them to perform their new civic duties. Automobiles and miscellaneous conveyances, however, were constantly arriving at the registration headquarters, in charge of certain strong-minded leaders. Whatever theoretic views the opponents may have had of equal suffrage, this was clearly the time to lay them aside. "If you never vote again in your lives, vote now against Hi Gill and the exploitation of women." This was the campaign cry. The telephones of the laggards were constantly jangling. "Have you registered yet?" "No, I haven't, but George says that

I ought to. But I don't believe in women voting — what do you think?" There was little difficulty in persuading women of this type. Nor was it difficult to reach workingwomen and department-store girls. There was something particularly significant and pathetic about the eagerness that these classes manifested in the anti-Gill campaign. Evidently they knew, from their own personal ordeals, where were the largest recruiting-fields for the restricted area, and they needed no automobiles to conduct them to the registration stations. Nor, in the main, did the wives of workingmen and small-salaried clerks. With the apartment-house and the bridge-whist types, however, persuasion was not so easy. Many of these women had cynical ideas about the inevitability of certain features of city life. "Society," indeed, contributed little to the purgation of Seattle. The women, in their sympathies, followed very much the same lines as the men. The wives of the wealthier classes, to whom vice seemed more or less of a vulgar detail with which decent people ought not to besmirch themselves, favored Gill, as did their husbands; women, however, such as those found in the university section, and the wives of professional and business men of moderate means, as well as the women of the working classes, strongly favored Dilling.

"Red-Light" Women in the Campaign

And when the Gill forces saw that the Dilling committees were pressing women into service, they proceeded to follow their example. They handled their women allies in much the same way as Tammany Hall in New York herds its miscellaneous crowds of vagrants on election day. The "red-light" leaders (the "maques") brought to the registration booths automobiles filled with prostitutes. Many were aliens, particularly the Frenchwomen, and few of the others had lived in Seattle long enough to acquire a voting residence. Like Tammany Hall, however, their leaders did not hesitate to register them. And just as Tammany imports trainloads of tramps and loafers from Philadelphia and other towns and "colonizes" them on the Bowery, so the Seattle "red-light" captains brought dissolute women from Tacoma, Portland, Vancouver, and installed them in the lodging-houses of the restricted district.

A Plain-Speaking Campaign

The whole campaign was especially notable for its wholesome plain speaking. The voters, men and women, had an exceedingly ugly situation to face, and they faced it without prudery. Certain progressive philosophers believe that many social evils could be mitigated if their existence were not so persistently ignored by decent people; and certainly the anti-Gill campaigners acted on this idea. Every boy and girl who followed the open discussion received a liberal education in the practical consequences of vice. Public meetings largely attended by both men and women dealt plainly with the restricted district in all its phases. Especially notable was the woman's mass meeting held in the Grand Opera House. *In reality*, there were three simultaneous gatherings; for so many women turned out that "overflows" were held in the Seattle Theatre and in the street. These assemblages represented all that was best in Seattle's womanhood; there were white-haired women, young matrons, unmarried girls — and all were voters! In addition to discourses on the several political aspects of the situation, well-known physicians gave information on "vice and disease."

Against odds of this kind Mayor Gill had difficulty in making headway. His supporters, numerous and strong, worked almost entirely in the dark; only two speakers took the stump in his favor — and one of them was a woman. Gill's own speeches consisted chiefly in vilifying his opponents. On the public platform he referred to them as "dogs," "pups," "skunks," "a bunch of magpies," and "a lot of ringtails." One distinguished political enemy was a "human rat," and a well-known local clergyman was "another tramp." "Happy Hooligan" and a "senile old dude" were other epithets generously sprinkled through his speeches. His opponent, Mr. Dilling, said Mayor Gill, "hadn't got the brains of an underfed microbe." One of Seattle's millionaires he publicly described as "a tightwad by comparison with which the bark on a tree appears like the loosest Mother Hubbard gown." Before one of his largest audiences Gill cautioned a man who had interrupted with a question "not to go out and throw a shot of booze into himself." Arguments presented by his opponents he characterized as "bull con."

Women at the Polls

On election day the most picturesque figures were the women watchers stationed at the polls. They handed out cards to all comers: "Vote for Dilling and decency." Almost twenty-two thousand women voted,— perhaps half the number of eligibles,— against almost thirty-six thousand men. A large majority of these women unquestionably voted for Dilling. There were many women, however, who cast their first ballots for Hiram Gill. All the women of the restricted district, who came up

noisily in automobiles, did this as a matter of course. But there were other automobiles from the respectable residential sections, filled with richly dressed women, ornamented with "Vote for Gill" banners. In many cases these women sat stiffly outside while their husbands went into the booths; in some cases they themselves got out and cast their ballots for the tenderloin Mayor. When the votes were counted, however, "Dilling and decency" had won by a comfortable majority. Whether Dilling would have won had it not been for the women's votes can not, of course, be decided. The fact that the largest Dilling majorities came from the wards where the increased registration was largest — the increased registration, of course, representing the new women voters — is one indication that the women voters may have been the determining factor. Irrespective of their actual votes, however, the women did remarkable service in campaigning — in holding rousing meetings and stirring up public sentiment. The directness, dignity, and lack of squeamishness with which the women met the important issues were also above all praise. The definite lesson to be drawn from this experiment in woman suffrage is that women, when they have the ballot, behave just about as men do. There is a safe majority of women who, when aroused, can be depended upon to support decent government, just as there is a safe majority of men. On the other hand, there is a minority of women who will vote for bad government, just as there is a minority of men. On the whole, however, the Seattle Recall election must be regarded as a triumph for woman's suffrage.

The Seattle Exodus

Seattle will never forget the influx of undesirables that followed Mayor Gill's election in 1910. Neither will it ever forget the equally memorable outpouring that followed his recall. One event complemented the other; each was significant of the ideas that possessed the two administrations. One signalized the old Seattle, the other signalized the new. Mayor Dilling's first official act was to accept the resignation of Wappenstein, and to appoint as his successor Captain Claude Bannick — the same officer whose protest to Wappenstein against protected vice had been met with the suggestion that he "quit his job." Chief Bannick is a clean-cut, tall, muscular young man about thirty-five, an ex-football-player with a constitutional aversion to the kind of things fostered by Wappenstein. The under-world promptly acted on the hint of Bannick's appointment. In the week following Gill's election, from two to three thousand men and women left Seattle. The restricted district was congested with wagons carrying away their trunks and furniture. The pawn-shops were crowded with women pawning their jewelry to get the money to leave town. The Union Station was filled with a miscellaneous crowd — prostitutes of every color and nationality, their male companions, gamblers, blackjack men, and the rest of the crew. Train after train rolled out packed closely with emigrants of this type. Once more the restricted district became quiet and dark. Out of the uptown cafés and hotels the life had apparently gone. Street-walkers had almost mysteriously vanished from the business sections. If there were any gamblers left, they pursued their trade so quietly that few people knew they were in town. All over the country went the word that Seattle had a Chief of Police who "wasn't right."

Seattle does not claim that it has solved the vice problem. Unquestionably it still exists on a considerable scale. What Seattle has done has been to end the alliance between these elements and the constituted authorities. The people now control their government, and the vice exploiters have been driven out of public life. Vice is not encouraged to make its headquarters in Seattle; it is not even tolerated. And the city now is a thoroughly wholesome place in which to live. On the new conditions the testimony of so experienced a man as Detective William J. Burns is certainly valuable. A year ago, says Mr. Burns, Seattle was the vilest city in the United States. Now, he adds, it is the cleanest. Moreover, the city is not merely satisfied with driving out the old gang. It is punishing them. It has already secured a conviction and a penitentiary sentence of from three to ten years for Wappenstein. It has indicted on several counts practically all the men responsible for the recent conditions, and will unquestionably land many in the penitentiary. So much the Recall has done for Seattle.

The Case of Richard Meynell

by Mrs. Humphry Ward

XXI

BUT, before he took the midday train from Markborough to the North on the following day, Meynell spent half an hour with his Bishop in the episcopal library. It was a strange meeting. When Bishop Craye first caught sight of the entering figure, he hurried forward, and, as the door closed upon the footman, he seized Meynell's hand in both his own.

"I see what you have gone through," he said, with emotion; "and you would not let me help you!"

Meynell smiled faintly.

"I knew you wished to help me — but ——"

Then his voice dropped, and the Bishop would not have pressed him for the world. They fell upon the anonymous letters, a comparatively safe topic, and the relation of Barron to them. Naturally, Meynell gave the Bishop no hint whatever of the graver matter that had finally compelled Barron's surrender. He described his comparison of the Dawes letter with "a document in the young man's handwriting which I happened to have in my possession," and the gradual but certain conviction it had brought about.

"I was extraordinarily blind, however, not to find the clue earlier."

"It is not only you, my dear Meynell, that need regret it!" cried the Bishop. "I hope you have sometimes given a thought to the men on our side compelled to see the fight waged ——"

"With such a weapon? I knew very well that no one under your influence, my lord, would touch it," said Meynell simply.

The Bishop observed him, and with an inner sympathy, one might almost say a profound and affectionate admiration, which contrasted curiously with the public position in which they stood to each other. It was now very generally recognised, and especially in Markborough and its diocese, that Meynell had borne himself with extraordinary dignity and patience under the ordeal through which he had passed. And the Bishop, whose guess had so nearly hit the truth, who had been persuaded that in the whole matter Meynell was but the victim of some trust, some duty, which honour and conscience would not let him betray in order to save himself — the Bishop was but the more poignantly of this opinion, now that he had the man before him. The weeks of suffering, the long storm of detraction, had left their mark; and it was not a light one. The high-hearted little Bishop felt himself in some way guilty — obscurely and representatively, if not directly.

Yet, at the same time, when the personal matter dropped away and they passed, as they soon did, to a perfectly calm discussion of the action in the Court of Arches which was to begin within a week, nothing could be clearer or more irrevocable than the differences, ecclesiastical and intellectual, which divided these two men, who in matters of personal feeling were so sensitively responsive the one to the other.

Meynell dwelt on the points of law raised in the pleadings; on the bearing of previous cases — the "Essays and Reviews" case above all — upon the suit. The antecedents of the counsel employed on both sides, the idiosyncrasies of the judge, the probable length of the trial —

their talk ranged round these matters, without ever striking deeper. It was assumed between them that the expulsion of the Modernist clergy was only a question of months — possibly weeks. Once, indeed, Meynell referred slightly to the agitation in the country, to the growing snowball of the petition to Parliament, to the now certain introduction of a bill "to promote an amended constitution for the Church of England." The Bishop's eyebrows went up; his lip twitched. It was the scorn of a spiritual aristocracy threatened by the populace.

But in general they talked with extraordinary frankness and mutual good feeling; and they grasped hands more than cordially at the end. They might have been two generals meeting before a battle, under the white flag.

Still the same mild January weather, with unseasonable shoots putting forth, and forebodings on the part of all garden-lovers, as fresh and resentful as though such forebodings, with their fulfilments, were not the natural portion of all English gardeners.

In the Westmoreland dales the month was rainier than elsewhere, but, if possible, milder. Yellow buds were already foolishly breaking on the gorse, and weak primroses, as though afraid to venture and yet venturing, were to be found in the depths of many woods.

Meynell had slept at Whindale. In the morning a trap conveyed him and his bag to the farm-house at the head of the valley; and the winter sun had only just scattered the mists from the dale when, stick in hand, he found himself on the road to Mrs. Elsmere's little house, Burwood.

With every step his jaded spirits rose. He was a passionate lover of mountains, with that modern spirit which finds in them man's best refuge from modernness. The damp fragrance of the mossy banks and bare hedges; the racing freshness of the stream, and the little eddies of foam blown from it by the wind; the small grey sheep in the fields; the crags overhead dyed deep in withered heather; the stone farm-houses with their touch of cheerful white on door and window; all the exquisite detail of grass and twig and stone, and overhead the slowly passing clouds in the wide sweep of the dale — these things to him were spiritual revival; they dressed and prepared him for that great hour to which dimly, yet through all his pulses, he felt he was going.

The little house sent up a straight column of blue smoke into the quiet air. Its upper windows were open, and the sun was on its lichened porch, and on the silver stem of the birch tree which rose from the mossy grass beside it.

He did not need to knock. Mary was in the open doorway, her face all light and rose colour; and in the shadows of the passage behind her stood Catherine. When, with the touch of Mary's hand still warm in his, Meynell turned to greet her mother, he was seized, even through the quiet emotion which held them all, by an impression of change. Some energy of physical life had faded from the worn nobility of Catherine's face; instead a "grave heavenliness" which disquieted the spectator, beautiful as it was.

But the momentary shock was lost in the quiet warmth of her greeting.

"You are going to take her for a walk?" she asked wistfully, as Mary left them alone in the little sitting-room.

"You allow it?" said Meynell, hardly knowing what he said, and still retaining her hand.

Catherine smiled.

"Mary is her own mistress." Then she added, with a deep involuntary sigh: "Whatever she says to you, she knows she has her mother's blessing."

Meynell stooped and kissed her hand.

A few minutes later he and Mary had taken the road along the dale.

Catherine stood under the little porch to look after them. Mingled sweetness and bitterness filled her mind. She pictured to herself for an instant what it would have been if she had been giving Mary to a Christian pastor of the stamp of her own father, a man "sound in the faith," a "believer," entering upon what had always seemed to her from her childhood the ideal and exalted life of the Christian ministry. As things were, in a few weeks Richard Meynell would be an exile and a wanderer, chief among a regiment of banished men, driven out by force from the national Church, without any of the dignity — that dignity which had been her husband's — of voluntary renunciation. And Mary would become his wife only to share in his rebellion, his defiance, and his exile.

She crossed her hands tightly upon her breast as though she were imprinting these sad facts upon her consciousness, learning to face them, to bear them, with patience. And yet — in some surprising way — they did not hurt her as sharply as they would once have done. Trembling, almost in terror, she asked herself whether her own faith was weakening. And, amid the intensity of aspiration and love with which her mind threw itself on the doubt, she turned back, tottering a little, to her chair by the fire. She was glad to be alone, passionately as she loved her Mary. And as she sat, now following Meynell and Mary in thought along the valley, and now listening vaguely to

the murmur of the fire or the stream outside, there came upon her a first gentle premonition — as though a whisper from far away — of the solitude of death.

Lines from the "Christian Year," the book on which her girlhood had been nourished, stole into her mind:

> Why should we faint and fear to live alone,
> Since all alone, so Heaven has willed, we die?

Never had sunshine seemed to Meynell so life-giving as this pale wintry warmth. The soft sound of Mary's dress beside him; the eyes she turned upon him when she spoke, so frank and sweet, yet for her lover so full of mystery; the lines of her young form, compact of health and grace; the sound of her voice, the turn of her head — everything about her filled him with a tumult of feeling not altogether blissful, though joy was uppermost. For, now that the great moment was come, now that he trembled on the verge of a happiness he had every reason to think was his, he was a prey to many strange qualms and tremors. In the first place, he was suddenly and sorely conscious of his age! Forty-five to her twenty-six! Was it fitting? — was it right? And more than that! Beside her freshness, her springing youth, he realised his own jaded spirit, almost with a sense of guilt. These six months of strenuous battle and leadership, these new responsibilities, and the fierce call that had been made on every gift and power, ending in the dumb, proud struggle, the growing humiliation of the preceding weeks, had left him ripened indeed, magnified indeed, as a personality; but it was as though down the shadowed vista of life he saw his youth, as "another self," a *Doppelgänger*, disappearing for ever.

While she! — before *her* were all the years of glamour, of happy instinctive action, when a man or woman is worth just what they dream, when dream and act flow together. Could he give her anything worth her having in exchange for this sheer youth of hers? He saw before him a long and dusty struggle; the dust of it choking, often, the purest sources of feeling. Cares about money; cares about health; the certain enmity of many good men; the bitterness that waits on all controversial success or failure: all these there must be — he could not shield her from them.

She, on her part, saw plainly that he was depressed; knew well that he had suffered. As the Bishop had perceived, it was written on his aspect. But her timidity as yet prevented her from taking the initiative with him, as later she would learn to do. She felt for him at this stage partly the woman's love, partly the deep and passionate loyalty of the disciple. And it was possibly this very loyalty in her from which Meynell shrank. He felt toward himself and his rôle, in the struggle to which he was committed, a half-despairing, half-impatient irony which saved him from anything like a prophetic pose. Some other fellow would do it so much better! But meanwhile it had to be done.

So that, charged as was the atmosphere between them, it was some time before they found a real freedom of speech. The openings, the gambits, which were to lead them to the very heart of the game, were at first masked and hesitating. They talked a little — perfunctorily — about the dale and its folk; and Mary fell without difficulty now and then into the broad Westmoreland speech, which delighted Meynell's ear and brought the laugh back to his eyes. Then, abruptly, he told her that the campaign of slander was over, and that the battle, instead of "infinite mess and dislocation," was now to be a straight and clean one. He said nothing of Barron; but he spoke tenderly of the Bishop, and Mary's eyes swam a little.

She, on her part, dared to speak of Alice and Hester. And very soon it was quietly recognised between these two that Alice's story was known to Mary; and, for the first time in his life, Meynell spoke with free emotion and self-criticism of the task that Neville Flood had laid upon him. Had there been in Mary some natural dread of the moment when she must first hear the full story of his relation to Alice? If so, it was soon dispelled. He could not have told the story more simply; but its beauty shone out. Only, she was startled, even terrified, by certain glimpses which his talk gave her into his feeling with regard to Hester. She saw plainly that the possibility of a catastrophe, in spite of all he could do, was ever present to him; and she saw also, or thought she saw, that his conception of his own part in the great religious campaign was strangely — morbidly — dependent upon the fate of Hester. If he was able to save her from herself and from the man who threatened her, well and good; if not, as he had said to Mary once before, he was not fit to be any man's leader, and should feel himself the Jonah of any cause. There was a certain mystical passion in it, the strong superstition of a man in whom a great natural sensitiveness led often and readily to despondency — as if he "asked for a sign."

They passed the noisy little river by the stepping-stones, and then climbed a shoulder of fell between Long Whindale and the next valley. Descending a sunny mountainside, they crossed

some water meadows, and mounted the hill beyond, to a spot that Mary had marked in her walks. Beside a little tumbling stream and beneath a thicket of holly, lay a flat-topped rock commanding all the spectacle of flood and fell. Mary guided him there, and then stood, silent and flushed, conscious that she herself had brought the supreme moment to its birth. The same perception rushed upon Meynell. He looked into her eyes, smiling and masterful, all his hesitations cleared away.

"Sit there, my lady of the fells!"

He led her to the rocky throne, and, wrapped in his old Inverness cloak, he took a place on a lesser stone at her feet. Suddenly he raised a hand and caught hers. She found herself trembling and looking down into his upturned face.

"Mary! — Mary *darling!* — is it mine?"

The question was just whispered, and she whispered her reply. They were alone in a lovely wilderness of fell and stream. Only a shepherd walked with his flock in a field half a mile away, and across the valley a ploughman drove his horses.

At the murmur in his ear, Meynell this time put up both hands and drew her down to him. The touch of her fresh lips was rapture. And yet——

"My rose!" he said, almost with a groan. "What can you make of such an old fellow? I love you — *love* you — but I am not worthy of you!"

"I am the judge of that," she said softly. And, looking up, he saw the colour in her cheeks fluttering and two bright tears in her eyes. Timidly she took one hand away from him and began to stroke back the hair from his brow.

"You look so tired!" she murmured,— "as though you had been in trouble. And I wasn't there!"

"You were always there!"

And, springing from his lowly seat, he came to the rock beside her, and drew her within the shelter of his cloak, looking down upon her with infinite tenderness.

"You don't know what you're undertaking," he said, his eyes moist, his lips smiling. "I am an old bachelor, and my ways are detestable! Can you ever put up with the pipes and the dogs? I am the untidiest man alive!"

"Will Ann ever let me touch your papers?"

"Goodness! What will Ann say to us? I forgot Ann," he said, laughing. Then, bending over her, "We shall be poor, darling! — and very uncomfortable. Can you really stand it — and me?"

"Shall we have a roof over our heads at all?" asked Mary, but so dizzily happy that she knew but vaguely what she said.

"I have already bespoken a cottage. They are going to make me editor of the *Modernist*. We shall have bread and butter, dearest, but not much more."

"I have a little," said Mary shyly.

Meynell looked rather scared.

"Not much, I hope!"

"Enough for gowns! — and — and a little more."

"I prefer to buy my wife's gowns — I will!" said Meynell with energy. "Promise me, darling, to put all your money into a drawer — or a money-box. Then, when we want something really amusing,— a cathedral — or a yacht,— we'll take it out."

So they laughed together, he all the while holding her close crushed against him, and she deafened almost by the warm beating of a man's heart beneath her cheek.

And presently silence came, a silence in which one of the rare ecstasies of life came upon them and snatched them to the third heaven. From the fold of the hill in which they sat, sheltered both by the fell itself and by the encircling hollies, they overlooked a branching dale, half veiled and half revealed by sunny cloud. Above the western fells they had just crossed hung towers and domes of white cumulus, beneath which a pearly sunshine slipped through upon the broad fell-side, making of it one wide sunlit pleasance, dyed in the red and orange of the withered fern, and dotted with black holly and juniper. Round the head of the dale the curtain of cloud hung thicker, save where one superb crag tore it asunder, falling sheer into the green gentleness of the fields. In the silence all the voices of nature spoke: the rising wind, which flung itself against the hill-slopes at their feet; the insistent flow of the river descending from the reservoirs far away; and the sharp chatter of the little beck leaping at their side from stone to stone. Passionately in Meynell's heart the "buried life" awoke, which only love can free from the cavern where it lies and bring into the full energy of day.

"One goes on talking — preaching — babbling — about love," he said to her. "What else is there to preach about? If love is not the key to life, then there is no key, and no man need preach any more. Only, my Amor has been till now a stern God! He has in his hands — I know it! — all the noblest rewards and ecstasies of life; but, so far, I have seen him wring them out of horror, or pain. The most heavenly things I have ever seen have been the things of suffering. I think of a poor fellow dying in the pit and trying to give me his last message to his

wife; of a mother fading out of life, still clasping her babes with hands twisted almost out of human shape by hard work; or a little lad" — his voice dropped — "only last week! — who saved his worthless brother's life by giving him warning of some escaping trucks, and was crushed himself. 'I couldn't help it, sir!' — *apologising* to me and the foreman, as we knelt by him! — 'I knew Jim had the drink in him.' In all these visions, Love was divine — but awful! And here! — *here!* — I see his wings outspread upon that mountainside; he comes clothed, not in agony, but in this golden peace — this beauty — this wild air; he lays your head upon my breast!"

Or again:

"There is a new philosophy which has possessed me for months: the thought of a great man, which seizes upon us dull lesser creatures, and seems to give us, for a time at least, new eyes and ears, as though, like Melampus, we had caught the hidden language of the world! It rests on the notion of the endless creativeness and freedom of life. It is the negation of all fate, all predestination. *Nothing* foreknown, nothing predestined! No *necessity* — no *anagkê* — darling! — either in the world process, or the mind of God, that you and I should sit here to-day, heart to heart? It was left for our wills to do, our hearts to conceive, God lending us the world, so to speak, to work on! All our past cutting into — carving out — this present; all our past alive in the present; as all this present shall be alive in the future. There is no 'iron law' for life and will, beloved — they create, they are the masters, they are for ever new. All the same!" his tone changed,— "I believe firmly that this rock knew from all eternity that you and I should sit here to-day!"

Presently Mary disengaged herself. Her hat was not what it had been; her hair had escaped its bounds, and must be rigorously put to rights. She sat there flushed and bareheaded, her hands working, while Meynell's eyes devoured her.

"It is January, Richard, and the sun is sinking."

"In your world, perhaps, dear, not in mine."

"We must go back to Mother." She laid a hand on his.

"We will go back to Mother!" he said joyously, with a tender emphasis on the word, without moving, however. "Mary! — next to you I love your Mother!"

Mary's sweet face darkened a little; she buried it in her hands. Meynell drew them tenderly away.

"All that affection can do to soften the differences between us shall be done," he said, with his whole heart. "I believe, too, that the sense of them will grow less and less."

Mary made no reply, except by the slight pressure of her fingers on his. She sat in an absorbed sadness, thinking of her mother's life, and the conflict which had always haunted and scorched it, between love and religion; first in the case of her husband, and then in that of her daughter. "But oh! how could I — how could I help it?" was the cry of Mary's own conscience and personality.

She turned with painful eagerness to Meynell. "How did you think her? How does she strike you?"

"Physically?" He chose his words. "She is so beautiful! But — sometimes — I think she looks frail."

The tears sprang to Mary's eyes. She quickly threw herself upon his misgiving, and tried to argue it away, both in herself and him. She dwelt upon her mother's improvement in sleep and appetite, her cheerfulness, her increased power of walking; she was insistent, almost resentful, her white brow furrowed with pain, even while her hand lay warm in Meynell's. He must needs comfort her, must needs disavow his own impression. After all, what value had such an impression beside the judgment of her daily and hourly watchfulness? — the favorable opinion, too, so she insisted, of their local doctor.

As they walked home, he startled her by saying that he should only have three days in the valley.

"Three days!" She looked her remonstrance.

"You know the trial begins next week?"

Yes, she knew, but had understood that the pleadings were all ready, and that a Northwestern train would take him to London in six hours.

"I have to preach at St. Hilda's, Westminster," he said, with a shrug and a look of distaste.

Mary asked questions, and discovered that the sermon would no doubt be made the opportunity for something like a demonstration, and that he shrank from the thought of it.

She perceived, indeed, a certain general flagging of the merely combative forces in him, not without dismay. Such moments of recoil are natural to such men — half saints, half organism. The immediate effect of her perception of it was to call out something heroic and passionate in herself. She was very sweet, and very young; there were eighteen years between them; and yet, in these very first hours of their engagement, he felt her to be not only

rest, but inspiration — not only sympathy, but strength.

When they neared the little ivy-coloured house, on their return home, Mary broke from him. Her step on the gravel was heard by Catherine. She came quickly to the door and stood awaiting them. Mary ran forward and threw herself into the tender arms that drew her into the shadows of the passage.

"Oh, Mother! Mother! he does love you!" she said, with a rush of tears.

If Catherine's eyes also were dim, she only answered with a tender mockery:

"Don't pretend that was all he said to you in these two hours."

And, still holding Mary, she turned, smiling, to Meynell, and let him claim from her, for the first time, a son's greeting.

For three blissful days did Meynell pitch his tent in Long Whindale. Though the weather broke and the familiar rain shrouded the fells, he and Mary walked incessantly among them, exploring those first hours of love, when every tone and touch is charged, for lovers, with the whole meaning of the world. And in the evenings he sat between the two women in the little cottage room, reading aloud Catherine's favourite poets, or in the familiar talk, now gay, now grave, of their new intimacy, disclosing himself ever more fully and rooting himself ever more firmly in their hearts. His sudden alarm as to Catherine's health passed away, and Mary's new terror with it. Scarcely a word was said of the troubles ahead; but it was understood that Mary would be in London to hear him preach at St. Hilda's.

On the last day of Meynell's visit, Catherine, greatly to her surprise, received a letter from Hester Fox-Wilson.

It contained a breathless account of an evening spent in seeing Œdipus Rex played by Mounet-Sully at the Comédie Française. In this half-sophisticated girl, the famous performance, traditional now through two generations of play-goers, had clearly produced an emotion whereof the expression in her letter greatly disquieted Catherine Elsmere. She felt, too, — a little grimly, — the humour of its address to herself.

"Tell me how to answer it, please," she said, handing it to Meynell, with a twitching lip. "It is a language I don't understand! And why did they take her to such a play?"

Meynell was inclined to echo the question. For the Greek conception of a remorseless fate as it is for ever shaped and embodied in the tale of Œdipus had led Hester apparently to a good deal of subsequent browsing in the literature — the magazine articles, at any rate — of French determinism; and she rattled through some of her discoveries in this reckless letter:

> You talked to me so nicely, dear Mrs. Elsmere, that last evening at Upcote. I know you want me — you want everybody — to "be good"!
>
> But "being good" has nothing to do with us.
>
> How can it? — such creatures, such puppets, as we are!
>
> Poor wretch, Œdipus — he never meant any one any harm, did he? And yet — you see ——
>
> *"Apollo, friends, Apollo it was that brought all these my woes, my sore, sore woes! — to pass."*
>
> Dear Mrs. Elsmere! — you can't think what a good doctrine it is, after all — how it steadies one! What chance have we against these blundering gods?
>
> Nothing one can do makes any difference. It is really very consoling, if you come to think of it; and it's no sort of good being angry with Apollo!

"Part nonsense, part bravado!" said Catherine, raising clear eyes, with half a smile in them, to Meynell. "But it makes one anxious."

His puckered brow showed his assent.

"As soon as the trial is over — within a fortnight, certainly — I shall run over to see them."

Meynell and Mary travelled to town together, and Mary was duly deposited for a few days with some Kensington cousins.

On the night of their arrival — a Saturday — Meynell, not without some hesitation, made an appearance at the Reformers' Club, which had been recently organised, as a London center for the Movement, in Albemarle Street.

It was no sooner known that he was in the building than a flutter ran through the well-filled rooms. That very morning an article in the *Modernist*, signed "R. M.," had sounded a note of war so free, lofty, and determined that men were proud to be on Meynell's side in such a battle. On the following Tuesday the Arches Trial was to begin. Meynell was to defend himself; and the attention of the country would be fixed upon the duel between him and the great orthodox counsel, Sir Wilfrid Marsh.

Men gathered quickly round him. Most of the six clergy who with him had launched the first Modernist manifesto were present, in expectation of the sermon on the morrow and the trial of the following week. Chesham and Darwen, his co-defendants in the Arches suit, with whom he had been in constant correspondence throughout the winter, came to discuss a few last points and understandings; Treherne, the dear old scholar in whose house they had met to draw up the manifesto, under the shadow of the Cathedral, pressed his hand and launched a Latin quotation; Rollin, fat, untidy, and talkative as ever, could not refrain from "interviewing" Meynell for a weekly paper; while Derrick, the

Socialist and poet, talked to him in a low voice, and with eyes that blazed, of certain "brotherhoods" that had been spreading the Modernist faith and Modernist sacraments among the slums of a great Midland town.

And in the voices that spoke to him and the eyes that met his Meynell could not but realise a wide and warm sympathy, an eagerness to make amends — sometimes a half-confessed compunction for a passing doubt. He stood among them, haggard and worn, but steeped in a content and gratitude that had more sources than they knew. And, under the kindling of their faith and their affection, his own hesitations passed away; his will steeled itself to the tasks before him.

The following day will be long remembered in the annals of the Movement. The famous church, crowded in every part with an audience representing science, literature, politics, the best of English thought and English social endeavour, was but the outward and visible sign of things inward and spiritual.

"*Can these dry bones live?*"

As Meynell gave out the text, there were many who remembered the picture of Oxford hanging in Newman's study at Edgbaston, and those same words written below it.

"*Can these dry bones live?*" So Newman had asked, in despair, of his beloved University and of English religion, in the early years after he had deserted Anglicanism for Rome. And now, more than half a century afterwards, the leader of a later religious movement asked the same question on the eve of another contest which would either regenerate or destroy the English Church. The impulse given by Newman and the Tractarians had spent itself, though not without enormous and permanent results within the life of the nation; and now it was the turn of that Liberal reaction and recoil which had effaced Newman's work in Oxford, yet had been itself wandering for years without a spiritual home. During those years it had found its way through innumerable channels of the national life as a fertilising and redeeming force. It had transformed education, law, science, and history. Yet its own soul had hungered. And now, thanks to that inner necessity which governs the spiritual progress of men, the great Liberal Movement, enriched with a thousand conquests, was sweeping back into the spiritual field, demanding its just share in the National Church, and laying its treasures at the feet of a Christ unveiled, illuminated, by its own labour, by the concentrated and passionate effort of a century of human intelligence.

Starting from this conception,— the full citizen right within the Church of both Liberal and High-Churchman,— the first part of Meynell's sermon became a moving appeal for religious freedom, freedom of development and "variation," within organised Christianity itself. Simpler creeds, modernised tests, alternative forms, a "unity of the spirit in the bond of peace," — with these ideas the Modernist preacher built up the vision of a Reformed Church, co-extensive with the nation, resting on a democratic government, yet tenderly jealous of its ancient ceremonies, so long as each man might interpret them "as he was able," and they were no longer made a source of tyranny and exclusion.

Then, from the orthodox opponent in whose eyes the Modernist faith was a mere beggarly remnant, Meynell turned to the sceptic for whom it was only a modified superstition. An eloquent prelude, dealing with the preconceptions, the modern philosophy and psychology, which lie at the root of religious thought to-day — and the rest of the sermon flowed on into what all Christian eloquence must ultimately be, the simple "preaching of Christ."

Amid the hush of the crowded church, Meynell preached the Christ of our day — just as Paul of Tarsus preached the Christ of a Hellenised Judaism to the earliest converts; as St. Francis in the Umbrian hills preached the Lord of Poverty and Love; as the Methodist preachers among the villages of the eighteenth century preached the democratic individualism of the New Testament to the English nascent democracy.

In each case the form of the preaching depended on the knowledge and the thought-world of the preacher. So with Meynell's Christ.

Not the phantom of a Hellenistic metaphysic; not the Redeemer and Judge of a misunderstood Judaism; not the mere ethical prophet of a German professorial theology: but the King of a spiritual kingdom, receiving allegiance and asking love from the free consciences of men; repeating for ever, in the ears of those in whom a divine influence has prepared the way, the melting and constraining message: "This do in remembrance of me."

"Of me — and of all the just, all the righteous, all the innocent, of all the ages, in me — pleading through me — symbolised in me. Are you for Man — or for the Beast that lurks in man? Are you for Chastity — or Lust? Are you for Cruelty — or Love? Are you for Foulness—or Beauty? Choose! — choose this day.

"The Christ who thus speaks to you and me, my brethren, is no longer a man made God, a God made man. Those categories of thought,

for us, are past. But neither is he merely the crucified Galilean, the Messianic prophet of the first century. For, by a mysterious and unique destiny,—unique at least in degree,—that life and death have become Spirit and Idea. The Power behind the veil, the Spirit from whom issues the world, has made of them a lyre, enchanted and immortal, through which he breathes his music into men. The setting of the melody varies with the generations, but the melody remains. And as we listen to it to-day, expressed through the harmonies of that thought which is ourselves, — blood of our blood, life of our life,— we are listening now, listening always, as the disciples listened in Nazareth, to the God within us, the very God who was 'in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself.'

"Of that God all life is, in some sense, the sacramental expression. But in the course of ages some sacraments and symbols of the divine are approved and verified beyond others — immeasurably beyond others. This is what has happened — and, so far as we can see, by the special will and purpose of God — with the death-unto-life — with the Cross of Christ. . . .

"The symbol of the Cross is concerned with our personal and profoundest life. But the symbol of the Kingdom is social, collective — the power of every reformer, every servant of men. . . .

"Many thinkers," said the preacher, in his concluding passage, while all eyes were fixed on the head sprinkled with grey and the strong humanity of the face — "many men in all ages and civilisations have dreamed of a City of God, a Kingdom of Righteousness, an Ideal State, and a Divine Ruler. Jesus alone has made of that dream history; has forced it upon and stamped it into history. The Messianic dream of Judaism — though wrought of nobler tissue — it's not unlike similar dreams in other religions; but in this it is unique, that it gave Jesus of Nazareth his opportunity, and that from it has sprung the Christian Church. Jesus accepted it with the heart of a child; he lived in it; he died for it; and by means of it, his spiritual genius, his faithfulness unto death transformed a world. He died, indeed, overwhelmed — with the pathetic cry of utter defeat upon his lips. And the leading races of mankind have knelt ever since to the mighty spirit who dared not only to conceive and found the Kingdom of God, but to think of himself as its Spiritual King — by sheer divine right of service, of suffering, and of death! Only through tribulation and woe,— through the *peirasmos* or sore trial of the world,—according to Messianic belief, could the Kingdom be realised and Messiah revealed. It was the marvellous conception of Jesus, inspired by the ancient poetry and prophecy of his nation, that he might, as the Suffering Servant, concentrate in himself the suffering due from his race and from the world, and by his death bring about — violently, 'by force' — the outpouring of the Spirit, the Resurrection, and the dawn of the heavenly Kingdom. He went up to Jerusalem to die; he provoked his death; he died. And from the Resurrection visions which followed naturally on such a life and death, inspired by such conceptions and breathing them with such power into the souls of other men, arose the Christian Church.

"The Parousia for which the Lord had looked, delayed. It delays still. The scope and details of the essianic dream itself mean nothing to us any more.

"But its spirit is immortal. The vision of a kingdom of Heaven,— a polity of the soul, within, or superseding the earthly polity,— once interfused with man's thought and life, has proved to be imperishable, a thing that can not die.

"Only it must be realised afresh from age to age, embodied afresh in the conceptions and the language of successive generations.

"And these developing embodiments and epiphanies of the kingdom can only be brought into being by the method of Christ — that is to say, by *'violence.'*

"Again and again has the kingdom 'suffered violence' — has been brought fragmentarily into the world *'by force,'* by the only irresistible force — that of suffering, of love, of self-renouncing faith.

"To that 'force' we, as religious reformers, appeal.

"The parables of the mustard seed and the leaven do not express the whole thought of Christ. When the work of preparation is over, still men must brace themselves, as their Master did, to the last stroke of 'violence' — to a final effort of resolute and, if need be, revolutionary action — to the 'violence' that brings ideas to birth and shapes them into deeds.

"It was to 'violence' of this sacred sort that the Christian Church owed its beginning; and it is this same 'violence' that must, as the generations rise and fall, constantly maintain it among men. To cut away the old at need, and graft in the new, requires the high courage and the resolute hand of faith. Only so can the Christian Life renew itself; only so can efficacy and movement return to powers exhausted or degenerate; only so 'can these dry bones live'!"

Amid the throng, as it moved outward into the bustle of Westminster, Flaxman found him-

self rubbing shoulders with Edward Norham. Norham walked with his eyes on the ground, smiling to himself.

"A little persecution!" he said, rubbing his hands, as he looked up, "and how it would go!"

"Well, the persecution begins this week — in the Court of Arches."

"Persecution — nonsense! You mean 'propaganda.' I understand Meynell's defence will proceed on totally new lines. He means to argue each point on its merits?"

"Yes. The Voysey judgement gave him his cue. You will remember, Voysey was attacked by the Lord Chancellor of the day — old Lord Hatherley — as a 'private clergyman,' who 'of his own mere will, not founding himself upon any critical enquiry, but simply upon his own taste and judgement,' maintained certain heresies. Now, Meynell, I imagine, will give his judges enough of 'critical enquiry' before they have done with him!"

Norham shrugged his shoulders.

"All very well! Why did he sign the Articles?"

"He signed them at four-and-twenty!" said Flaxman hotly. "Will you maintain that a system which insists upon a man's beliefs at forty-four being identical with his beliefs at twenty-four is not condemned *ipso facto!*"

"Oh, I know what you say! — I know what you say!" cried Norham good-humouredly. "We shall all be saying it in Parliament presently — good heavens! Well, I shall look into the court to-morrow, if I can possibly find an hour, and hear Meynell fire away."

"As Home Secretary, you may get in!" laughed Flaxman — "on no other terms. There isn't a seat to be had — there hasn't been for weeks."

The trial came on. After the drastic and powerful speech of Sir Wilfrid Marsh, the counsel for the prosecution, Meynell's defence of the Modernist position held, for one brilliant week, the attention of England. Point by point, he took the charges against him, showing how, even in the twenty years that had elapsed since his own ordination, the continuous pressure of a New Learning had affected every section of the Christian story, every article in the Christian creed.

"Must honest men" — he turned with sudden passion to the ranks of Modernist clergy behind him — "be driven out of the Christian Church to-day because, in the natural development of mind and knowledge, their ultimate historical conclusions differ from those of the Edwardian or Elizabethan or Caroline divines?

"Yet, to the men who drew up the Articles and compiled the Prayer-book, *history, in the modern sense, was unknown!* Might you not as well require the astronomer or the chemist of to-day to measure his work and trim his conclusions by the standards of the thirteenth century?"

Each day the court was crowded, and, though Meynell seemed to be addressing his judges, he was in truth speaking quite as consciously to a sweet woman's face in a far corner of the crowded hall. Mary went into the long wrestle with him, as it were, and lived through every moment of it at his side. Then, in the evening, there were half hours of utter silence, when he would sit with her hands in his, just gathering strength for the morrow.

Six days of Meynell's speech were over. On the seventh the court opened amid the buzz of excitement and alarm. The defendant in the suit was not present, and had sent — so counsel whispered to each other — a hurried note to the judge to the effect that he should be absent through the whole remainder of the trial, owing to "urgent private business."

In a few more hours it was known that Meynell had left England, and men on both sides looked at one another in dismay.

Meanwhile Mary had forwarded to her mother a note written late at night, in anguish of soul:

> Alice wires me to-night that Hester has disappeared — without the smallest trace. But she believes she is with Meryon. I go to Paris to-night. Oh, my own, pray that I may find her! R. M.

XXII

THE mildness of the winter had passed away. A bleak February afternoon lay heavy on Long Whindale. A strong and bitter wind from the north blew down the valley, with occasional spits and snatches of snow, not enough as yet to whiten the heights, but prophesying a wild night and a heavy fall. The blasts in the desolate upper reach of the dale were so fierce that a shepherd on the path leading over the pass to Marly Head could scarcely hold himself upright against them. Tempestuous sounds filled all the upper and the lower air. From the high ridges came deep, reverberating notes, a roaring in the wind; while the trees along the stream sent forth a shriller voice, as they whistled and creaked and tossed in the eddying gusts. Cold grey clouds were beating from the north, hanging now over the cliffs on the western side, now over the bare screes and steep slopes of the northern and east-

ern walls. Grey or inky black, the sharp edges of the rocks cut into the gloomy sky; while on the floor of the valley blanched grass and winding stream seemed alike to fly scourged before the persecuting wind.

A trap,— Westmoreland calls it a car,— a kind of box on wheels, was approaching the head of the dale from the direction of Whinborough. It stopped at the foot of the steep and narrow lane leading to Burwood, and a young lady got out.

"You're sure that's Burwood?" she said, pointing to the house partially visible at the end of the lane.

The driver answered in the affirmative.

"Where Mrs. Elsmere lives?"

"Aye, for sure." The man as he spoke looked curiously at the lady he had brought from Whinborough station. She was quite a young girl, he guessed, and a handsome one. But there seemed to be something queer about her; she looked so tumbled and tired.

Hester Fox-Wilson took out her purse and paid him with an uncertain hand, one or more of the shillings falling on the road, where the driver and she groped for them. Then she raised the small bag she had brought with her in the car, and turned away.

"Good day to yer, Miss," said the man, as he mounted the box. She made no reply. After he had turned his horse and started on the return journey to Whinborough, he looked back once or twice. But the high walls of the lane hid the lady from him.

Hester, however, did not go very far up the lane. She sank down very soon on a jutting stone beneath the left-hand wall, with her bag beside her, and sat there looking at the little house. It was a pleasant, homelike place, even on this bitter afternoon. In one of the windows was a glow of firelight; white muslin curtains everywhere gave it a dainty, refined look; and it stood picturesquely within the shelter of its trees, and of the yew hedge which encircled the garden.

Yet Hester shivered as she looked at it. She was very imperfectly clothed for such an afternoon, in a serge jacket and skirt, supplemented by a small fur collarette, which she drew closer round her neck from time to time, as if in a vain effort to get warm. But she was not conscious of doing so, nor of the cold as cold. All her bodily sensations were miserable and uncomfortable. But she was actively aware only of the thoughts racing through her mind.

There they were, within a stone's throw of her, — Mary and Mrs. Elsmere,— in the warm, cosy little house, without an idea that she, Hester,— the wretched, disgraced Hester,— was sitting in the lane so close to them. And yet they were perhaps thinking of her — they must have often thought about her in the last fortnight. Mrs. Elsmere must, of course, have been sorry. Good people were always sorry when such things happened. And Mary? — who was eight years older — *older!* than this girl of eighteen who sat there, sickened by life, conscious of a dead wall of catastrophe drawn between her and the future.

Should she go to them? Should she open their door and say, "Here I am! Horrible things have happened. No decent person will ever know me or speak to me again. But you said — you'd help me — if I wanted it. Perhaps it was a lie — like all the rest"?

Then, as the reddened eyelids fell with sheer fatigue, there rose on the inward sight the vision of Catherine Elsmere's face — its purity, its calm, its motherliness. For a moment it drew, it touched, it gave courage. And then the terrible sense of things irreparable, grim matters of fact not to be dreamed or thought away, rushed in and swept the clinging, shipwrecked creature from the foothold she had almost reached.

She rose hastily.

"I can't! They don't want to see me — they've done with me. Or perhaps they'll cry — they'll pray with me; and I can't stand that! Why did I ever come? Where on earth shall I go?"

And she looked round her in petulant despair, angry with herself for having done this foolish thing, angry with the loneliness and barrenness of the valley, where no inn opened doors of shelter for such as she, angry with the advancing gloom, and with the bitter wind that teased and stung her.

A little way up the lane she saw a small gate that led into the Elsmeres' garden. She took her bag, and, opening the gate, she placed it inside. Then she ran down the lane, drawing her fur round her and shivering with cold.

"I'll think a bit," she said to herself; "I'll think what to say. Perhaps I'll come back soon."

When she reached the main road again, she looked uncertainly to right and left. Which way? The thought of the long, dreary road back to Whinborough repelled her. She turned towards the head of the valley. Perhaps she might find a house that would take her in. The driver had said there was a farm which let lodgings in the summer. She had money — some pounds, at any rate; that was all right. And she was not hungry. She had arrived at a junction station five miles from Whinborough by a night train. At six o'clock in the morning she had found herself turned out of the express, with

no train to take her on to Whinborough. But there was a station hotel, and she had engaged a room and ordered a fire. There she had thrown herself down on the bed without undressing, and had slept heavily for four or five hours. Then she had had some breakfast, and had taken a midday train to Whinborough, and a trap to Long Whindale.

She had travelled straight from Nice without stopping. She would not let herself think now, as she hurried along the lonely road, what it was she had fled from, what it was that had befallen. The slightest glimpse into this past made her begin to sob; she put it away from her with all her strength. But she had had, of course, to decide where she should go, with whom she should take refuge.

Not with Uncle Richard, whom she had deceived and defied. Not with "Aunt Alice." No sooner did the vision of that delicate, withered face, that slender form, come before her, than it brought with it terrible fancies. Her conduct had probably killed "Aunt Alice." She did not want to think about her.

But Mrs. Elsmere knew all about bad men, and girls who got into trouble. She, Hester, knew, from a few things she had heard people say,— things that no one supposed she had heard,— that Mrs. Elsmere had given years of her life and sacrificed her health to "rescue" work. The rescue of girls from such men as Philip? How could they be rescued — when ——

All that was nonsense. But the face, the eyes, the shining, loving eyes, the motherly arms — yes, those, Hester confessed to herself, she had thirsted for. They had brought her all the way from Nice to this northern valley, this bleak, forbidding country. She shivered again from head to foot, as she made her way painfully against the wind.

Yet now she was flying even from Catherine Elsmere, even from those tender eyes that haunted her.

The road turned toward a bridge, and on the other side of the bridge degenerated into a rough and stony bridle-path, giving access to two grey farms beneath the western fell. On the near side of the bridge the road became a cart-track leading to the far end of the dale.

Hester paused irresolute on the bridge, and looked back towards Burwood. A light appeared in what was, no doubt, the sitting-room window. A lamp, perhaps, that, in view of the premature darkening of the afternoon by the heavy storm-clouds from the north, a servant had just brought in. Hester watched it in a kind of panic, foreseeing the moment when the curtains would be drawn and the light shut out from her. She thought of the little room within, the warm firelight, Mary with her beautiful hair — and Mrs. Elsmere. They were perhaps working and reading — as if that were all there were to do and think about in the world! No, no! After all, they couldn't be very peaceful — or very cheerful. Mary was engaged to Uncle Richard now; and Uncle Richard must be pretty miserable.

The exhausted girl nearly turned back towards that light. Then a hand came quietly and shut it out. The curtains were drawn. Nothing now to be seen of the little house but its dim outlines in the oncoming twilight, the smoke blown about its roof, and a faint gleam from a side-window, perhaps the kitchen.

Suddenly a thought, a wild, attacking thought, leapt out upon her, and held her there motionless in the winding, wintry lane.

When had she sent that telegram to Upcote? If she could only remember! The events of the preceding forty-eight hours seemed to be all confused in one mad flux of misery. Was it *possible* that they too could be here — Uncle Richard and "Aunt Alice"? She had said something about Mrs. Elsmere in her telegram — she could not recollect what. That had been meant to comfort them, and yet to keep them away, to make them leave her to her own plans. But supposing, instead, its effect had been to bring them here at once, in pursuit of her?

She hurried forward, sobbing dry sobs of terror, as if she already heard their steps behind her. What was she afraid of? Simply their love — simply their sorrow! She had broken their hearts; and what could she say to them?

The recollection of all her cruelty to "Aunt Alice" in Paris — her neglect, her scorn, her secret unjust anger with those who had kept from her the facts of her birth — seemed to rise up between her and all ideas of hope and help. Oh, of course they would be kind to her! — they would forgive her. But — but she couldn't bear it! Impatience with the very scene of wailing and forgiveness she foresaw, as of something utterly futile and vain, swept through the quivering nerves.

"And it can never be undone!" she said to herself roughly, as if she were throwing the words in some one's face. "It can never, *never* be undone! What's the good of talking?"

So the only alternative was to wander a while longer into these clouds and storms that were beginning to beat down from the pass through the darkness of the valley; to try and think things out; to find some shelter for the night; then to go away again — somewhere. She was conscious now of a first driving of sleet in her face; but it lasted for only a few minutes. Then it ceased; and a strange gleam swept over the

valley — a livid storm-light from the west which blanched all the withered grass beside her, and seemed to shoot along the course of the stream as she toiled up the rocky path beside it.

What a country, what a sky! Her young body was conscious of an angry revolt against it, against the northern cold and dreariness — her body, which still kept, as it were, the physical memory of sun and blue sea, and orange trees, of the shadow of olives on a thin grass, of the scent of orange blossom on the broken twigs that some one was putting into her hand.

Another fit of shuddering repulsion made her quicken her pace, as though again she were escaping from pursuit. Suddenly, at a bend in the path, she came on a shepherd and his flock. The shepherd, an old white-haired man, was seated on a rock, staff in hand, watching his dog collect the sheep from the rocky slope on which they were scattered.

At sight of Hester the old man started and stared. Her fair hair escaping in many directions from the control of combs and hair-pins, and the pale, lovely face in the midst of it, shone in the stormy gleam that filled the basin of the hills. Her fashionable hat and dress amazed him. Who could she be?

She, too, stopped to look at him, and at his dog. The mere neighbourhood of a living being brought a kind of comfort.

"It's going to snow," she said, as she stood beside him, surprised by the sound of her own voice amid the roar of the wind.

"Aye — it's onding o' snaw," said the shepherd, his shrewd blue eyes travelling over her face and form. "An' it'll mappen be a rough night."

"Are you taking your sheep into shelter?"

He pointed to a half-ruined fold, with three sycamores beside it, a stone's throw away. The gate of it was open, and the dog was gradually chasing the sheep within it.

"I doan't like leavin' 'em on t' fells this bitter weather. I'm afraid for t' ewes. It's too cauld for 'em. They'll be for droppin' their lambs too soon if this wind goes on. It juist taks t' strength out on 'em, doos the wind."

"Do you think it's going to snow a great deal?"

The old man looked round at the clouds and the mountains, at the powdering of snow that had already whitened the heights.

"It'll be more'n a bit!" he said cautiously. "I dessay we'll have to be gettin' men to open t' roads to-morrow."

"Does it often block the roads?"

"Aye, yance or twice i' t' winter. An' ye can't let 'em bide. What's ter happen ter foak as want the doctor?"

"Did you ever know people lost on these hills?" asked the girl, looking into the blackness ahead of them. Her shrill, slight voice rang out in sharp contrast to the broad gutturals of his Westmoreland speech.

"Aye, Missy, I've known two men losst on t' fells sin I wor a lad."

"Were they shepherds, like you?"

"Noa, Missy — they wor tramps. Theer's mony a fellow cooms by this way i' th' bad weather to Pen'rth, rather than face Shap fells. They say it's betther walkin'. But when it's verra bad we doan't let 'em go on — noa, it's not safe. Theer was a mon lost on t' fells nine years ago coom February. He wor an owd mon, an' blind o' yan eye. He'd lost the toother, dippin' sheep."

"How could he do that?" Hester asked absently, still staring ahead into the advancing storm, and trembling with cold from head to foot.

"Why, sum o' the dippin' stuff got into yan eye, an' blinded him. It was my son, gooin' afther th' lambs i' the snaw, as found him. He heard summat,— a voice like a li'l' child cryin', — an' he scratted aboot an' dragged th' owd man out. He worn't deed then, but he died next mornin'. An' t' doctor said as he'd fair broken his heart i' th' storm — not in a figure of speach, yo' unnerstan' — but juist t' plain truth."

The old man rose. The sheep had all been folded. He called to his dog, and went to shut the gate. Then, still curiously eyeing Hester, he came back, followed by his dog, to the place where she stood, listlessly watching.

"Doan't yo' go too far on t' fells, Missy. It's coomin' on to snaw, an' it'll snaw aw neet. Lor' bless yer, it's wild here i' winter. An' when t' clouds coom down like yon" — he pointed up the valley — "even them as knaws t' fells from a chilt may go wrang."

"Where does this path lead?" asked Hester absently.

"It goes oop to Marly Head, and joins on to t' owd road — t' Roman road, foak calls it — along top o' t' fells. An' if yo' follers that far enoof yo' may coom to Ullswatter an' Pen'rth."

"Thank you. Good afternoon," said Hester, moving on.

The old shepherd looked after her doubtfully, then said to himself that what the lady did was none of his business, and turned back towards one of the farms across the bridge. Who was she? She was a strange sort of body to be walking by herself up the head of Long Whindale. He supposed she came from Burwood — there was no other house where a lady like that

could be staying. But it was a bit queer, anyhow.

Hester walked on. She turned a craggy corner, beyond which she was out of sight of any one on the lower stretches of the road. The struggle with the wind, the roar of water in her ears, had produced in her a kind of trancelike state. She walked mechanically, half deafened, half blinded, measuring her force against the wind, conscious every now and then of gusts of snow in her face, of the deepening gloom overhead climbing up and up the rocky path. But, as in that fatal moment when she had paused in the Burwood lane, her mind was not more than vaguely conscious of her immediate surroundings. It had become the prey of swarming recollections — captured by sudden agonies, unavailing, horror-stricken revolts.

At last, out of breath and almost swooning, she sank down under the shelter of a rock, and became in a moment aware that white mists were swirling and hurrying all about her, and that only just behind her and just above her was the path clear. Without knowing it, she had climbed and climbed till she was very near the top of the pass. She looked down into a witch's cauldron of mist and vapour, already thickened with snow, and up into an impenetrable sky, as it seemed, close upon her head, from which the white flakes were beginning to fall steadily and fast.

She was a little frightened, but not much. After all, she had only to rest and retrace her steps. The watch at her wrist told her it was not much past four; and it was February. It would be daylight till half past five, unless the storm put out the daylight. A little rest — just a little rest! But she began to feel ill and faint, and so bitterly, bitterly cold. The sense of physical illness, conquering the vague overwhelming anguish of heart and mind, began to give her back some clearness of brain.

Who was she? — why was she there? She was Hester Fox-Wilson — no! Hester Meryon, who had escaped from a man who had called himself, for a few days at least, her husband: a man whom in scarcely more than a week she had come to loathe and fear; whose nature and character had revealed to her infamies of which she had never dreamed; who had claimed to be her master, and use her as he pleased, and from whom she had escaped by night, after a scene of which she still bore the marks.

"You little wild-cat! You think you can defy me — do you?"

And then her arms held — and her despairing eyes looking down into his mocking ones — and the helpless sense of indignity and wrong — and of her own utter and criminal folly.

And through her memory there ran, in an ugly dance, those things, those monstrous things, he had said to her about the Scotchwoman. It was not at all absolutely sure that she, Hester, was his wife. He had shown her those letters at St. Germains, of course, to reassure her; and the letters were perfectly genuine letters, written by the people they professed to be written by. Still, Scotch marriage law was a damned business — one never knew. He *hoped* it was all right; but, if she did hate him as poisonously as she said, if she did really want to get rid of him, he might perhaps be able to assist her.

Had he, after all, tricked and ruined her? Yet, as her consciousness framed the question in the conventional phrases familiar to her through newspapers and novels, she hardly knew what they meant, this child of eighteen, who in three short weeks had been thrust through the fire of an experience on which she had never had time to reflect. Flattered vanity and excitement, leading up almost from the first day to instinctive and fierce revolt — intervals of acquiescence, of wild determination to be happy, drowned in fresh rebellions of soul and sense — through these alternations the hours had rushed on, culminating in her furtive and sudden escape from the man of whom she was now in mad fear — her blind flight for "home."

The *commonness* of her case, the absence of any romantic or poetic element in it — it was that which galled, which degraded her in her own eyes. Only three weeks since she had felt that entire and arrogant belief in herself, in her power over her own life and Philip's, on which she now looked back as merely ludicrous! — inexplicable in a girl of the most ordinary intelligence. What power had girls over men — such men as Philip Meryon?

Her vanity was bleeding to death — and her life with it. Since the revelation of her birth, she seemed to have been blindly struggling to regain her own footing in the world — the kind of footing she was determined to have. Power and excitement; *not* to be pitied, but to be followed, wooed, adored; not to be forced on the second and third bests of the world, but to have the "chief seat," the daintiest morsel, the *beau rôle* always — had not this been her instinctive, unvarying demand on life? And now? If she were indeed married, she was tied to a man who neither loved her nor could bring her any position in the world; who was penniless, and had only entrapped her that he might thereby get some money out of her relations; who, living or dead, would be a disgrace to her, standing irre-

vocably between her and any kind of honour or importance in society.

And if he had deceived her, and she were not his wife, she would be free indeed. But what would her freedom matter to her? What decent man would ever love her now — marry her — set her at his side? At nineteen— *not yet nineteen* — all those chances were over for her. It was so strange that she could have laughed at her own thoughts; and yet, at the same time, it was so ghastly true! No need now to invent a half-sincere chatter about "Fate." She felt herself in miserable truth the mere feeble mouse wherewith the great cat Fate was playing.

And yet — after all — she herself had done it! — by her own sheer madness. She seemed to see Aunt Alice's plaintive face, the eyes that followed her, the lip that trembled when she said an unkind or wanton thing; she heard again the phrases of Uncle Richard's weekly letters, humorous, tender phrases, with here and there an occasional note of austerity or warning.

Oh, yes — she had done it — she had ruined herself.

She felt the tears running over her cheeks, mingling with the snow as it pelted in her face. Suddenly she realised how cold she was, how soaked. She must — must go back to shelter, to human faces, to kind hands. She put out her own, groping helplessly, and rose to her feet.

But the darkness was now much advanced, and the great snow-storm of the night had begun. She could not see the path below her at all, and only some twenty yards of its course above her. In the whirling gloom and in the fury of the wind, although she turned to descend the path, her courage suddenly failed her. She remembered a stream she had crossed on a little footbridge with a rail; could she ever see to recross it— above the greedy tumult of the water? Peering upwards, it seemed to her that she saw something like walls in front of her — perhaps another sheepfold? That would give her shelter for a little, and perhaps the snow would stop — perhaps it was only a shower. She struggled on and up, and found, indeed, some fragments of walls beside the path, one of the many abandoned places among the Westmoreland fells that testify to the closer settlement of the dales in earlier centuries.

And just as she clambered within them, the clouds sweeping along the fell-side lifted and parted for the last time, and she caught a glimpse of a wide, featureless world, the desolate top of the fells, void of shelter or landmark, save that straight across it, from gloom to gloom, there ran a straight white thing — a ghostly and forsaken track. The Roman road, no doubt, of which the shepherd had spoken. And a vision sprang into her mind of Roman soldiers tramping along it, helmeted and speared, their heads bent against these northern storms — shivering like herself. She gazed and gazed, fascinated, till her bewildered eyes seemed to perceive shadows upon it, moving — moving — towards her.

A panic fear seized her.

"I must get home! — I must!"

And, sobbing, with the sudden word "Mother!" on her lips, she ran out of the shelter she had found, taking, as she supposed, the path towards the valley. But, blinded with snow and mist, she lost it almost at once. She stumbled on over broken and rocky ground, wishing to descend, yet keeping instinctively upwards, and hearing on her right from time to time, as though from depths of chaos, the wild voices of the valley, the wind tearing the cliffs, the rushing of the stream. Soon all was darkness; she knew that she had lost herself, and was alone with rock and storm. Still she moved; but nerve and strength ebbed; and at last there came a step into infinity — a sharp pain — and the flame of consciousness went out.

TO BE CONCLUDED

BOY GANGS AND BOY LEADERS

BY

J. ADAMS PUFFER

FORMER PRINCIPAL OF SCHOOLS AT THE MASSACHUSETTS STATE REFORM SCHOOL, FORMER VOLUNTEER PROBATION OFFICER OF THE BOSTON JUVENILE COURT, DIRECTOR OF BEACON VOCATION BUREAU, AND LECTURER ON BOY PROBLEMS

THE gang age, from ten to sixteen, is a very definite stage in a boy's life. In the earlier years of that period the social instincts are born; in the later, if the boy develops normally, they become fixed as social habits, which persist throughout the rest of his life, and in no small measure determine his relations with his fellow men. Before the gang age, the little boy is interested in his surroundings; after it, the young man becomes a squire of dames. But between ten and sixteen the interests of a normal boy are neither in pet rabbits nor in girls, but in other boys. He plays the group games —baseball, football, cricket, hockey. He learns coöperation, self-sacrifice, loyalty, team play. That is what the gang is for. There the future business man, politician, or citizen first practises the great art of getting on with other people.

One man out of ten may be a member of a church; one man out of five may be a member of a fraternity. But at least three men out of four have been members of some gang, good or bad.

The respectable citizen who finds himself hustled off the sidewalk by a crowd of young toughs at the corner, and the fond mama whose carefully nurtured offspring has been sneaking off to the swimming-hole with the denizens of the next street, will probably unite in condemning the boys' gang for an unmitigated nuisance. Every Jew peddler, every Chinese laundryman, every farmer with a fruit-orchard, and most policemen will heartily agree with them. Even the best behaved boys individually are little savages when they get together; the unruly boy, in company with his fellows, blossoms into new depravities. From this standpoint, the boys' gang seems thoroughly bad.

On the other hand, men of science, psychologists, and officers of juvenile courts point out that only by associating himself with other boys can any youth learn and practise the great social virtues. Since older people disagree about the boys' gang, let us turn to the boys themselves. On the activities of the boys' gang, I quote, in the boys' own words, from the records of sixty-six boys' gangs, good, bad, and mixed — mostly mixed.

Boys' Own Accounts of Their Gangs

Gang Number 1. Name, "Moss Hollow Athletic Club." Number of members, 9 to 11. Ages, 12 to 17. Nationalities: 1 Irish, 2 French, 2 Americans, 1 negro, 1 Scot.

"Met nearly every day in vacation-time; had a shanty for a club-house over in the woods; met there most of the time; met on R. C.'s hill. R. C. was the leader, because he could jump the farthest. President could jump the farthest; vice-president jumped next farthest; the secretary next; the treasurer next. The club was for athletics, so that was the way we wanted it. Wouldn't let a fellow into our club unless he could play baseball or football; sometimes put a fellow out of the club because he wouldn't play or pay his share of the expenses. We have been going together for four years; we take in a new crowd of younger boys every year. We played baseball in the spring and football in the fall. Nights we could meet on the corner of the street and talk over games. Sundays we went to church; go up on the hill in the afternoon and watch some men play cards for money; they gave coppers to the boys. We often jumped a freight to Gates Crossing and then went berrying or after nuts. We used to play Indian in the woods; one boy captured the others and put them in a hole. We had three detectives. We stole some apples out of orchards. We had a fight with the 'Garden of Eden' gang; we were coming home from football; we guyed them for beating us. They fired sticks at us. We made some swords out of wood, got an air-rifle, and made an attack on them and drove

them up to a hay-mow in a barn. We sometimes ran away from school; two of us would go out at a time, so as not to throw any suspicion on the gang. Our rules were that all members should be present Wednesdays and Saturdays and each boy should pay equal parts for ball. When there were disputes the officers would 'most always settle them."

This is distinctly a "good" gang, although none of its members are probably in any immediate danger of translation. Here is another even better.

Gang Number 2. Name, "The Tennis Club." Number of members, 15 boys; most of them Americans — 2 Swedes. Meeting-place, M's house and tennis-court.

"Met after school, nights, and Saturdays. Had a captain of the baseball nine, a captain of the football, and a treasurer. The treasurer collected things at M's house: balls, bats, gloves, rackets, etc. If a fellow was a good ball-player or an all-round athlete, let him in. Sometimes we would pounce upon a fellow and give it to him for two or three minutes — tell a fellow we didn't like him and he didn't belong there, and he would leave. We had been going together seven months when I left going. M's parents would buy things for him and we could all use them. I wish I had stayed in that gang. We played tennis, baseball, cricket; went bicycling, riding, swimming, boating, and camping out. We went out to camp days and came back nights. We made a boat and went fishing for pickerel and perch. We would never allow a big fellow to pick on a little fellow. We were against smoking."

Two "Bad" Gangs and What They Did

Here, by way of contrast, are two "bad" gangs.

Name, "Red Flag Gang." Number of members, about 50. (This means a big crowd. Large gangs usually divide into smaller groups of about ten for definite activities.)

"I didn't steal before I joined this gang; all fellows in clubs steal — make a business of it. Had a club-room in an old house; nobody lived there; paid five cents a week to belong to the club; had a president — vote on him — and a treasurer. Play harmonicas in club-room; talk about shows and theaters. Club was started by the boys. Ten of us used to go stealing together. Some one see a nice place to steal; talk it up and then go to the place. Start out at seven o'clock and come back at nine o'clock. Stole money from people; snatch pocket-books out of hands of people and run; got fifty dollars once. Break and enter hen-coops and pigeon-coops; steal the hens and sell them to Chinamen. Another crowd of about ten used to go gambling in freight-cars so they would not get caught. Fellows would go off and steal anything they could get and sell it; divvy up the money."

Name, "Dowser Glums." Number of members, 8. Nationalities: 4 Irish, 3 French, 1 American.

"Met out in the woods, back of an old barn; met every day that we didn't get work. If any one had anything, he was to divide with the rest. Put a fellow out for spying or telling anything about the club. The purpose of the club was to steal. Been going together for two years. Stole 'most anything they could get their hands on: fruit from fruit-stands; snag ice-cream at picnics; robbed a store and put stuff in an old barn — revolvers, knives, and cartridges. Each of us had a revolver. Nights we would meet and tell stories of what we had done during the day. Go to shows. Sunday we loafed around the streets or went on a trip into the country. We would jump freights to Wayland, Littleton, and Boston. We would work for two or three days and then lay off and spend the money: go to a circus. Sometimes our folks would make us spend our money for clothes. Play cards — poker, whist, high-low-jack. Smoked cigarettes, pipes, and cigars. The biggest fellow drank; he tried to make the other fellows, but they wouldn't drink."

How thoroughly primitive all this sounds! how like the spontaneous activity of all healthy young barbarians the world over! Of my sixty-six gangs, seventy-four per cent reported that they had occupied themselves in hunting, fishing, boating, building huts, going off into the woods, playing Indians, and other "tribal occupations."

The reason is not far to seek. The normal boy at the gang age — that is to say, between ten and sixteen — is a savage; he is passing through the stage in which his savage ancestors lived in the days of the mammoth. He likes to play at doing the things that they did perforce. He admires their virtues and makes them his — their courage, loyalty, coöperation, their sense of dependence on one another. With these he has also the savage vices; but, on the whole, he is laying the broad foundation of the primitive savage virtues on which, in later adolescence, he will support the civilized ones. Possibly Nature might make a civilized adult without making first a young barbarian. For some reason,

possibly for a good one, she does not. Her method is less to be criticized than studied.

Taking New Boys into the Gang

The older and stronger the gang, the more careful are its members in selecting new material. A boy is kept on the waiting list in order that the members may have time to size him up in regard to loyalty. As soon as the group is satisfied on this point, he may enter, with or without a formal initiation. Some of the initiations, however, are interesting:

(1) "Have him [the new fellow] wrestle with Gibson, to see if he was strong."

(2) "Punched and rapped him all over. Put him up in the air and throw him down for five or ten minutes. If he did not cry, let him in."

(3) "Had to bring something to make sure he would stay in the club. Had a dark hole; had a barrel half full of water in this hole; if he would not go in, chuck him in."

(4) "Make him take an oath to keep secrets. Put him on a train, blindfold him, and send him off alone, to see if he could come back; if he came back he was a member of the gang."

Most adults do not really understand boys. Half of us, to be sure, were boys ourselves; but when we became men and settled down to work, we not only put away childish things — we went further and forgot them. When we read the "Story of a Bad Boy," or the "Real Diary of a Real Boy," or "Tom Brown," or "Huckleberry Finn," we say: "Why, yes, to be sure; that's exactly the way boys do. I used to do just that sort of thing myself." But the next hour we have forgotten, and the boy we once were is again a stranger to us.

Consider, for example, the strange vagabond instinct of youth. We grown men are content to work year after year at one desk, and think ourselves blessed if we can warm our feet year after year over the same register. But, with the boy, it's anything for a change.

Let me quote from the boys themselves, from their own reports as to how and why they ran away.

Why Boys Run Away from Home

Boy Number 1 has a fair home ten miles out of Boston; both his parents are living. He is a promising boy, with a frank face; is truthful, and has altogether an attractive personality. He began to run away from home when he was eleven years old, and by the time he was fourteen he had been off eight times, and in consequence had been committed to the Lyman School for Boys (the Massachusetts State Industrial School), where I first made his acquaintance. His reason for leaving home was simply: "I like to see places." He gave this account of his various trips:

Trip A. "Went to Framingham, to the military encampment; stayed there two days; walked to Boston [twenty miles], and stopped around the wharves; begged something to eat; slept in alleyways and in a mission; policeman caught me; took me to the station till father came and got me."

Trip B. "Went to Brighton to watch them drive cows to get killed; stopped there three days, and worked for something to eat by driving cows; slept in the stock-yard barn."

Trip C. "Went to Watertown to see them make guns, and stopped at arsenal two days; went to Cambridge, to a boy's house I knew; went to theater; stopped out too late; policeman took me; father came and got me."

Trip D. "Went to Charlestown to the place where they keep war-ships; stayed there a week, looking at guns and things; went on errands for men; slept in a barn; took some apples off a fruit-stand; policeman took me; father came and got me."

Trip E. "Went to Boston again; liked to go to places; went out for a week, catching fish [salt-water fishing]; went out as far as a light-house; slept in bunk; after return stayed in Boston four days; went to Brighton again to see them kill cows; policeman took me; father came and got me."

Trip F. "Went to Watertown again."

Trip G. "Went to Readville horse races."

Trip H. "Went to Portland, Maine, on the night boat; got a job in bowling-alley in Monument Square, Portland; slept in a mission; stole eight dollars; came back to Boston; broke into a store in Hyde Park three nights in succession for something to eat; did not get caught; rang in the fire alarm; got caught; police took me; father came and got me."

After this trip he landed in the Lyman School.

Boy Number 2 is a boy of fine ability, and not at all a bad fellow, in spite of a well-defined propensity to "rap on doors, push and pull people, play tick-tack on windows, and to go down to the East End to fight the crowd there with fists." His story shows really fine traits of character. He had grit and he stood loyally by his chum. He says:

"G stole some money, seventy-five dollars, and asked me to go with him to see the world. 'We'll go to St. Louis, earn some change, and come back.' Went to Providence from Boston; stayed there two nights; went by boat to New York; and then, the same day, took boat to

LOOKING FOR JESSE JAMES LITERATURE

BOYS WHO CAN NOT RUN AWAY FROM HOME GENERALLY GET ADVENTURE AT SECOND HAND—BY WAY OF THE THEATER OR THE DIME NOVEL

Norfolk, Virginia; stayed there three weeks. Went around taking in the theaters, concert-gardens, and having a good time. Went to cut-rate office for a ticket to St. Louis; found it would take all our money. We went over to Baltimore, and then to Philadelphia. We were financially embarrassed. Worked at a restaurant for something to eat. Struck Wanamaker's for a job. I got four dollars a week. I told hard-up story to the floor-walker, and he gave me one dollar in advance; hired a room for one dollar a week. He [the chum] didn't pay anything toward the room, but bummed around, looking for a job. We stayed in Philadelphia five weeks. I paid rent and meals for all but once. Man paid me off and gave me two dollars extra. We told hard-up story to our landlady; she went and told the Associated Charities; two policemen came and took us. We would not tell right names; we were sent to the House of Detention for two weeks; sent me back to Boston, and kept my chum. Sent me over to jail on

Charles Street for three weeks. I would not tell my name; got bread and water twice a day. I told them that I lived on Cherry Street, New York. I was getting sick with the itch, and got scared and told my right name. Folks didn't want to send me here; the judge did it."

"Here" is, of course, the Lyman School. One doesn't like to think what might have been this boy's fate if the jail-caught disease had not shaken his nerve.

Truancy

Truancy is another manifestation of the *Wanderlust*. Notice the very suggestive words of the boys in reference to school. These statements came from twenty-nine different truants in answer to the question: "Why did you run away from school?"

Boy Number 1 said: "Miss E. [his teacher] was all right. When I could not get my lessons she would not scold me, but helped me out of them. Miss L. [another teacher] had it in for me. I was to blame part of the time, but she blamed other folks' actions on me, and the school was right near the park. I could see them playing and having fun. I wanted to have some fun, too, so I ran away with another fellow."

Boy Number 2 said: "Ran just to get away from school. Gather up old barrels and old junk to get money to go to shows; used to go alone mostly."

Boy Number 3, a negro, said: "Liked all the teachers but one; she didn't like colored boys. I liked to walk around the streets and look into the big store-windows. Ran away to go to the theater, and to go to ride on an express wagon."

Boy Number 4 said: "I didn't like school; I didn't like geography and history. I liked to go to shows. Rather be out working than going to school. Went down around markets to get jobs; about four of us used to go together."

The rest of the twenty-nine boys each gave one of the following reasons:

"Didn't like to be in there sitting down. Didn't like to study. Have to sit quiet as can be all day. Went to wharves to see them take out fish. Ran away to go swimming and nutting. Ran to go to the circus. Ran to go to the ball games. Ran to go fishing. No fun in school. Ran to go to the theater."

There is a plain evidence in the reports of these boys that they were tired of the inactivity, restraint, and monotony of the school, and longed for the greater excitement and adventure outside.

The boys who can not run away from home get this adventure at second hand, by way of the theater — the theater, which Miss Jane Addams, in her book on Youth and the City Streets, calls the "House of Dreams." The boys' passion for the theater springs from a desire to learn about life and the world. Boys will do anything to get into the theater — peddle bills, pick over the dump, work hard, be good for a whole week. Many of us can recall to this day our bitter disappointment at not being allowed to go to the show that came to our town, or to the circus that came within twenty-five miles.

What Boys Like Best in the Theater

The time is past when the church must look upon the theater as the agency of the devil. Surely this attitude has allowed one of the best educational institutions in our country to degenerate into our present vaudeville shows. The time was when melodrama was a very popular program, but that day is fast passing; only a few theaters presenting the drama are left in any of our large cities. No one who studies the problem without the old inherited church prejudices can think of melodrama as dangerous; we must realize that, on the contrary, it furnishes a very wholesome form of amusement. The great bulk of the moving-picture shows to-day are good. The bad shows should be under the censure of a high public opinion, expressed in the press, the church, and the city government.

From thirteen boys I elicited the following reports in regard to the theater:

(1) "Go to shows two or three times a week; liked tragedies; got up shows myself and let fellows from our district come in."

(2) "Go once or twice a week to the theater; like love plays best."

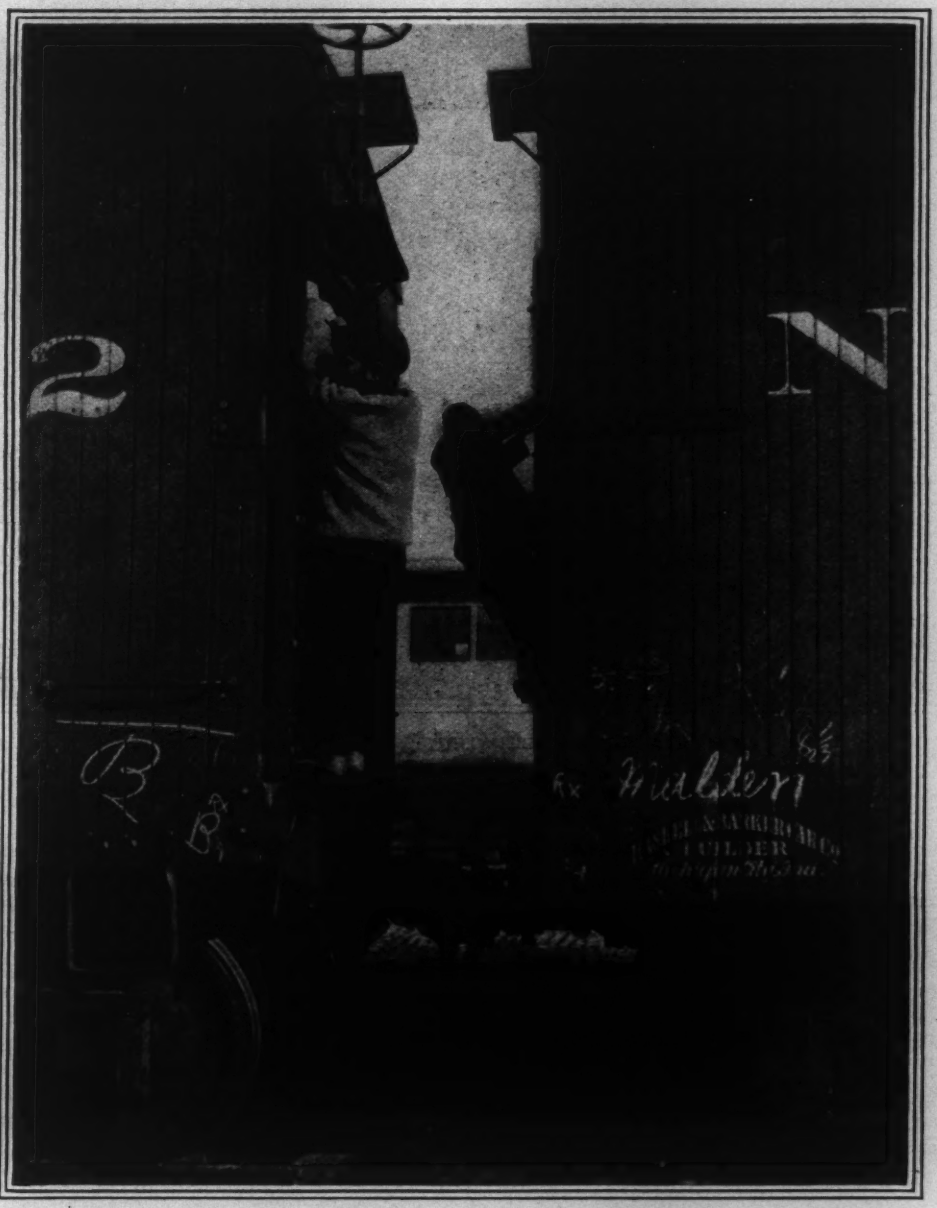
(3) "Go to shows once a week; like funny plays best. Father gives me money to go."

(4) "Go to shows about every night; stay around and they would let us in late; hook our way in sometimes; jump over the bannister when man's back was turned. Like to see men get shot; like to see trains come on the stage."

(5) "Like tragedy best, where there was a hero in too. In the 'Devil's Island,' the hero was a fellow in the English army. One fellow was maltreated and sentenced to Devil's Island, but finally came out the victor."

(6) "Like war plays. Liked the acting where there was fighting and singing. Ran away from school to pick coal to make some money to go to the theater."

(7) "I like murders and plays that have villains in them. Get passes from fellows who go out after the first act."



BOY NUMBER 1 RAN AWAY FROM HOME; "WALKED TO BOSTON [TWENTY MILES]; LIKED TO SEE PLACES; STOPPED AROUND WHARVES; BEGGED SOMETHING TO EAT; SLEPT IN ALLEYWAYS AND IN A MISSION"

(8) "Saturday night go to theater; like tragic plays best, where the hero kills the villain."

(9) "Go to shows Saturday afternoons; like all kinds. I like war shows and heroes and all like that."

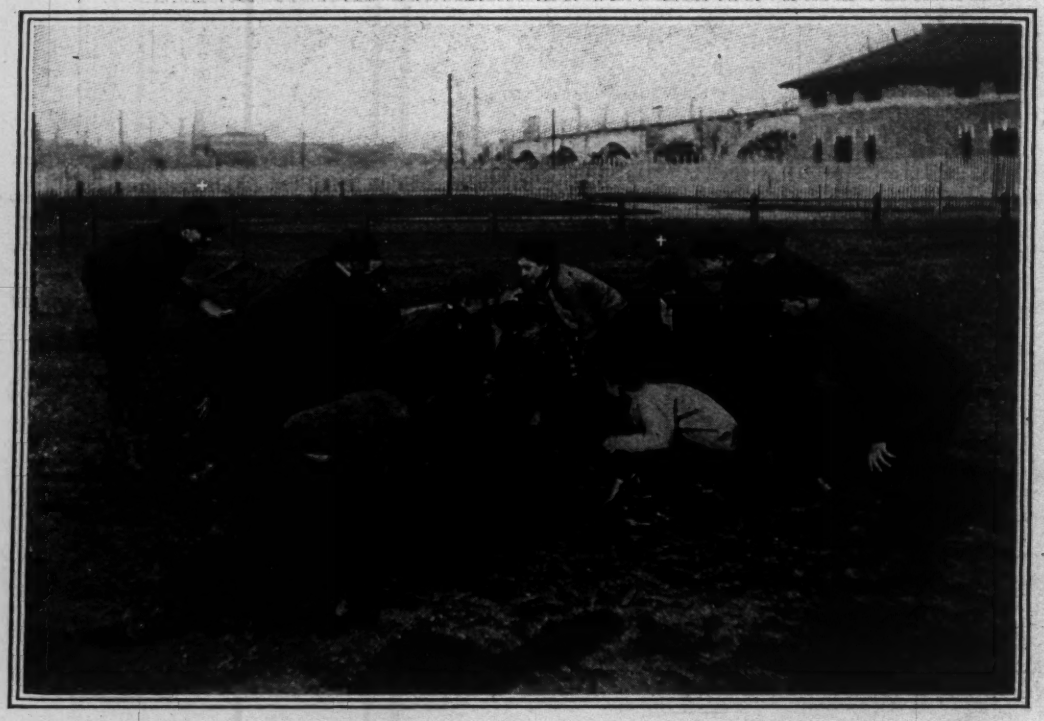
(10) "We had the best time going to theaters; like comical plays; like to see Irishmen and fighting."

(11) "Like plays with fighting in them best."

(12) "Like hero plays."

(13) "Like excitement and Indian plays best."

Out of eleven boys, five said their favorite play was "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; two spoke for "The Great White Diamond" and two for "The Queen of the White Slaves." Other boys expressed a preference for one or another of the following plays: "Steeplechase," "Railroad Jack," "White Eagle," "Devil's Island," "Peggy from Paris," "Girls from England," "Under Southern Skies," "Arnold the Traitor," "Wedded in the Streets," "Shaumus O'Brien," "Limited Mail," "The Power of the Cross," "Paul Revere's Ride," "New York by Day,"



A FOOTBALL GAME BETWEEN TWO BOSTON GANGS
THE CROSSES INDICATE THE TWO LEADERS. EVERY GANG HAS A LEADER, AND IN THE REPORTS OF TWENTY-NINE BOYS THE LEADER WAS SPECIFIED IN ALL BUT ONE CASE AS THE "BEST PLAYER" OF HIS GROUP

"Heart of Maryland," "Why Women Sin," "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," "Across the Rockies," "Monte Cristo," "Midnight in Chinatown," "Rip Van Winkle," "James Brothers in Missouri," "Eight Bells," "Across the Pacific," "'Way Down East," "McFadden's Flats," "The Blue and the Gray."

"Swiping" Not a Sign of Depravity

In primitive society, all the enemy's property is contraband of war. "Go to —— Market," report my boys; "steal apples, candy, grapes, and peanuts. Went in a crowd." "Stole pigeons; broke into slot-machines. Got lager beer Saturday nights off beer teams." "*Go round stealing for fun.* Go out to Arlington Heights for apples, pears, and things. Take bananas off of Italians. Steal off bakers' teams. Take baskets of doughnuts and pies. Take milk out of doors. Steal clothes off clothesline, sell to ragman. Stole junk, sold it to another ragman."

Of course, all this is very wrong, but how many of us men are there who have never lived off the enemy's country to the extent of at least an apple or a "spud"? Even Henry Ward Beecher confesses — let us hope, for the good of his soul — to having "swiped" certain properties of his Uncle Samuel "off" the Charlestown Navy Yard. Stealing is so thoroughly instinctive in boys of the gang age that it is by no means a sign of depravity. It is not nearly so grave a fault as, for example, lying or cowardice, for these are against the native impulses of boyhood, and will grow worse instead of better. At any rate, seventy-four per cent of our boys' gangs own up to what we may term, euphemistically, "predatory activities" — and you know the formula: "If he says he never did it, then he does it now." But I pass to the most absorbing amusement of savage and of boy life — fighting. "Make forts," reports the spokesman of one of my gangs. "Fight with snowballs. Go down to East End. Fight with crowd there. Fight with fists." Apparently there was not the slightest reason for going "down to East End" except for the chance of getting into a row.

The somewhat unsavory "Island Gang" "fought with another gang to see which was strongest. Fought with clubs." A hunting gang "had a shanty in the woods; other boys would come and tear it down" — and the natural consequences would follow. The loosely organized "Gold Streeters," largely a stealing gang,

GANG NUMBER I "HAD A SHANTY FOR A CLUB-HOUSE OVER IN THE WOODS; WENT BERRYING OR AFTER NUTS. USED TO PLAY INDIAN IN THE WOODS; ONE BOY CAPTURED THE OTHERS AND PUT THEM IN A HOLE"

discouraged fighting within its own ranks, the bigger boys for the most part settling disputes. But the gang as an organization kept all outsiders away from its favorite street corner, and, in addition, it "fought a gang from another school. Fought with sticks and stones. Chased fellows on streets. Split a few boys' heads open."

One boy reports: "Had a regular battle with Sewall Street gang. Made a fort on a hill. Sewall Street gang tried to take the fort down on us. We pelted them with snowballs. They took it down at seven o'clock, while we were eating breakfast. We drove them over a fence."

By way of conclusion, consider this really unique case of a federation of local gangs, and a war between the confederacies.

"Chelsea gangs fought East Boston gangs. Everybody thought that East Boston fellows were picking on little fellows in Chelsea too much. We had it all arranged, but there was a traitor in our camp; he told East Bostons. We met in the middle of ice on Mystic River; fought with clubs, sticks, and stones; in close quarters where we couldn't use clubs, used our fists. About four hundred of us boys, same number on other side. One of our fellows got knocked out. We licked. Half of us got hit on the arms. The ice broke in on the river. A lot of our fellows pulled the others out; we didn't like to see them drown. One fellow on the other side got drowned — a little fellow."

Gang Leaders

Almost always, whether stealing or fighting or playing Indians, the gang has a leader. Sometimes he is formally elected; more often he simply comes to the fore by virtue of his inherent force of character. Occasionally, on the other hand, there is no special leader; or, where the gang follows various lines of activity, different boys in turn take the lead, each in the thing he does best.

Typical reports concerning these leaders from the boys themselves are: "A was oldest and largest. He collected us and got us into it." "B was leader. He was the sharpest. He always wanted to go first." "D was leader. He could fight the best and had the most money." "T was leader; English, good-natured, good player at anything." "J was the ring-leader; steals most, says come on." Two boys report of themselves: "I was leader. Had stumps, and the one who could do the most stumps was leader." "I was leader; I wasn't afraid of anybody."

TWO BOYS COÖPERATING TO ROB A FRUIT-STAND
THE "DOWSER GLUMS" "STOLE 'MOST ANYTHING THEY COULD GET THEIR HANDS ON; FRUIT FROM FRUIT-STANDS; SNAG ICE-CREAM AT PICNICS; ROBBED A STORE AND PUT STUFF IN AN OLD BARN"

It is with boys as with men. The leader is the best fighter, the one who wants to go first, and can do things, who says come on, who isn't afraid of anybody. The rest — who are afraid of somebody, and who prefer to see the other fellow go first — they are the rank and file.

Now, there is not much doubt that the leader of boys becomes in due time the leader of men. He learns the art as a boy; as a boy he develops the qualities of leadership, and the habit. It becomes, therefore, a matter of no small moment to find out what sort of boy it is who, in the give and take of boy life, comes to the top of the heap. As there are certain obvious advantages in after life in being at the top of the heap rather than at the bottom, it becomes well worth while knowing how a boy acquires the valuable knack of getting there.

By way of getting light on these points, I put questions to the boys at the Lyman School concerning the leaders of their gangs. The following are specimen replies.

C's report concerning leader Number 1: "He seems to be a quiet, sensible fellow; minds his own business; never has any trouble with any fellows. He is leader in our sports; when he plays the whole cottage plays. He will always help you, and never gets you into trouble if he can help it."

F's report on the same boy: "He is a favorite. He is good to the fellows. He is the best athlete. He is never in a fight, and does not try to pick up fights. When he has anything he always divides up. He is strong and well built."

B's report on the same boy: "Kind-hearted. Leader of all the sports. He will let any fellow play. Gives a fellow a fair chance. He is quiet; hardly says anything."

Other reports are to the same effect: "Best player and best boxer. Not a fighter, but hits fellows when they don't behave." "He does about what is right." "Never is fooling; stops fighting." "Tries the best he can. Is fair to everybody. Doesn't fight."

The subject of the above reports was the most marked leader of his time in the school. His house-master, from whom I inquired the secret of his power, describes him as cool-headed and of good judgment; silent and distant; a good player; and, as shown by his gymnasium examinations, the strongest boy physically in the entire school.

Here are some reports on other leaders.

A boy's report on leader Number 2: "He

A TYPICAL BOYS' GANG

GANG NUMBER 4 "WOULD WORK FOR TWO OR THREE DAYS, AND THEN LAY OFF AND SPEND THE MONEY; GO TO A CIRCUS. NIGHTS WE WOULD MEET AND TELL STORIES OF WHAT WE HAD DONE DURING THE DAY"

seems to use us fellows more squarely. He was captain of the baseball, and we liked him. He is a pitcher of the baseball team. He is the best fighter and boxer; likes to fool; he is good-natured."

Another boy's report on leader Number 2: "He does lots of things for boys. He wanted to be the leader. He is about the best in sports; he is the strongest. He is equal to anybody in fighting; nobody wants to fight with him. He is the brightest fellow."

A boy's report on leader Number 4: "He is an athlete; good-natured; will take lots of fooling. He helps lots of fellows. He will fight when he has to, but will never pick up a fight. He does not care to choose up, and will play anywhere."

A boy's report on leader Number 7: "Popular among the boys. He is a good player. He treats fellows right; picks up no fights; stops fighting. He is generous; he is strong."

Here, by way of contrast, is a report on a would-be leader, ambitious for office, but unable to "make good":

"Wants to lead, but can not; do not like him. He thinks he is quite the fellow. Wants to pitch and can't. He wants to choose up and put himself in pitcher."

Twenty-nine reports concerning eleven different leaders specify of all except one that he is the "best player" of his group. All but three are noted as being the "best fighter," but "not fond of fighting." All but four are described as "fair and square." Or, to sum up the reports in slightly different terms: Characteristics depending on physical strength and activity were mentioned fifty-nine times; moral qualities of the altruistic group, good nature, kindness, squareness, generosity, and the like, thirty-eight times; the egoistic moral qualities, self-reliance, reserve, power, industry, twenty-one times.

Boys as Judges of Character and Ability

Altogether it is a pleasing picture which these by no means model boys of the Massachusetts State Industrial School give of their leaders. One and all almost without exception, they are strong of body, skilled at games, courageous and self-reliant, generous, kind-hearted, even-tempered, not given to unnecessary fighting, yet almost invariably the best fighters of their groups. Naturally, our reporters put little stress upon intellectual qualities, such being the way with boys; but dullards rarely come

to the fore, while the successful leader usually possesses not only the courage and initiative to go ahead and do things, but also the imagination to plan them. Especially noteworthy is one oft-recurring phrase: the would-be leader "wants to choose up and put himself pitcher"; the real leader "does not want to choose up and will play anywhere."

We have listened first to the youths, as seems to be the custom in these days. Let us now turn to the opinion of the elders.

I took one hundred boys just as they came alphabetically on the lists of the Lyman School, and had their teachers and house-masters classify them as leaders or easily led. I also selected twenty qualities, some physical, some mental, and some moral, which, taken together, seemed to me to be on the whole the fairest index to boy character, and had the teachers and masters rank each of these hundred boys with respect to each of these twenty qualities. The results of this rating appear in the table below.

This table is well worth further study. It shows that in kindness of heart, goodness of nature, sweetness of disposition, and cheerfulness the leaders have but a slight advantage over their followers. Even in brightness of mind and in activity and perseverance the difference is not especially marked.

The leaders are twice as well endowed with ambition, stability, good temper, truthfulness, attention, and memory, and three times more likely to have a normal physical life, and, perhaps in consequence, to be brave. The great differences are in the remaining qualities. The leaders, judged by this test, are 3.4 times more likely to be shrewd; 4.4 times more likely to be generous; 4.7 times more likely to be strong-willed; and, to crown all, they are 5.8 times more likely to have good reasoning power. Their superiority, in short, lies far more in the manly than in the gentle virtues.

With this excess of manly qualities goes a marked advantage on the animal side. As compared with the thirty-seven easily led boys, the thirty-one leaders, as appears from their gymnasium examinations, were

4 months younger, and therefore
½ inch shorter, but
4 1/6 pounds heavier
½ inch larger in girth of chest
⅖ inch better in chest expansion
10.3 cubic inches better in lung capacity
8.8 pounds stronger in right hand
8.8 pounds stronger in left hand
26.4 pounds stronger in back
44 pounds stronger in legs
6.6 pounds stronger in chest

Or, taking both groups at the same age, the leaders would have eleven per cent more lung capacity, forty per cent more chest expan-

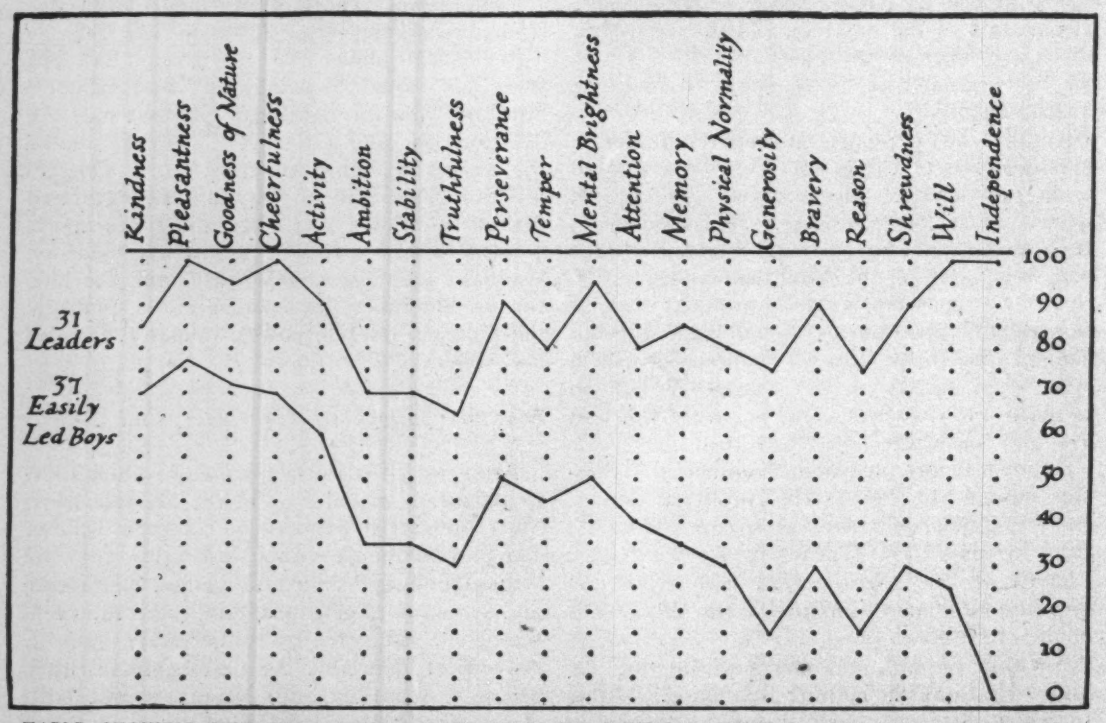


TABLE SHOWING THE COMPARATIVE RATING, AS TO PHYSICAL, MENTAL, AND MORAL QUALITIES, OF THIRTY-ONE LEADERS AND THIRTY-SEVEN EASILY LED BOYS

GANG NUMBER 1 "HAD A FIGHT WITH THE 'GARDEN OF EDEN' GANG. THEY FIRED STICKS AT US. WE MADE SOME SWORDS OUT OF WOOD, GOT AN AIR-RIFLE, AND MADE AN ATTACK ON THEM AND DROVE THEM UP TO A HAY-MOW"

sion, and eighteen per cent more muscular strength.

Moreover, when they entered the Lyman School at thirteen and a half years of age, the boys of the leader group were one whole grade ahead of the easily led. Two years later, when this study was made, they were two grades ahead.

What the Gang Does for the Boy

My more precise study, therefore, bears out fully the impression given by the boys' own reports. The gang leader is a special sort of boy, on the whole a decidedly good sort. The leader earns his place by virtue of his own inherent quality. As Ambassador Bryce has well said concerning children of a larger growth, "political society has depended upon the natural inequality of the strength of individual wills and the activity of individual intellects, so that the weaker have tended to follow the stronger not so much because the stronger have compelled them to do so as because they themselves have wished to do so." The characteristics of the leader (physical vigor, mental capacity, reasoning power, strength of will, shrewdness, generosity, courage) are qualities strongly hereditary; so that, without question, the natural leader of men is in part born rather than made. At the same time, there is no one of these qualities which is not also the result of training. While certain boys and certain men will inevitably come to the fore, no matter where they are born nor what their early condition may be, and while certain others are by nature predetermined to an invertebrate dependence, a very considerable number of persons are of that intermediate quality which environment may develop into the one class or force back into the other. There is an instinct for leadership in nearly every normal boy, which is especially strong and especially educable just at the gang age. Helped at the right time and in the right way, the budding leader forms the habit of success and goes from strength to strength. Hindered, the impulse aborts, and the boy remains a follower to the end.

The leaders, as we have seen, are noted for their fighting ability. Yet they are not fighters. They have fought their way to independence and now enjoy their freedom. They do not stir up quarrels; but, on the contrary, they stand for fair play and can be depended on to stop unjust fights. They are lovers of peace — but they are not to be imposed upon.

This is the class we all want our own boys to enter. There is only one open road to it: the boy must fight his way. Every boy is tested by his playmates. If he fails to defend his rights, he loses his own self-respect and the respect of his fellows. He has lost the road to independence and to self-reliance. He will never hold his own, either among boys or among men.

THE INFLAMMABLE TENEMENT

HOW NEW YORK HAS PLACED TWO AND A HALF MILLION PEOPLE IN THE WORST FIRE-TRAP DWELLINGS IN THE WORLD

BY

ARTHUR E. McFARLANE

AUTHOR OF "FIRE AND THE SKYSCRAPER," ETC.

THERE are forty fires a day in New York City — twice as many and twice as costly as the fires of London, Berlin, and Paris together. More than half of these fires are in tenements — the dwellings where three quarters of the New York population live. Every year 300,000 people in New York hear the cry of "Fire!" within the walls of their own tenement; every year tens of thousands of families are frightened out of their homes by fires; and every year dozens are burned to death. In 1910 there were sixty-three people killed by fire in New York, ten in Paris, and none in Berlin.

Japan, a country of wood and paper houses, has about 15,000 fires a year — practically the same number as New York City has. But in Japan, as in other semi-civilized countries, the people live near the ground, and in case of fire can escape. There has been no parallel for the constant condition of danger in the dwelling-places of New York since the plebeians of ancient Rome were roasted to death in their six- and seven-story tenements, in the time of Augustus Caesar.

Three and a half millions of people live in the tenements of New York, at an average height of thirty-five feet above the ground. Two and a half millions of these live in "old-style" tenements — the most dangerous human habitations in the world. The mass of population in these houses does not decrease; in spite of new laws, it steadily increases. It was less than 2,400,000 in 1901; it is by the estimate of the Board of Health nearly 2,580,000 to-day. And, in all human probability, New York will remain for decades to come what it is at present — the city that kills more persons by fire in their homes than any other in the world.

The First Mass of Tenement Dwellers

The New York tenements were built to house the great hordes of immigrants who were thrown into the city from Europe. The end of the Napoleonic wars let loose the advance-guard of these, in 1817. New York was then a town of detached brick and frame houses, set in gardens. Within twenty months it was compelled to find room for 22,240 immigrants — mainly Irish peasants. The owners of the houses in the poorer districts of the city provided for them by dividing up the old two-story-and-attic single houses to accommodate two families or more. Two families pay more rent than one. The situation naturally continued.

In 1828 another great rush of immigration began. The supply of old houses was exhausted; the slum builder began to put up the first type of the New York tenements as we know them now — wooden boxes, three or four stories high, sometimes with brick fronts, but always practically of frame construction. The front of the lots being filled, many of these were built back in the old gardens. By 1834 there were at least 100,000 people in the tenements of New York. There are still — surrounded by the solid brick walls composed of the houses on the street — 4,000 "rear tenements," built originally in old Manhattan gardens. In the thirties, New

Courtesy Tenement-House Department, New York

ROOM IN AN OLD-STYLE TENEMENT AFTER A FIRE. FIVE PEOPLE SLEPT IN THIS ROOM, ALL OF WHOM WERE SUFFOCATED

York had already developed its problem of congestion, and with it the danger of burning its population in their homes.

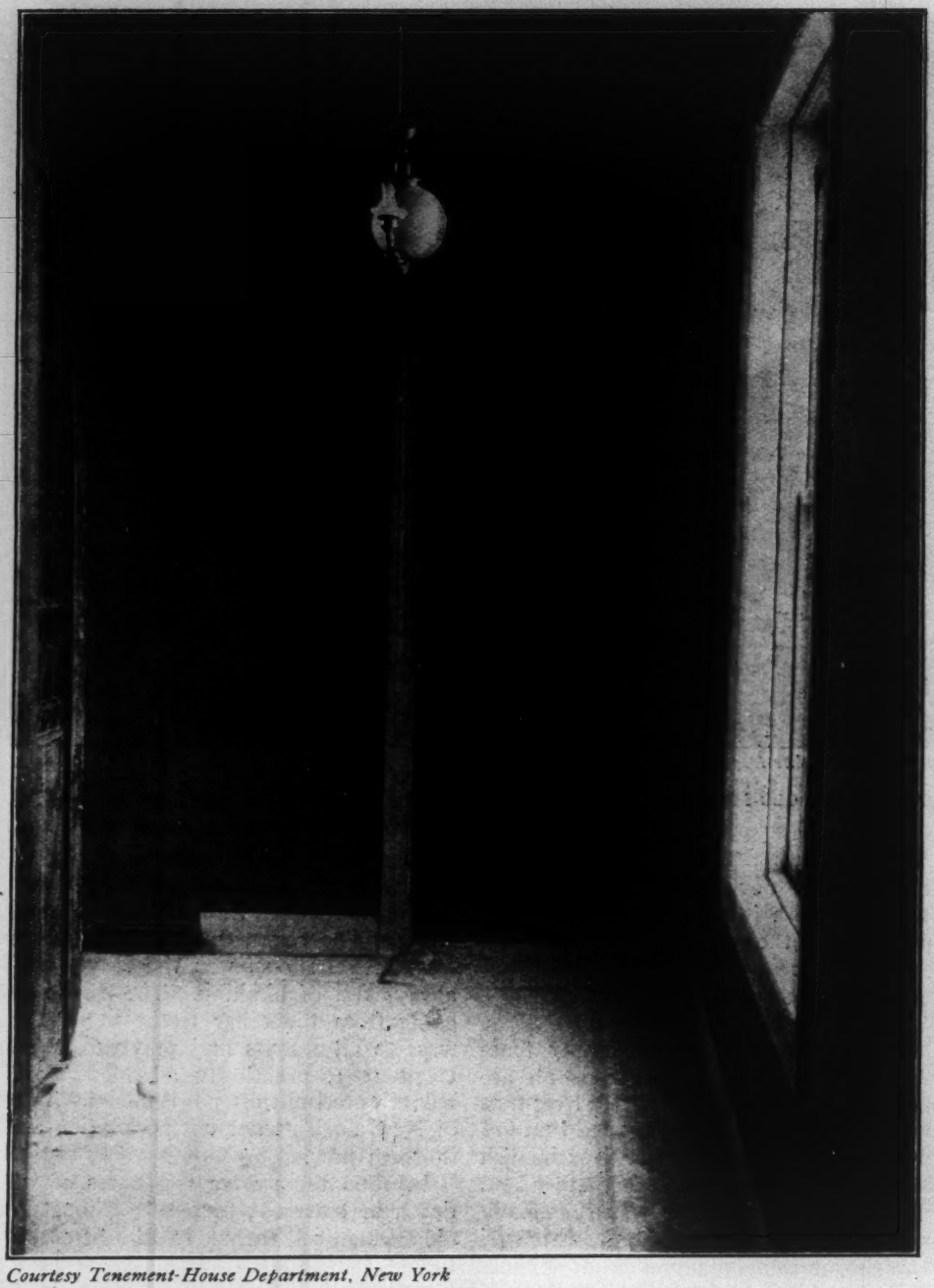
A Box-Stove and a Chimney

The first little two- and three-family tenements had early shown that fifteen people are more likely to set a house on fire than five; that they are less likely to get out alive; and that fire in twelve or sixteen rooms is harder to extinguish than fire in five or six. For every story and every family added, the risk was manifestly greater. Accordingly, in 1849 New York passed a law "for the more effectual prevention of fire." Brooklyn followed, in 1852, with an ordinance to the effect that every building "should have a scuttle or place of egress in the roof thereof." Fire-escape legislation had begun.

By 1854 the average tenement held more than five families. The new houses, many of them five stories high, brick without and wood within, held eight and ten families — from thirty to fifty people. These boxlike wooden structures were something unique as traps for burning people alive. They were built on the general plan of a box-stove, connected with a chimney. Every family had its own wood-bin in the cellar, full of wood, paper, and straw. The cellar, divided into these bins by wooden partitions, was the stove, and it was always full of kindling. The single stairway going from the cellar to the top of the house was, to all intents and purposes, a chimney. Until 1901, practically all New York tenements were built after this model. Two thirds of New York's tenement population are living in them now.

In 1860 there were two cases of wholesale death in tenement fires — "big roasts," as the old firemen call them. In Elm Street a "cellar fire" — that is, a fire starting in the cellar wood-bins and going up the stairs — gave a death list of twenty; ten more were killed in a similar fire on West Forty-fifth Street. The Common Council of New York immediately enacted an ordinance calling for fire-escapes. The State legislature passed laws virtually requiring either the erection of an outside brick staircase as a fire-escape, or fire-proof construction for tenements throughout.

How to build fire-proof tenements was no mystery in 1860. Since 1854, under the rules of Baron Haussmann, who remade Paris, France,



Courtesy Tenement-House Department, New York

PHOTOGRAPH OF THE HALLWAY OF A "NEW-LAW" TENEMENT, TAKEN AFTER A FIRE ON THE FLOOR BELOW. IN THE "NEW-LAW" TENEMENT THE FLOORS ARE OF CONCRETE OR TILE, THE STAIRWAYS OF METAL AND SLATE, AND ALL THE WOODWORK IN THE HALLS IS METAL-SHEATHED

had been building them by the hundred. By these rules, in place of wood, tenements must have iron floor-beams with brick arching between; all stair-shafts must be inclosed in brick; and all spaces between partitions must be filled with concrete or gypsum. This is almost exactly what was called for, forty years later, in the tenement-house law of 1901. In 1860 one might have expected that New York was to be as fire-proof a city as Paris. In 1862 the "fire-proof" law was repealed holus-bolus. It had raised the cost of construction. In place of it more fire-escape legislation was enacted.

Courtesy Tenement-House Department, New York

THE THIRD FLOOR OF AN OLD-STYLE OR TYPICAL NEW YORK TENEMENT AFTER A FIRE. NOTE THE FLIMSY CHARACTER OF THE WOODEN CONSTRUCTION. THE AVERAGE HALL OR STAIRWAY IN THE OLD-STYLE TENEMENT IS LESS THAN THREE FEET WIDE

The New York Fire-Escape

In 1866 five persons were burned to death in a tenement in Avenue A, nine in Division Street, and seven in East Thirty-first Street. If it cost too much to make the whole tenement fire-proof, the wood-bins could, at any rate, be made safe. In 1867 the first general tenement-house law contained a provision that all cellar wood-bins should be constructed wholly of fire-proof material. But to do this also gave the builder additional expense, and that law lasted just four years, until 1871. Another fire-escape law was substituted.

But fires were still starting in the tenement cellar, and to it the eye of the legislature was still, willingly or unwillingly, directed. In place of fire-proof wood-bins, in 1871 it was enacted that "the floor above the cellar, with the stairs leading thereto, were to be constructed fire-proof." This would have cost more than fire-proof wood-bins. The law was never enforced and it lasted only three years, being repealed in 1874. Once more, in place of laws compelling safe construction, a fire-escape law was written.

The New York fire-escape was the cheapest apparatus that could be required by any law for fire protection. Those put up in the seventies — and they are still the commonest type to-day* — are ladders running straight up and down a vertical wall, passing through holes in iron balconies at each story. When a crowd of people, numb or frantic with terror, try to climb down these ladders, they jam at every balcony, or step on one another's hands, or fall and carry others with them. And, as the fire-escape laws were not enforced, many tenements had not even this protection. Widened window-sills, or balconies with floors of wooden slats, were allowed to pass as fire-escapes.

The "Dumb-Bell Double-Decker" — a Perfect Fire-Trap

All this was brought about for the benefit of the speculative builder. Three quarters of the city dwellings in America have been built by him. But never in the history of the country has there been such development of speculative building as came in New York shortly after 1880. The reason for this was the flooding into America of an immigration beyond any movement of population that had ever taken place before on the face of the earth. In 1879 only 99,240 immigrants arrived in the port of New York; in 1880 there were 226,726; in 1881, 400,725; and in 1882, 502,000. A large percentage of these stayed in New York. The speculative builder was prepared to house them. In 1879, as it happened, there had been evolved for him, in an architectural competition, the "dumb-bell double-decker."

The problem of the tenement-builder was to set the greatest number of families possible on a 25-foot-front building lot, and to give them all a semblance of air and light. The law had at last forbidden the erection of any form of tenement that covered the lot solidly. The "dumb-bell double-decker" was an open form of construction; but what it was most of all open to was fire. It got the first part of its name from its floor-plan, and the second part from its five, six, or seven decks, or stories, each divided lengthwise into two parts. A building is open to fire just so far as fire is able to find its way upward in it, through flues that give upon inflammables. The "dumb-bell," like its predecessors, formed a stove and a chimney; it had the same cellar full of wood-bins, opening into a single central stair-well. Like all the tenements before it, it had the hundred little flues, between wood-lined partitions, found in all our hollow lath-and-studding American construction; and it had the floor openings created by cheap plumbing. To these the "dumb-bell" tenement added two dumb-waiter shafts,— oil-soaked wooden flues opening upon every floor,— and on both sides of the house an air-shaft. There were openings from the cellar into both the dumb-waiters and the air-shaft. The air-shaft was soon littered with rubbish and old papers, and hung across with drying clothes; and, once fire had got into it, the flames cracked the windows and entered all the middle rooms of the house by another route. They could also pass into the houses on the right and left.

An Average Profit of Five Thousand Dollars

Four families could be put on every floor of the "dumb-bell," sometimes six; it could be built in six months. And for years the speculative builder could count on his five thousand dollars profit apiece for as many as he could build. He learned to run them up "on a shoe-string." Short-time credit and a few thousand dollars in cash were all he needed.* And he knew that almost before his "dumb-bell" was finished he could sell it, fully rented, to one of a hundred eagerly waiting landlords. He learned to beat the landlord, too, by taking tenants rent-free for a month or more, on conditions of secrecy.

What is called by firemen "three-months paint" had been invented. It was very cheap paint,— three months was its uttermost lease of life,— and it was very dangerous. Whatever it was made of, let a lamp or a candle come near enough to it while it was still damp, and fire would go around the room or down the tenement hall as fast as a man could run. But such paint was good enough when you were building to sell. As for fire-escapes, the bar iron could be brought to the legal thickness by successive coats of "black wash." But, as a matter of fact,

* This article was written in Greenwich House, a social settlement in the heart of the West Side tenement district. Seven out of ten of the fire-escapes to be seen from its front windows are vertical ladders.

* See "The Tenement-House Problem," by de Forest and Veiller, for a full account of the methods of the speculative builder, who is at present giving New York most of its fire-trap loft factories.

Courtesy Tenement-House Department, New York

PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN AFTER A FIRE, OF THE CELLAR STAIRS IN AN OLD-STYLE TENEMENT. THESE STAIRS LED FROM THE WOOD-BINS INTO THE STAIR-WELL. TWENTY-FIVE PEOPLE WERE BURNED TO DEATH IN THIS HOUSE

in those years builders were little bothered by legal restrictions. In 1885 it was decreed that all tenements thereafter erected more than seventy feet high should be fire-proof — it being then unlikely that many builders would wish to erect tenements more than seventy feet high. But, when this condition no longer maintained, the height limit was at once raised to eighty feet. By 1892 it was eighty-five. Wood was held by the president of the Board of Buildings to be a "slow-burning material," and wooden stairs and hallways were considered entirely safe, if backed by wire lath and plaster.*

* See the minutes of the examination of the chief officers of the New York and Brooklyn Departments of Buildings before the Tenement-House Commission in December, 1900, and published in its report.

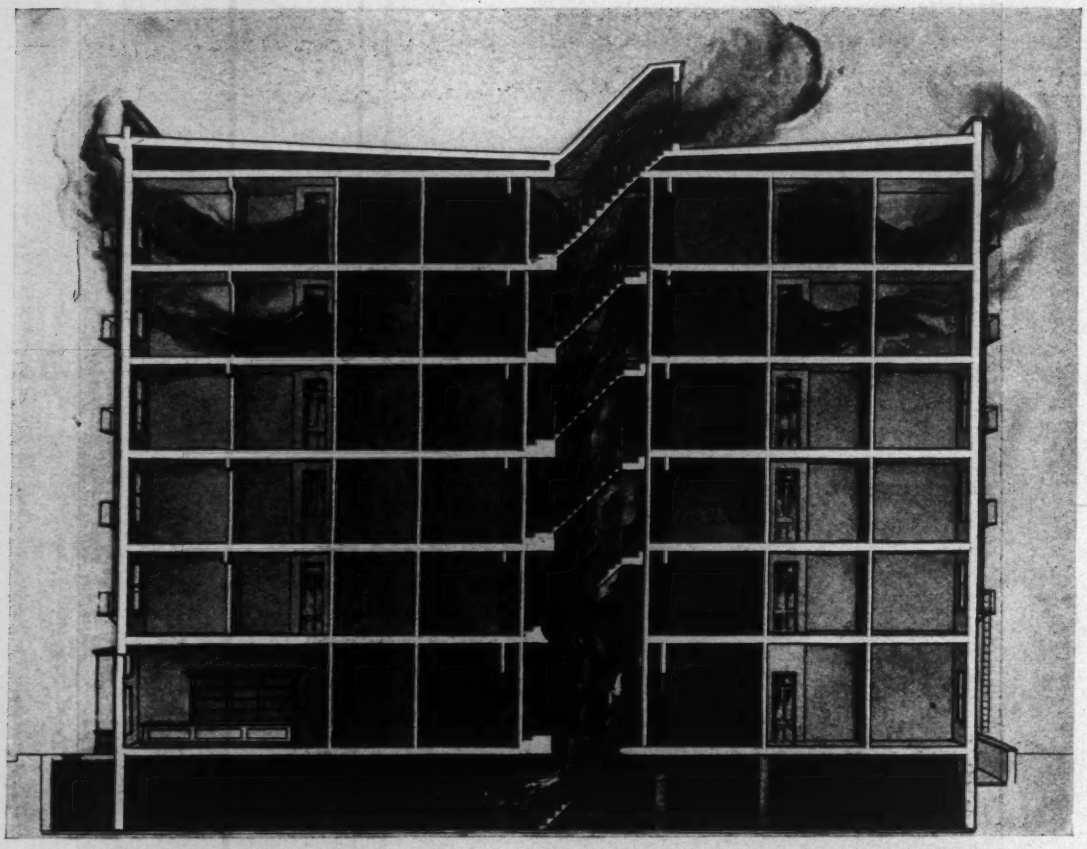


DIAGRAM GIVING A SIDE VIEW OF A TENEMENT FIRE. A CELLAR FIRE, OR ANY FIRE ON A LOWER FLOOR, TURNS THE STAIR-WELL INTO A CHIMNEY. IN TENEMENT FIRES, THE GREATEST LOSS OF LIFE IS CAUSED BY SUFFOCATION

The Immigrant and the Fire-Trap

In twenty years about forty-seven thousand tenements, large and small, were flung together in the territory that is now New York,—the "dumb-bell" being the prevailing type,—and 1,550,000 people crowded into them. There were already eight hundred thousand in the still older tenements. These people were foreigners, unaccustomed to fire as a destroyer. The German came from a country in which one house is burned where five are burned with us; in the Austro-Hungarian's home land the proportion is one to nine in the United States; in the Italian's, one to twenty-one. The Italian peasant may grow to manhood and never see a house burn down. Letting all Europe make the average, our losses of dwellings by fire are still eight to one.

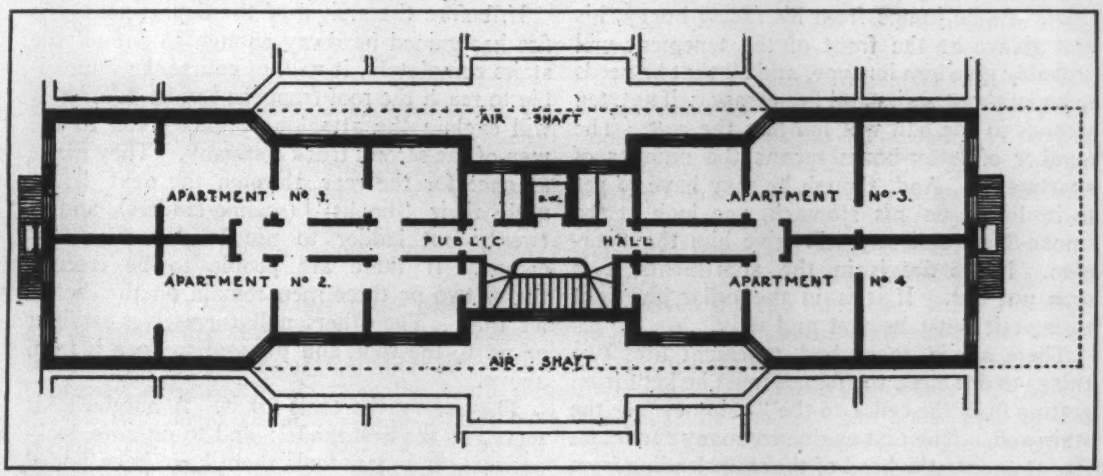
But these figures are for our ordinary single-family houses. In 1906 Chief Bonner had the records of sixty thousand New York fires examined, in order to determine just what part the tenement had played in them. It was found that fire occurs in it more than four times as often as it does in the ordinary American house. Fifty-two per cent of all fires on Manhattan Island were ascribed to the tenement, and in Greater New York forty-seven per cent; and the proportion was constantly growing. Leaving it at forty-seven per cent, this would mean 6,700 tenement fires for the year ending in December, 1910, and for that decade about 48,000. Now, as at the beginning, those who fill New York's tenements are almost wholly foreign. A population, unaccustomed to fires in their European dwellings, were suddenly thrown into houses that were in greater danger of burning than any others in the civilized world. Their customs and habit of life in their earlier surroundings became at once a great danger.

Fifty-one per cent of all tenement fires start in the apartments themselves, from carelessness with matches, the upsetting of lamps and candles, the drying of clothes too near stoves, and similar causes. A cold spell will mean a great increase in "stove fires"; for the cooking

and heating of eighty-five per cent of the tenements in New York are done by means of wood or coal stoves.

Even religious customs become dangerous in the tenements. Until two years ago, on the night of Yom Kippur, the Jewish New Year, the holy candles lit in every house caused such a doubling and trebling of fires that a second engine had to be brought down, on that night, and made ready outside every fire-house in the Ghetto. This custom has not been changed, but the chief rabbis now instruct their people to stand the candles in pans or bowls of earth, and that particular danger has been largely averted.

But, in any case, the "room" and the "candle fire" rarely amount to much. They occur, for the most part, early in the evening. And about ninety-four in every hundred are "killed" in the apartment where they start. One family may lose all it possesses, but that is the worst. It is the cellar fire, coming later in the night, which is always the dangerous one. And forty per cent of tenement fires start in the cellar.



FLOOR-PLAN OF THE "DUMB-BELL DOUBLE-DECKER." SUCH A HOUSE IS ONLY TWENTY-FIVE FEET WIDE AND LESS THAN EIGHTY FEET LONG; BUT IT FREQUENTLY HOLDS A HUNDRED AND FIFTY PEOPLE. THE AIR-SHAFTS PASS THE FIRE ON TO THE TENEMENTS ADJOINING

The Night Fire in the Cellar

An East Side battalion chief who has been "on tenements" for twenty years, sitting grimly in his bedroom office, hard by the brass sliding-pole, can almost see the cellar fire start. The getting of the morning's kindling still causes most of them. The Italian finishes his night's smoke, and gets his first. At home he lived in a house where even the floors were stone, and you can't teach him caution. He may not upset the candle, but, if he has been lighting his way with a match, he throws it behind him. After a fire in a "double-decker" on Eleventh Avenue, in which twenty-five people were burned to death, the cellar was found to be sprinkled with half-burned matches; the draft of flame had swirled up into the house so swiftly that many of them remained untouched.

The German, the Bohemian, and the Austrian do not go to bed so early as the Italian, and their fires come later still. The Jew, now inveterately attached to the cigarette, adds that to the match. And the cigarette is the more dangerous, because it does not declare itself at once. It may smolder in a nest of damp paper for an hour and give no sign. It is a tenement maxim that it is the last man to get his wood that causes the fire. Once the cellar door has swung to upon it, it can take all the time it needs to gather for its leap, and be almost certain of catching the whole house sleeping. These fires usually start between midnight and one o'clock.

But there are other cellar fires which break out at three and four in the morning; and of these an ever-growing proportion is incendiary. The fire-bug, seeking insurance money or revenge, has only to slip into the basement with his match and twist of paper; a hay-rick is hardly more easy to kindle than the biggest "dumb-bell." But often, to make quite sure, he pours a can of coal-oil down the wooden steps; frequently he leaves the can behind him. There is another kind of incendiary who kindles the early morning fire—the thief. He starts a fire, rushes up through the tenement, alarming the occupants, goes through their rooms as soon as

they have rushed panic-strickenly out of them, and escapes with his loot through the scuttle and over the roofs.

Fighting the Big Tenement Blaze

The fighting of all tenement fires has long since become a matter of thoroughly ordered system. Response to alarms is now, as nearly as is humanly possible, instantaneous. In tenement districts fire-houses are placed so closely that every first alarm will bring out two truck companies and either three or four engines. Within thirteen seconds after the gong strikes, those engines and trucks will "roll across the gutter plank." The nearest will be upon the scene in a minute and a half; half-minute intervals will bring out the rest.

Every first alarm is answered by a battalion chief. As he jumps from his racing buggy, his first glance at the front of the tenement will probably give him its type, and all that he needs to know about stairs and fire-escapes; if not, ten seconds in the hall will tell him the rest. The number of letter-boxes means the number of apartments. And, though he may have to get to it sliding on his stomach, one look at the smoke-filled stairway will give him the floor-plan. If the fire is in the apartments, it is soon put out. If it is in the cellar, the fight to beat it must be fast and ugly.

There are in these bad tenement fires two things to do: first, the flames must be kept from getting from the cellar to the "chimney" — the stair-well. The first engine company carries its line at once to the head of the stairs leading from the cellar. The men at the pipe-nozzle may have to be relieved at one-minute intervals. They may drop so fast that in a few minutes a double company will be used up; but they must hold this position.

The second thing is to open the "chimney" and let the smoke out. From the first hook-and-ladder truck company half a dozen men go immediately to the roof to "open up." For it is the smoke that does the general killing. When it can not get out of the stair-well it "mushrooms" and "bunches" and "banks down"; every moment it becomes thicker and more charged with gases. It is deadly enough in any case; and if the steam from the pipes below does not soon "wet it down," it will explode. It is for the first truckmen to get the roof door open, or the scuttle, and give it vent. After that they may begin to "go through" — that is, to search the rooms for those who have been left behind.

The men of the second and third engine companies strike the fire from the side of the cellar and the rear. Immediately and automatically, the ladder men attack the outside walls of the building to save the lives of the tenants on the fire-escapes.

The Tools of the Firemen

On the first truck, the driver and tillerman have been left behind by the men who have gone up the stair-way. They catch a loose twenty-foot ladder from the truck and run it up to the first-floor fire-escape landing. They do this, even if no one has as yet appeared upon the fire-escapes. If these are filled, a thirty-five-foot ladder is run up to the landing above. And another twenty seconds will raise the automatic extension-ladder to the upper floors. The best grips for fire-escape rescue work have been taught, and how best to make "ladder slides."

If, before the arrival of the department, the fire has gained headway enough to cut off the stairs completely, it will, of course, be impossible to reach the roof from the inside. And this will explain the attacking orders given to the men of the second truck company. They make at once for the rear through the next house with their "hooks" (scaling-ladders) and a twenty-foot ladder to use on the rear fire-escape. If there are people to be rescued there, two or three men remain on the escape for that. The others pull themselves straight on up to the roof, and proceed to open it from above.

They carry the tools for it. A burglar's kit served as the first model; and to jimmies, lock-openers, and claw-tools there have been added axes and tin-cutters; for it may be necessary to cut holes in the roof. It is not so long since, in an Allen Street fire, twelve people were burned to death because a roof door had been fastened on the inside with a great "bull-nose" padlock.

Between the engine and the truck companies, almost as many specialized tools are carried as are used by a modern dentist or surgeon. There is a great variety of apparatus merely for throwing water. To let down into the cellar from the front or rear, there are Hart or Baker pipes—long steel nozzles, with elbows or crook-necks to throw the stream levelly, when there is a heat that men can not face. For the engine-men at the cellar mouth there are half a dozen kinds of nozzles, and as many methods of using them. If they can not get down into the cellar, they cut a hole in the floor, insert a distributor nozzle,— much like some great garden-hose "whirler,"—and try to do the work with that. But to be effective the hole must be cut in the spot immediately above the main body of fire.

An old tenement fire-fighter will find that place by a sort of specialized instinct. He can *smell* fire, if that is the word for it, through an inch of pipe. He drops flat, and his face tells him what his hands can not. But often enough the rapid *crick, crick, crick!* of warping and snapping wood can be detected as soon as the ear is laid above it. Or there will be a tiny ooze of melting pitch somewhere on the floor; or, where a crack has opened, a line of red as thin as the edge of a piece of paper. Where the main body of fire is not beneath the hall, the faucets in one of the first-floor apartments may tell the story. If the water comes through both of them half boiling, the location of the fire is plain.

Meanwhile it has got into the dumb-waiter shaft, and into the walls themselves, and through the cellar windows into the air-shaft. Once the roof has been opened,— and, unless every one in the building is to be suffocated, it must be opened,— a draft is created that sucks the fire up through the "dumb-bell's" every flue. It is then that the houses next door must be looked to. And, at the same time, the flames begin doubling back in through all the air-shaft windows of the house that was first attacked. When this begins, lines of hose must be carried up the stairs, one company "covering" another.

On the other hand, down in the heart of the fire in the cellar there may come a moment when, by shutting off the stream of water at the back and using full power from the front, the draft of the smoke and heat can be started out through the rear areaway and the battle will virtually be over. No old "smoke-eater" will overlook such opportunities.

Everything is known about the tenement fire that can be known.

The Fire that is Never Beaten

Now, here we have fifty men and their leaders, working together in a fire-fighting machine as powerful, as perfectly organized, and as rapidly moving as it can be made. If the fire be bad, a second alarm has long since brought a dozen more companies to their assistance. A tenement is only a little twenty-five-foot building, with an almost unvarying floor-plan, and with fire-escapes from every apartment. Who will say that it is an adversary worthy the men and officers of a fire department held to be the first in the world? Whatever it may be as an adversary, for fifty years the New York fireman has been beaten by it.

Only about four per cent of all tenement fires "get away" and extend through the building. But four per cent of 6,800 fires is nearly 300. And no enemy is in any sense conquered that can come back and win victories three hundred times a year. If the fireman did not hate the tenement so much, he would take off his hat to it.

The tenement fire beats the fireman for two reasons. One lies in the leaping swiftness with which fire can leave the stovelike cellar and go up the chimney of the stair-well. The other is in the fact that in the sixty or eighty cubby-holes which open from the stair-well there are generally from a hundred to a hundred and fifty people. Let slowness in turning in the alarm give a cellar fire five minutes' start up the stairway, and, in the department's phrase, it will be "found in full possession."

In a few seconds it may use up all the oxygen; but it can still work its will in smoke. It "mushrooms" in through the transoms of the top floor, suffocating the inmates in their beds; for hot smoke acts like ether or chloroform. If it is able to get air, it works its will in every way. There is always one engine company that is held responsible — the company that is first due. Every death by fire in its district is a black mark against it. For most excellent personal reasons, every fireman in New York fears and hates the tenement fire.

Often the fire will manage to get into the stair-well in the two minutes between the ringing in of the alarm and the arrival of the apparatus. In February, 1910, a patrolman named Boyle saw fire in the cellar of a Varick Street tenement; he ran into the house and up the stairs, beating on the apartment doors with his night-stick. The flames followed him so closely that he had to take to the fire-escape with the tenants. Frequently the men of the first truck company are all but outrun to the roof.

On the other hand, very little fire may show itself at first, and the way to the street may still seem to be open. In that case, twenty apartments try to empty themselves down the stairs and into the three-foot gorge of the front hall at once. Of the hundred or more people all fighting their way downward together, some are wholly overcome by panic. If the tenement is occupied by Italians, the men will be crazily firing their revolvers to aid in giving the alarm. Some will try to save their household goods, and trunks will become jammed across the doorways, on the stairs, in the lower hallway. It is impossible for any engine company to get a line in. And, while truckmen and patrolmen are breaking the jam and pulling people out of that choked-up bottle-neck as best they can, in the cellarway at the back of the hall every moment the fire is gaining strength.

The Paralysis of Fear

If the smoke and fire begin to "come thick," all those tenants who are not already on the ground floor will rush back into their rooms, most of them leaving their doors open behind them. In their rooms fear-paralysis may take them. They will seem to forget that there are such things as fire-escapes at all. In a fire on Seventh Avenue, a year ago, in which ten people were burned to death, a young mother let herself drop upon a lounge, took the heads of her two children in her lap, and the three died together. The window that opened upon the escape was only a few yards from them. In an Italian tenement fire in upper Second Avenue, in 1907, a whole family was found dead, grouped around a little girl who was holding a crucifix.

But such cases are the exception. In general every one will rush for the fire-escapes, and almost always the front fire-escapes. The tenement dweller does not believe that the firemen will find him at the back of the house. The windows choke with screaming people, thirty or forty to a window, fighting to get out upon a platform which can give standing room only to eight or ten. In a fire in a Chrystie Street "double-decker," in 1907, where twenty people were killed, some of the platforms fell into the street. In an Attorney Street Ghetto fire, where there were fourteen dead and fifty injured, it was the fifth-floor fire-escape platform in the rear that fell.

But, after all, cases of fire-escapes that give way are exceptional. In the main, those who get out upon them are safe from the moment that they are reached by the firemen. Yet the first work of the man on the ladder is not one of rescue. The Italian will almost always try to get his women and children down ahead of him; but not so the men of some other tribes and nations. If the fireman tries to thrust them back to take the helpless, he knows that they will kick him in the face, hold his hands, or, in their mania of fury, try to beat him off and throw the ladder down. His first work, therefore, is to knock them out, and he does it with the same rapid calculation that he brought to bear when he laid his ladder alongside. Later, and in due course, though he may have to do it "under cover of the streams," he intends to take down even those he has knocked out. In a single tenement fire, one hundred and twenty-five people have been taken from the escape.

"She Only Got Six on Us"

"She only got six on us, in the rooms an' all," said an old battalion chief, after a Spring Street fire; "an' there was a hundred an' sixty in there, if there was one. *I'll* never tell you how we done it!"

A fine showing — until one remembers that if these New York fire-escapes were in any sense the thing that they pretend to be, there would be no need of making rescues.

And on the fire-escapes the tenement fire is, once more able to laugh at the fireman. One truckman has saved nine in as many minutes; but there will always be those who can not bring themselves to wait, and jump; or who try to get down through the holes in the platforms, and fall. In an Allen Street fire in 1905, when the death list was already nineteen, half a dozen pipemen were carrying a line up the stairs, when the stairs fell behind them, the fire was again in control, and they themselves were taken from the escapes only just in time.

Last of all, the tenement fire beats the fireman in the cellar itself, even when he has fought his way down to it and believes that he has it "killed." Often the heat will have melted the solder of the gas connections, and the cellar will be half filled with escaping gas. When it is mixed with smoke it can not be detected; but suddenly the pipemen begin to go down in clumps. If "flash" — a recurrence of actual flame — gets to the gas, the worst of explosions takes place. And, when men fall in a tenement cellar, death may come to them in any one of six ways — by the explosion itself, by gas-poisoning, by fire, smoke, drowning, or by the unmanned, flailing nozzle. It required eight successive attempts to get one man out of a tenement cellar in Cornelia Street a few months ago, and sent the best men of three companies to the hospital. In the famous Williamsburg Bridge tower fire, one of the most spectacular and seemingly one of the most perilous ever witnessed in New York, only one man was injured. Two days later a gas explosion in a little Second Avenue tenement cellar piled up a casualty list of twenty-six.

What Really Beats the Fireman

The New York fireman has not been beaten by fire itself, but by murderously bad building construction. And in every other large city in America he is being beaten, lives are being lost, and property destroyed to a value of millions, by the same thing. The Manhattan tenement may furnish the outstanding example; but it is only a basis of comparison. There is only one "dumb-bell double-decker" — and even as New York has shown that she could produce the worst of all factory fires,

so has she been showing for years that she has housed her workers in the worst of all fire-trap dwellings. Yet the most rapid leafing over of a few pages of statistics will make it plain that we have not a town of twenty thousand that can stand against a town of the same size in Europe. In some cases the score against us in loss of property is one hundred to one. And in countries where either the Roman or the Napoleonic tradition of building has been implanted, fires that cause loss of life are almost unknown. We have had organized fire departments in America for fifty years; and dependence upon them, instead of upon the solid basis of proper building laws, has brought us to an annual drain upon our resources almost equal to that of war itself.

A Tenement that is Fire-proof

And, even while saddled with the tenement, it has been given to New York to demonstrate how easy it is to substitute good construction for bad. In April, 1901, the tenement was taken from the control of the Bureau of Buildings, a separate Tenement-House Department was created, and a new and genuine tenement-house law was passed. What it demanded called for no profound special knowledge and for no radical methods of construction. Everything can be told in a single paragraph.

In the case of all New York tenements to be erected in the future, the "new law" made the first floor of good concrete or brick arching. It closed and bricked over that door which for fifty years had opened from cellar to stair-well — from "stove" to "chimney." It made all common halls, and all shafts or flues, including the stair-well itself, fire-proof. It put metal sheathing on all dumb-waiter and all outer apartment doors, and attached springs to them to make them self-closing. Where the fire started, there it should be confined. In the matter of fire-escapes, for vertical ladders it substituted outside iron stairways with easy descents. Tenements more than six stories in height must be fire-proof throughout. Between ten and twelve per cent was thereby added to the cost of construction. As before, the builders fought it. But the "new law" stood. More than nineteen thousand tenements have been built under it. About 980,000 people are living in them now, and, so far, in them there has not been one case of loss of life by fire.*

* In a fire in a "new-law" tenement in 1904 a child was left behind, hid itself under a bed, and, being overlooked by the firemen, was suffocated. And there have been cases in the "new law" of people who have set themselves on fire. But such things could happen anywhere.

But the law of 1901 did not even attempt to undo what had been done already. Save where they had wooden fire-escapes, or none at all. New York's eighty-two thousand old tenements remained, and still remain, untouched. In the matter of fire they are still more dangerous to-day than when they were erected; for they are more broken and rickety, and they are more densely crowded. New York has now in them a tenement-house population of 2,580,000, which for generations to come must exist under the constant menace of being burned alive.

The Condition in Other Cities

For forty years Boston has had the tenement, in a type as close to the New York "dumb-bell" as its irregular blocks will permit. And the tenement is now spreading itself across the continent. It has appeared, in some form, in Baltimore, Pittsburgh, St. Louis, Chicago,— which has its "dumb-bells,"— in New Orleans, Los Angeles, and San Francisco — in virtually every big city that we have. As long as two families will pay more rent than one, there is no city that is safe from it. The manufacturing towns of Massachusetts, such as Lawrence, are building rows of three-story "three-deckers" entirely of wood. Brooklyn showed long ago that the three-story wooden tenement can produce its twelve deaths, at any rate. In the vicinity of New York, cities the size of Yonkers and Hoboken have felt it necessary to have their "dumb-bell double-deckers." Hoboken can now boast of a density of population, together with a fire average, equal to that of New York itself. We have the spectacle of this New Jersey town of seventy thousand people being classed by housing experts with New York and Boston as "hopeless"!

Yet, once more, the thing is vastly broader than that. If the question were one only of the tenement fire, with all its horrors, it is doubtful whether this article would ever have been written. Every city has a chance to choose between good and bad construction. It is of no avail to pass fire-escape laws. If it will not collect its ten or its fifteen per cent from its builders at the beginning, it can be very sure that that ten or fifteen per cent will be collected from it, over and over again, and for years to come, by its fire department and its underwriters. If it has not the courage to pass laws that will house it safely and lastingly, it will later look on helplessly at the burning of its citizens. There is one index of the wise city and the unwise, and that is fire.

INFORMATION ABOUT THE MONTESSORI METHOD

IN May, McCLURE'S MAGAZINE published an article by Miss Josephine Tozier on Maria Montessori and her methods of teaching young children. Since the publication of this article Miss Tozier and Madame Montessori have received from America so many letters asking for further information that they have found it impossible to reply to all these inquiries directly. Many of the letters are from physicians, psychologists, and teachers, and the questions asked cover pretty much the whole range of Madame Montessori's work and experiments. The simplest way to reply to these letters seems to be to publish a more extensive study of Madame Montessori's work in English. In the December number of McCLURE'S, Miss Tozier will begin a series of articles upon the theory and practice of Madame Montessori's educational methods, with an introduction by Miss Anne Everett George. Miss George is a primary teacher from the Chicago Latin School (formerly of the Roland Park School, of Baltimore), who has just returned from a year's study with Madame Montessori in Rome.

Maria Montessori is an example of genius in the field of education — a field where genius is not often found. Her work is creative, and can not be defined in any number of formulae. She is always experimenting, revising, modifying. She has stepped out of the shadow of all the traditions about children. This magazine believes that her experiments are of the highest importance, and that her system of teaching is based upon observations and experiments that have never been made before, or, having been made, were never so correlated.

NOTE.—More than two hundred letters have been received in this office, asking where the translation of Madame Montessori's book can be had and where the apparatus can be obtained. Madame Montessori is now corresponding with manufacturers in this country, and we hope that by the time Miss Tozier's first article is published the apparatus will be obtainable in the United States. A translation of Madame Montessori's book on the Houses of Childhood is now being made, and will be published under the direction of the Department of Education of Harvard University, with an introduction by Assistant Professor Henry W. Holmes.

We publish below a few of the letters of inquiry received, which may give some idea of the wide interest felt in primary education, and of the almost universal wish to improve the methods now used in this country.

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59 Winthrop Street, TAUNTON, MASS.

My dear Miss Tozier:

Your article in the May number of McCLURE'S on the educational methods of Maria Montessori is so interesting, and seems to me of such wide significance, that I venture to ask you for more detailed information on the subject.

You have made, in me, not merely an interested inquirer, but an ardent convert. I am extremely desirous of putting into practice as rapidly and completely as is feasible, with my own children, methods that seem so eminently reasonable and sound. Apart from the book already referred to, I should like, if possible, to confer with some one who has been in close touch with Maria Montessori's work. Are there "teachers, disciples, missionaries" accessible in this country?

I trust that the sincerity of my interest and the earnestness of my purpose to extend so far as in me lies the influence of these pregnant new ideas may be my excuse for this abrupt self-introduction.

Thanking you most cordially for the mental stimulus already afforded, I remain,

Sincerely yours, ALICE E. HOWELL.

932 Essex Street, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

MISS JOSEPHINE TOZIER.

My dear Madam:

Your article in the May McCLURE'S interests me so intensely that I am writing you for information concerning this work of Maria Montessori.

Is it possible to obtain a course of training in such work in this country? If not, would Montessori train an American in her work? Could you give me an idea of the expenses such a course would incur? I strongly desire to enter such work.

Sincerely, H. W.

SABINAS, COAH, MEXICO.

MISS JOSEPHINE TOZIER.

Dear Miss Tozier:

In McCLURE'S MAGAZINE for May I read your article, "An Educational Wonder-Worker," explaining the methods of Maria Montessori. As I have charge of a school here in Mexico, I should like to learn more of her methods. Do you know how I may do so? Please let me know what expenses are attached to same. Respectfully,

N. F. H.

79 Via Sistina, ROME.

MADAME MARIA MONTESSORI.

My dear Madame:

Having just read, in a recent number of McCLURE'S, an account of your wonderful method of teaching children, I take the liberty of writing to inquire where I may see the children being taught, and get some further knowledge of the subject.

Unfortunately, I do not yet speak Italian, so can not avail myself of your book, unless it has been translated. The subject is one which deeply interests me, as of vital importance to humanity. Certainly you have learned nature's own way, and will relieve much of the strain under which poor human beings suffer.

If I might aid in spreading a knowledge of your ideas I should esteem it a great privilege; but to do so I must find some way of informing myself further.

Unfortunately, I am leaving Rome next Monday. Have you any students, trained by you, pursuing your methods in the United States? If so, would you kindly tell me where?

Any information, or permission to visit a school, will be most gratefully received, and I trust my intrusion upon the time of one so occupied will be pardoned.

Yours with sincere appreciation and admiration,

ALLIS HASCALL.

[Dr. Hascall visited the Montessori schools in Rome during the summer, and intends to work with Madame Montessori this winter. EDITORS.]

TRANSPORTATION CLUB, NEW YORK.

Dear Miss Tozier:

Your intensely interesting article in the May McCLURE'S has aroused me greatly, not only because we have two young children, but in a large way, in that I am interested in several mining towns with many small children who can be greatly benefited thereby if we can but devise a place to put such a system into practice.

My wife was formerly a teacher in American schools (German), and will be equally interested. Will you kindly write your reply to her at her home address, hereinbelow, and advise how we can begin, where we can secure more information, if the publications mentioned can be obtained in the English or German, etc.?

I sincerely trust you will not be greatly inconvenienced to reply at your leisure.

Thanking you in advance for the courtesy, I am,

Very respectfully, E. M. POSTON,
373 Kendall Place, Columbus, Ohio.

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525 Second Street, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

MISS JOSEPHINE TOZIER.

Dear Madam:

Your very entertaining article in McCLURE'S for May aroused my deepest interest. I would be glad to see Maria Montessori's method introduced into the day nurseries in New York. The Italian children find school-work here so irksome. There are Italian boys of fifteen in the class with my boy of ten and a half, the first half of the sixth year.

I wish that I might interest persons of means who would be able to help introduce into America this method of teaching children to use their hands, and their minds through their hands.

I used to teach, myself, and could make some of the apparatus you describe, but I would be infringing the patent, I presume; else I should try the method with my little girl of four and a half.

Thanking you for the very great pleasure and profit that I gained from your article, I am,

Yours truly, LOUISE PALMER.

4464 Morgan Street,
ST. LOUIS, MO.

My dear Madam:

Your article in the May McCLURE'S has thrilled me. I have a little girl of six who has never been to school, and I am wonderfully anxious to see what can be accomplished for her this summer. I have a friend at the head of the summer playground work here, and it has occurred to me that we might make some sort of a beginning along these lines there. But, before starting in to make the necessary apparatus myself, I want to inquire if any of it can be purchased in the United States, and, if not, can it be had by sending to Maria Montessori herself?

Thanking you for the inspiration of the article, and hoping you may find time to answer,

Very sincerely,
CLARA CLARK BARTLETT.

HONOLULU, HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

MISS TOZIER.

Dear Madam:

Your article in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE for May on the educational method of Madame Montessori has interested me very deeply, and I am anxious to know if, from these distant islands, there is any way in which I might learn more about this method. Can you tell me where I could send for her book, or could you, perhaps, send it to me yourself, and I could refund you upon receipt of same, if you would let me know the price of it and the postage, etc. Does Madame Montessori teach by correspondence, in which case could you give me her address? Doubtless, however, she is too busy filling the demands of people who are fortunate enough to be able to see her in person, to be bothered with letters from people far away. I am most anxious to obtain full particulars, so as to know just how much I can learn about this method without having to go to Rome in person, and I would be most obliged to you if you could help me out. Very sincerely yours,

Mrs. J. W. W.

1186 N. Columbus Street,
LANCASTER, OHIO.

JOSEPHINE TOZIER.

Dear Madam:

As a mother of two children, I have been interested for some time in everything which will train the child to meet life. The average child is *dulled* before he even enters school. I have been on the lookout constantly for all sorts of things to interest the mind and train the eye and hand of the young child.

I am too busy a mother to make some of the apparatus described in the article. Will you kindly inform me where I can procure Madame Montessori's book and the apparatus?

I, for one, would be glad of other articles relating to the training of children. Here is a field unexplored. We little dream of the possibilities for the child if he is, not stimulated, but nourished mentally.

Very truly, (Mrs.) JULIA M. WALKER.

UNIVERSITY OF PITTSBURGH.

EDITOR OF McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

Dear Sir:

It may be interesting to the readers of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE to learn that an important feature of Montessori's method was in use over eighteen hundred years ago. Toward the end of the first century A.D., the most famous school-teacher of ancient Rome, Quintilian, wrote:

"I do not disapprove, however, of the practice, which is well known, of giving children, for the sake of

stimulating them to learn, ivory figures of letters to play with, or whatever else can be invented in which that infantine age may take delight, and which may be pleasing to handle, look at, or name. But, as soon as the child shall have begun to trace the forms of the letters, it will not be improper that they should be cut for him, as exactly as possible, on a board, that his style* may be guided along them as along grooves; for he will then make no mistakes, as on wax (since he will be kept in by the edge on each side, and will be unable to stray beyond the boundary); and, by following these sure traces rapidly and frequently, he will form his hand and not require the assistance of a person to guide his hand with his own hand placed over it."

Very truly yours, B. L. ULLMAN,
Professor of Latin.

2519 Sedgwick Avenue, NEW YORK.

My dear Miss Tozier:

We have found your article in the May number of McCLURE'S singularly interesting, and are anxious to practise the methods you describe with our own small children. The apparatus seems somewhat beyond our manufacturing powers, but you mention that Maria Montessori has international patents for her "didactic apparatus." That leads us to hope that some of these things can be purchased. May I ask you to tell me if this is possible, and from whom the outfit could be ordered? Also, if there is any English edition of Maria Montessori's book?

I feel exceedingly sorry to bother you to this extent. It is your penalty for giving us such a valuable piece of writing. Yours most truly,

RUTH E. LAWRENCE.

1362 St. Urbain St., MONTREAL.

Dear Miss Tozier:

I read with deep surprise and delight your well-written and inspiring article, "An Educational Wonder-Worker," in the May McCLURE'S. If you would kindly give me some further information on the subject, I should be deeply indebted to you. Being an educator and social worker, I feel impelled to go to Rome to study this new method of Maria Montessori in relation to the education of children, and would gladly give two years to study. Do you think I could obtain admission into "Houses of Childhood" as a teacher? I should want no remuneration and would willingly devote all my time.

If you can give me further information in regard to application, etc., I should be glad. I am so interested I want to start at once. Can you advise me how to proceed and what to do?

Yours very truly,
(Mrs.) A. HAMMOND BULLOCK.

WOLVERINE, MICH.

MADAME MARIA MONTESSORI.

Professoressa:

An article written by Josephine Tozier and published in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE has so interested me in your wonderful work that I am writing in the hope of knowing more.

I am a kindergarten graduate, and am very anxious to go on in more advanced lines. Would it be possible for an American girl to become a student teacher in your school?

I will be so thankful if you will let me know about this. Believe me,

Your admirer and well wisher,
RUTH LOUISE BRISTOL.

P. S. I will be very thankful to know about the expense, if there is a training offered for teachers.

* The iron pencil used for writing on waxen tablets.

SWARTHMORE, PA.

Dear Miss Tozier:

I have a school for backward children. If you can give me any information as to any literature written by Maria Montessori, or any way by which I can buy any of her apparatus, particularly that used for teaching writing, I will be very grateful.

Thanking you in advance, I am,

Very sincerely yours,
JEAN GRAY BARR.

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501 West 120th Street, NEW YORK.

My dear Miss Tozier:

I am taking the liberty of writing to you because I am so very much interested in your article in the May McCLURE'S.

I have been a teacher, and I have children of my own. I have always felt that our methods of dealing with children were sadly at fault, but I never found anything better till I read of Maria Montessori's great work.

How can I find out more about it? Is there any one in this country who is doing such work?

Kindly let me hear from you.

Sincerely yours, M. C. L.

ST. MICHAEL'S SCHOOL,
335 Lexington Avenue, New York.

My dear Miss Tozier:

Would you be willing to give me some definite information concerning the work and classes of the Professoressa Maria Montessori?

Has she student or graduate teachers who could give lectures on this method in English, either in Rome or in America? Also, do you know if one could study these methods of Professoressa Montessori's during the summer months in Rome?

Your article on her work has interested me very deeply, and I should be delighted to get some data as to the possibilities of studying this matter at first hand.

Thanking you in advance,

Very sincerely yours,
EDITH SHARON, *Principal.*

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19 Cambridge Place, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

My dear Miss Tozier:

Your article in the May McCLURE'S on the methods of Maria Montessori has interested me so greatly in the Professoressa's work that I want to get in touch with her. If you will be so kind as to address the inclosed note to her I shall esteem it a great favor. I am anxious to see the book which she has written, and to find out if her didactic apparatus can be obtained in this country. I want to start an experimental class in the fall along the lines indicated by Maria Montessori, if I can make a study of them during the summer.

Thanking you for your article which has introduced me to this inspiring woman, I am,

Sincerely yours,
ELEANOR WEIR SMITH.

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145 East Sixth Street,
PLAINFIELD, N. J.

MISS JOSEPHINE TOZIER.

Madam:

I read with the keenest interest your article in the May number of McCLURE'S on Madame Montessori's method of teaching young children, and I am very anxious to learn more of it in order that I may use it with a kindergarten of Italian children which I expect to have charge of this summer. A method achieving such fine results should surely be given a trial in this country. Faithfully yours,

ZOÉ RUSSELL BATEMAN.